



## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Much has been written about woman's love, but we doubt if that "glory of a woman" was ever so forcibly expressed in a few words as in the following stanzas, which we take from an English paper:

Come from your long, long roving,  
On the sea so wild and rough,  
Come to me tender and loving,  
And I shall be blest enough.

Or men though you be unforgiven,  
Though priest be unable to shrive,  
I'll pray till I weary all heaven.  
If only you come back alive.

Where your sails have been unfurling,  
What winds have blown on your braw,  
I know not, and ask not my darling,  
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful and lonely,  
Poor and despised though you be,  
All are nothing, if only  
You turn from the tempter to me.

## CALIFORNIA POETRY.

The following is from the Marysville (Cal.) Herald, and warms one to read its impassioned eloquence:

## A TRUE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

A

WANDERER

from

my distant home,  
From those who blest me with their love,

With boundless plains beneath my feet,

And foreign skies my head above;

I look around me sternly here,

And smother feelings strong and deep,

While o'er my brow, are gath'ring dark,

The thoughts that from my spirit leap.

I think of her whose bosom sweet

Has pillow'd oft my aching head,

Whose eye would brighten at my voice,

Whose ear was quick to know my tread;

I think of her, the fondly loved,

Whose heart and soul have mixed with mine,

Till life had nothing more to give,

Yet asked of Heaven no boon divine;

Of her whose fitful fate I held,

As Heaven doth hold a trembling star;

Whose smiles were mine, whose tears were mine,

And hopes and joys to make or mar.

I think of joys which saw us laugh,

I think of hours which made us weep,

Of dark estrangements unexplained,

The causes wrapt in mystery deep.

I think how brightly beamed her glance,

How heaved her form with rapture wild,

When parted madly from her side,

She sought and found me reconciled.

Oh, lovely one, that pines for me!

How well she soothed each maddening

And from the ruins of my soul.

## PADLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

A man who wishes to achieve real greatness, should never lean for support upon others, nor depend on anything outside of himself. His final success will be just exactly that which his mental, moral, and spiritual development can command, and nothing more. It is true that stupid people, by factitious circumstances, often achieve a superficial eminence, which the unthinking suppose to be real greatness.

For instance, that royal idiot, the Duke of Cambridge, has been appointed commander-in-chief of the British army; but what sensible man would not rather have the self-earned fame of his slighted rival, the gallant Sir De Lacy Evans, whose deeds will blaze upon the historic page forever? Who can tell over the catalogue of the monarchs of England and France? and who can ever live in the civilized world without knowing Napoleon, and Pitt, and Cromwell, and Washington? Fictitious greatness may be conferred by others; real greatness can only be achieved by oneself.

If we look at him when a boy at Genoa—enjoying no extensive advantages for education, such as the children of the poorest parents in this, the glorious land of the free and happy, enjoy—if we behold him at that age, under the care of his uncle, for the first time tossed on the waves of that ocean which through his instrumentality was to bear the blessing and the curse of civilization to a countless people—if we trace him in the private walks of social life, in the various changes of society, looking at his opening manhood, and at his transactions with his fellow-men, when he moved among them, as one bearing the same burdens, and swayed by the same impulses;—in all these different phases and vicissitudes, we can but behold his peculiar genius. It is exhibited in his restlessness, in his impatience of restraint, and his unheard of tenacity to his own opinion, not less than in his cheerful disposition, his urbanity of manners, and his childish simplicity.

When a person becomes celebrated, when he has obtained the object for the possession of which he has devoted all his energies, we often hear many of his sayings repeated; in which a determination to obtain the object was expressed, as if those sayings were prophetic; whereas, the fact is, that the spirit which prompted those sayings, also suggested the means by which the end could be obtained. We conclude, then, that, in whatever vocation we engage, if we commence our work with a fixed determination to succeed, success will surely crown our efforts.

SABELLA.

Nearly every morning the daily papers contain accounts of what they term "stabbing affrays," in which more or less people's lives are let out through ghastly wounds. But we never read that any of the stabbers are punished: they are "bailed" by some unknown person, and that is generally the last of them—until they stab other victims, and then the same farce is played over again.

Bat when we behold him the man of years, of mature judgment, sallying forth among men, to be laughed at by the rabble, as one whose head was turned, and to be met by those who should be wiser and more chari-

For the Boston Cultivator.  
Flowers.  
(I love the young and bright-eyed flowers  
That round me sweetly bloom;  
I love them when they first appear  
From out their wintry tomb.

We see them, when the forest trees  
Put on their green array,  
And sweetly on the air is borne  
The songsters happy lay.

How rich they spread their many hues  
To an admiring gaze,  
And fling away their sweet perfume  
In warm, bright Summer's haze.

They are not proud—no where is pride  
Among the lovely flowers;  
They meekly, gratefully receive  
The sunshine and the showers.

Would, like the flowers that I might be,  
So pure and fair as they;  
As tranquil and as pleasant rest,  
Beside life's rugged way.

In sunshine, be as grateful, bow  
As meek when storm-clouds lower,  
And when Fate summons me from earth,  
Die, like a gentle flower! MATTY.

## FEMALE BEAUTY.

A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intelligent and even beautiful expression to the face. The features may be irregular, and the complexion bad, but if the heart is gentle, and the mind well-stored, the woman will be handsome. We have known women, who at first sight were positively homely, yet who became very handsome, even fascinating, upon further acquaintance.

Chesire May 1848

## [For the Christian Mirror.]

## THE LAND OF REST.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest.

There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and the great are there; and the Servant is free from his Master. Job. 3: 17, 18, 19.

Where is that land?—Is it far away

In the golden West, where the sun-set ray

Pours on it ever its soft, sweet light?

The joy of day with the calm of night?

Does the evening Star, that loves to play

On the ling'ring hour 'twixt night and day,

And the Crescent, hang with a changeless smile

Ever and aye on that unknown isle?

Has the forest-bird a sweeter song,

Than the Persian Bul-bul's, clear and long?

Do sweeter roses blossom there,

Than attar-breathing Ghaze-poor's are?

Whisper the winds in the sylvan bower,

With Aeolians harp's mysterious power?

I fain would know what the charm may be

That there hath wrought so blessedly.

Vision of Beauty! Scene of peace!

The wicked, there, from troubling cease;

The weary heart hath sweet repose,

The weary cheek puts on the rose;

The prisoners group in joyous rest

Where breezes pure fan every breast,—

Where limb and thought are free as air;

And the oppressor's voice is heard not there.

Vision of Beauty! Earth, oh where

Is man so blessed, art thou so fair?—

The Roses blush, and the fountains play

On the splendid shores of the Marmora;

The myrtle blooms and the orange glows

Where the sparkling Guadaluquer flows;

Tis Eden all, to the ear and eye,—

But the wicked trouble, the weary sigh.

The mocking-bird sings clear and sweet;

The Quail peeps out from the golden wheat;

The Sun is bright and the scene is gay,

Where our own Potomac winds its way;

But many a prisoner vainly sighs

For breezy fields and the blessed skies,

Servant from Master is not free,

Nor the oppressor's voice ceased there to be.

Nature, than thine, a voice more strong,

The wicked, weary and captive throng,

Summons from sin, from toil, from chains—

'Tis the voice of Death in his dark domains.

We pass his shades to the far-off shore

Where Eden's bliss is known once more;

Her Rose and Sun-set to Earth were given,

But her Heart of love is found in Heaven.

ELIZA.

## Poetical.

devoted zeal of a Christian. His was a character that concealed beneath the humble garb of an indigent foreigner, pleading favor at a gay and haughty court, a soul of mighty capacity, and a soaring hope which, though day after day disappointed, year after year delayed, still struggled for the realization of its idol scheme, and still continued so confident of success, that it scorned the idea of compromising, that it might more speedily accomplish its end.

If we look at him when a boy at Genoa—enjoying no extensive advantages for education, such as the children of the poorest parents in this, the glorious land of the free and happy, enjoy—if we behold him at that age, under the care of his uncle, for the first time tossed on the waves of that ocean which through his instrumentality was to bear the blessing and the curse of civilization to a countless people—if we trace him in the private walks of social life, in the various changes of society, looking at his opening manhood, and at his transactions with his fellow-men, when he moved among them, as one bearing the same burdens, and swayed by the same impulses;—in all these different phases and vicissitudes, we can but behold his peculiar genius. It is exhibited in his restlessness, in his impatience of restraint, and his unheard of tenacity to his own opinion, not less than in his cheerful disposition, his urbanity of manners, and his childish simplicity.

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## WHY ARE THEY NOT PUNISHED?

Nearly every morning the daily papers contain accounts of what they term "stabbing affrays," in which more or less people's lives are let out through ghastly wounds. But we never read that any of the stabbers are punished: they are "bailed" by some unknown person, and that is generally the last of them—until they stab other victims, and then the same farce is played over again.

## Bright dreams attend thee, gentle one,

The brightest and the best;

For sorrows scarce can fall upon

A maid so purely blest.

CRIS.

## POETRY.

## Lines.

## TO A BROTHER ON LEAVING FOR MINNESOTA.

Farewell, brother, thou art leaving  
Friends and kin, far off to roam,  
Anxious hearts for thee are pleading,  
In thy lovely, humble home.

When a lone and friendless stranger,  
May no grieve thy bosom swell,  
Heaven shield thee from all danger—

Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

Many reasons I've presented  
Why thou shouldst remain at home,  
But thou, alas! art discontented,  
And desire art to roam.

Should disease or ill assaile thee,  
While 'mong strangers thou shalt dwell,  
Turn to friends who ne'er will fail thee—

Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

Remember those who can't forget thee,  
While an exile thou shalt roam;  
Pray that thou mayst ever let thee  
Lose thy love of friends and home.

Brother dear, while thou art reading  
Words my lips refused to tell,  
Know for thee my heart is pleading—

Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

From ev'ry ill may God protect thee,  
Wherever thou shalt roam,  
In thy wandering path direct thee,  
And restore thee to thy home.

Brother dear, we now are parting,  
When to meet no one can tell;

Tears within our eyes are starting—

Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

AUNT NANCY.

Will our fair correspondent accept our grateful acknowledgments.—[Ed.]

For the Boston Cultivator.

Village Sketches... No. 2.

LILLIE SINCLAIR.

"I have something to tell you, Evelyn," said charming Lillie Sinclair, as she entered my room one merry May morning, "and I hope you will be pleased with the intelligence, but I think not so much as I am."

"But I cannot tell that I shall be pleased, if you don't relieve my suspense by informing me what this wonderful intelligence is," answered I, as Lillie took a seat by my side, and raised her lovely face to mine.

"Well

THE midnight winds are wailing by,  
Dark clouds float swiftly through the sky,  
And to my ear how drearily  
Comes up the moaning of the sea.

The sea—whose shore I tread alone—  
The sea—o'er which my hopes have flown—  
The sea—by many a loved one crossed—  
That parts the living and the lost!

O! land beyond the moaning sea,  
What hides thy sunlit hills from me?  
When shall I reach thy tranquil shore,  
And tremble to think of the sea no more!

Original.

### THE BETRAYED.

BY MARY VINLEY.

"Thou hast loved and thou hast suffered,  
Thou hast been forsaken long."  
"She sleeps, as sleeps the blossom  
Amid the silent air."

THE soft spring zephyrs, laden with the perfume of bursting buds and half-blown flowers, is wafted through the open casement to the boudoir of Effie Emory; and the pure sunlight steals through the parted curtains, while one bright beam lingers in unbroken beauty on the pale, pale sad brow of the sleeper, with her thin hands folded on her bosom, and the long silken eye-lashes drooping on her faded cheek. She sleeps! and dreams of health are haunting her slumbers. Again she is wandering through the leafy forest, leaning on the strong arm of her betrothed husband. Now they are resting on a mossy seat, under a grand old elm tree, while bright winged birds are flitting through its waving branches, singing their joyous songs.—But she scarcely sees or hears them. She only gazes on that brow of massive intellect, and into those dark, flashing eyes. She hears only his rich thrilling love tones, as he breathes to her in passionate fondness, vows of eternal love and never-dying affection, that awakens in her heart all the deepest, purest impulses of her gifted nature, and made that leafy forest dell an Eden home of trusting joy. Resting her head, with its wealth of long glossy curls, on his bosom, while he fondly clasps her hands in his, she gazed upward through the green leaves to the glad, free heaven, and wonders, in her young and guileless heart, if there was ever a being in the wide world so truly blest and so happy in the love of another, as she is in his; if clouds of sorrow ever could darken the beautiful, beautiful future? No; in her light heart softly whispers, "Life will be to me one pure, dear gushing stream of undimmed happiness, and I thank God for it." Then, as the sun slowly sinks behind the mountain, leaving the flowered dell half in sunshine, half in shade, he tenderly places his arm around her frail form, and they wander slowly home in that golden sunset hour, while he, in tones of music, and in lofty, brilliant words, points out to her the glorious beauties of that sunset scene, until large tears gather in her blue eyes, and flow down her flushed cheek, and her heart thrills strangely, even in slumber, as he presses the good night kiss on her trembling lips as they part at the cottage gate.

Sleep on, beautiful one! in that bright dream thou hast forgotten the crushing misery that has worn thy young life away, of the dark hour of temptation, of the bitter agony of thy poor, sorrowing, sin-stained heart, of the sad, tearful parting when he gathered her fondly to his bosom, and promised, in one short month, to return and make you his bride. Yes, thou hast forgotten, in that sweet dream, the long month of wild, restless, watching for a loved step that came not, for the music of a voice whose slightest tone had power to thrill thy heart with a nameless joy. But never again will thy yearning heart listen to his impassioned words of burning eloquence; for earth's sorrows are fast closing on thy crushed heart, gentle sleeper. Thou hast forgotten the long, weary hours thou hast passed in the old vine-wreathed portico, dressed in thy bridal robes of flowing white, with sweet orange flowers twined in your long silken tresses, watching, waiting his coming. How oft, while sitting there, when the bright moonlight fell in soft richness on the gorgeous autumn beauties, and the pale stars looked lovingly on thy sad young face, and spirit hands seemed beckoning thee heavenward, and soft angel-voices seemed floating around thee, trying to soothe thy troubled spirit; have you widely yet trustingly thought of him who had so cruelly made thy heart a home of broken hopes and blasted anticipations, without one gleam of happiness, with naught but a plaintive wail forever gushing from thy aching heart, in low, mournful moans of agony, instead of the gay, joyous songs that burst in musical glee from thy pure heart in girlhood's sunny hours, before dark shadows, with their crushing weight, fell on thy radiant pathway of life, thought how oft he had told you, in an almost tearful voice, how weary the day would pass without thy presence, and how eagerly he would hasten to thy side in one short month; how his love for her was so pure, so high, so heaven-wrought, so far above the cold, selfish love of the mass.

And, oh! you believed him! Poor, darling,

gifted Effie! you little dreamt what a bitter future life had for thee. And when months passed, and he came not, you grew strangely wild, and frantically prayed for death, for the cold grave to hide you from the world's scorn. At last reason forsook her throne, and you became a raving maniac; and when you awoke from that fearful dream, a frail babe nestled close to your girlish bosom; and, as you gazed with a sad, tender joy on its sweet, young face, a pure hope stole softly into your wearied heart, you would live for your babe, his babe, and perhaps he would yet return and claim you all his own at the marriage altar.

Months passed, and your little Alla grew wonderfully beautiful, and you became almost happy in gazing on her fair brow—for she had the same massive forehead, the same dark, brilliant eyes, the same glossy hair curling over the white temples, like that of her worshipped father. But when one short year had passed, she drooped and died on your bosom, like some bright, frail autumnal flower. Then they took her from your frenzied grasp, and laid her tiny form in the coffin, and placed her beneath the soft green turf, amid the cold, pale sleepers of the quiet churchyard.

Sweet little Alla! thou hast found a glorious home in the land of the sinless, and thy lone mother is fast hastening to that bright home, to that pure and merciful being, who has tenderly said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." See, she smiles, and softly whispers, "Edgar, dear Edgar," and then a pale, careworn woman enters the room, and bends fondly over her. She starts at the sound of footsteps, and the white eyelids slowly open and unveil those soul-full eyes, radiant in their joyous beauty, while a smile of hope and love lightens up her whole countenance. But this is only for a moment, and then all those bright, trusting, hopeful feelings of former happiness are crushed back in cold Alpine torrents in her trembling heartstrings, and her slight form shrinks at the fearful reality. Then the tears gushed from her eyes as she feebly raised her arms to twine them around her sister's neck, and drew her hand close to her feebly throbbing heart, murmuring in a voice soft and low as a broken music tone,

"It is only a dream, Mary, darling; but such a dear, soul-feasting dream. Edgar has been true to me, I know; he must have died very suddenly, and we have never heard of his death. Oh! I have been dreaming of his fond, beautiful love words, and they have made me so happy again. I feel much weaker to-night, sister," and her arms drooped weakly to her side. She raised her dark, mournful eyes to heaven, and her pale lips moved in fervent supplication to "Our Father," and then said,—

"Sister, forgive me for the great wrong I have inflicted upon our family, as God has forgiven me.—Remember I was but a poor, frail, petted child of fifteen when I first met Edgar Hayton. And I loved him, oh, heaven! how I have loved him! more than myself, more than my Maker! But don't weep so, darling sister. How short and quick my breath comes. Mary, sing to me that dear song he loved so well; please take my hand in yours while you sing, they are very cold. I shall rest soon."

Her sister clasped Effie's thin, cold hands within her own, and brushing the tears from her eyes, she sung:—

SWEET ARE MY DREAMS OF THEE.

"Sweet are my dreams when far away,  
O! sweet are my dreams of thee;  
In midnight's hour, or hours of glee,  
How sweet are my dreams of thee.  
I dreamed that we were forced to part,  
And sad were my dreams of thee;  
I wandered forth with a bleeding heart,  
And sad were my dreams of thee.

But once again thou wert by my side,  
And sweetly smiled on me,  
I thought thou wert pledged to be my bri  
And sweet were my dreams of thee.  
And oh! my dreams were not in vain,  
For true thou hast proved to be;  
I hail thee now, as my own loved bride,  
And sweet are my dreams of thee."

And her voice was one gush of melody, sweetly, richly through the humble apartment, dying and awaking all the treasured memories past, in Effie's sad, trusting heart.

### Chapter II.

COME with me, gentle reader, away, far from that cottage home, to the busy, florid city of C. Is not this a princely mansion? There is a grand festival here to-night; lights are flashing, thrilling music is stealing the agony of the frantic, to their destination, certain if their surprise and horror, Sinclair, the young with them! After her lifeless body was 's embrace forever! from the open casement, and light, graceful to his heart his life-spirits are flitting through the mazy dance, and that he would enter young hearts are keeping time to the waltz whom he most loved strains of bursting melody. Do you see that they rose to separate intellectual looking man standing apart from too, was dead! crowd, with deep lines of care on his lofright to our village for a strange, restless look in his dark eyes a sadder company eyes, as he watches his young wife as by the dead forms of whirled through the mystic dance? All eyes once gay Lillie—gazing on her queenly form, for she is the ed with grief, too deep the season, and the only daughter of the upon the face of her wealthy and aristocratic families of the citron to be laid in the happy bride of Edgar Hayton.

And, oh! you believed him! Poor, darling, so unexpected had

How magnificently she looks to-night, home, that our village w and wailing.

that deep crimson satin, with jewels flashing in her dark, luxuriant hair, and her snowy arms clasped with pearls. Now she is surrounded by the wealth-worshipping, heartless aristocrats of the city, when, by the request of a foreign lord, she sings and plays—"Tis but an hour since first we met." See, Edgar turns shuddering from the throng, and leans out of the window, for, in imagination, Effie's soft, silvery voice seems floating around him again, and her blue eyes gaze prayerfully into his, tearfully pleading for his love. How memory brings her slight, frail form so plainly before him, with that pure, angelic brow, whose innocence and genius was so brightly stamped with God's own light.—Now the tears gather in his dark eyes while he listens to that song, for the last time he heard it was amid nature's thrilling beauties, where the bright green earth and glorious heavens seemed to sing a song of love together, while Effie was reclining her fair head upon his bosom, and as note after note gushed forth from her full happy heart, myriads of birds seemed to echo her voice through the broad and sweeping forest, in sweet, wild strains of melody. And she sang it for him alone, not to display her deep, rich voice to a brilliant advantage in the crowded saloon of fashion. Then, as a tide of old clinging memories swept over his soul, he sadly whispers,

"O, dear, injured Effie! my frail, gifted darling! how cruelly I have wronged thee! but it is nought but mocking agony to think of it now. 'Tis past, yet, Effie, my loved spirit bride, how you did love me, with that pure, girlish affection. Demon! accursed demon that I was, thus to abuse thy perfect confidence in me! O, God! is there a rest for a heart so sin-stained as mine? And yet how happy I might have been with thee, Effie, dearest, in some far-off cottage home. But, for this wealth, I have sold my happiness, and made life a sad and weary load to one of earth's purest creatures"—Then, as his young wife came tripping towards him, her handsome face radiant with smiles, he impatiently exclaims, in a low suppressed tone, "O, how mighty I am getting the blues. Live in a cottage on a crust of bread; but I do not believe in that," and he swept the dark hair from his brow, and the burning tears from his eyes, as his wife came gaily up to him, and laid her white, jewelled hand lightly on his arm, saying, in a laughing tone,

"Well, Edgar, what in the name of fate are you so perfectly entranced in thinking about? A truce to your thoughts, and come and join me in the next grand polka."

Thanking her in a smiling, courteous manner, he drew her arm within his, and in a few moments he seemed the gayest of the gay. But was he happy? O, no!

"For her pale and shadowy beauty  
Still haunts his vision yet."

### Chapter III.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying,  
The earth subsides her sway;  
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keeps sighing,  
Naught seems to pause or stay."

LET us look once more upon Effie. Again she sleeps, but 'tis the calm, sweet, dreamless sleep of death, and she is, ah! so beautiful now, with those white eyelids closed forever over her wavy blue eyes, with the thin hands folded meekly over the cold, pulsless heart. Kind friends have placed pale lillies and white rosebuds in the icy

seal of thunder, presenting, attracted their them to return; but the rain fell in torse upon them, encircling lightning, and

flash looking to see followed, until they, more brilliant than then a quick, wild fulful truth, that some ad fallen a victim to that fearful darkness, madness to attempt and, still they flew

at their destination, certain if their surprise and horror, Sinclair, the young with them! After her lifeless body was 's embrace forever! from the open casement, and light, graceful to his heart his life-spirits are flitting through the mazy dance, and that he would enter young hearts are keeping time to the waltz whom he most loved strains of bursting melody. Do you see that they rose to separate intellectual looking man standing apart from too, was dead!

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SABELLA.

### HON. HANNIBAL HAMILIN, GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

We present herewith a portrait of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, elected governor of the State of Maine, Sept. 8th, 1856. It was drawn for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from a photograph by Burnham Brothers, of Bangor, Me., and may be regarded as a reliable likeness. Hannibal Hamlin was born in the town of Paris, in the county of Oxford, in the State of Maine, in 1810, and is in the full vigor and prime of life, being forty-six years of age. His father, Doct. Cyrus Hamlin, was the son of Capt. Eleazar Hamlin, of Massachusetts, who commanded a company of infantry in the Massachusetts line during the whole war of the Revolution. His mother was Anna Livermore, the daughter of Deacon Elijah Livermore, the proprietor and first settler of the town of Livermore, removing thence from the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts, in the year 1774. Hannibal Hamlin, in 1832, settled in the town of Hampden, about five miles from the city of Bangor, and commenced the practice of law. In a few years he was elected a Representative to the Legislature by the Democratic party, and was subsequently re-elected four times. He was twice elected speaker, and discharged the duties of that office with ability. In 1842 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected. In 1847 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and in 1850 he was elected for a full term, which expires March 4, 1857. As chairman of the important Committee on Commerce, he has discharged the responsible duties of his station acceptably. At the Republican convention held in Portland, Maine, July last, Mr. Hamlin received an unanimous nomination for governor of the State. He accepted the nomination, resigned his office as chairman of the Committee of Commerce, and in a speech, declined acting any further with the Democratic party, and avowed himself in favor of the Republican party. Prior to the election in Maine, upon the 8th of September, Mr. Hamlin thoroughly canvassed the State, passing through the seaboard region from Kittery to Calais, and speaking to large mass meetings in all the principal towns. He then went northward to the Valley of the Aroostook, then west across the whole northern part of the State to Fryeburg on the New Hampshire line. He thence came to Bangor through the central part of the State, addressing his fellow-citizens in all the principal towns upon the route. The result of the election was as follows: Hamlin, 69,471; Wells (the incumbent), 44,967; Patten, 66,682.

### HON. HANNIBAL HAMILIN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MAINE.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Character of Columbus.

Men often arise to posts of honor and distinction, and are proclaimed great by partisans and enthusiastic townsmen, who merit nothing for their intrinsic worth or talents, being mere common men, perhaps of the baser sort, but favored with wealth, with relations possessing influence, or, more than all, the favorites of fortune, they suddenly emerge from obscurity, wield the sceptre of power, and look down contemptuously on those—  
their superiors in all that truly elevates mankind—who are left to toil laboriously for daily bread, or wait with disappointed hearts the long delayed reward of merit.—But though in the strife and bustle of the ever-recurring present, true greatness is unnoticed, true merit allowed no reward, posterity will not be ungrateful, and history shall embalm the memory of the deservedly great man, that his reward will be no less than the praise of ages!

Don Christopher Columbus was a man who combined the envious, undying spirit of a votary to ambition, with the humble, devoted zeal of Christian. His was a character that concealed beneath the humble garb of an indigent foreigner, pleading favor at a gay and haughty court, a soul of mighty capacity, and a soaring hope which, though day after day disappointed, year after year delayed, still struggled for the realization of his idol scheme, and still continued so confident of success, that it scorned the idea of compromising, that it might more speedily accomplish its end.

If we look at him when a boy at Genoa—enjoying no extensive advantages for education, such as the children of the poorest parents in this, the glorious land of the free and happy, enjoy—if we behold him at that age, under the care of his uncle, for the first time tossed on the waves of that ocean which through his instrumentality was to bear the blessing and the curse of civilization to a countless people—if we trace him in the private walks of social life, in the various changes of society, looking at his opening manhood, and at his transactions with his fellow-men, when he moved among them, as one bearing the same burdens, and swayed by the same impulses—in all these different phases and vicissitudes, we can but behold his peculiar genius. It is exhibited in his restlessness, in his impatience of restraint, and his unheard of tenacity to his own opinion, not less than in his cheerful disposition, his urbanity of manners, and his childish simplicity.

And when we behold him the man of years, of mature judgment, sallying forth among men, to be laughed at by the rabble, as one whose head was turned, and to be met by those who should be wiser and more charitable. The clock will go 100 years without requiring to be wound up, which is unequalled in horological science. The clock will contain about 170 wheels and pinions, and upward of 300 distinct pieces. [Liverpool Albion

power; he simply desires to hold to the terms of that agreement, made when all was dark, and when the world laughed him to scorn; neither does he ask high-sounding titles, so common in those days of chivalry; on the contrary, he is content with a trifling distinction—the cognomen of Admiral—and goes down to his grave at last, after continuing to endure untold hardships, calmly and resignedly, in full hope of a happier existence beyond the grave.

He was clearly a man such as appears only at long intervals upon the earth, and one who leads mankind to conquests which he himself rarely enjoys. His was a character not faultless, but noble, sublime ever. As the mighty continent he discovered embraced every variety of soil, climate, scenery and production—exhibited the most glorious studies of nature, and the sublimest visions of the beautiful—so he was pure, lofty, and uncontaminated by surrounding influences!

J. A. H.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### Astronomical Clock.

We understand that a curious astronomical clock is at present being constructed in the vicinity of Liverpool, by E. Henderson, from a series of very intricate calculus and complicated projections, which has engrossed a large share of his time and attention since 1844. This is calculated so finely, that in many of the motions by the wheel-work it will not err one minute in 1,000 years.—These calculations, we understand, have received the unqualified approbation of the leading scientific men and astronomers of the day, both in Britain and foreign countries, where the calculator is known. The clock will show the minutes and hours of the day; the sun's place in the ecliptic; the day of the month, perpetually, and take leap year into account; the moon's age, place and phases; the apparent diurnal revolution of the moon; the ebb and flow of the sea at any port in the world; the golden number, epact, solar cycle, Roman indication, Sunday letter, and Julian period; the mean time of the rising and setting of the sun on every day of the year, with its terms and fixed and movable feasts. The day of the week will also be indicated, and the year will be registered for 10,000 years past or to come. The quickest moving wheel will revolve in one minute, the slowest in 10,000 years from the date. The clock will go 100 years without requiring to be wound up, which is unequalled in horological science. The clock will contain about 170 wheels and pinions, and upward of 300 distinct pieces. [Liverpool Albion



B. 1841

For the Waverley Magazine.

Nellie.

IN the days that now are past,  
When no cloud my sky o'er cast,  
Ere my heart had sorrow known—  
Ere my hopes were overblown—  
Loved I then a rustic belle—  
Pretty laughing blue-eyed Nell.

O! what happy days were ours,  
Culling life's most fragrant flowers—  
Straying by the rippling stream—  
Rapt in many a waking dream—  
Dreaming of that happy time,  
When sweet Nellie should be mine.

But my hopes were doomed to die;  
In my Nellie's grave they lie.  
Nevermore by rippling stream,  
Rapt in many a waking dream,  
With my Nellie shall I roam,  
For the angels called her home.

E. H. PEIRCE.

Original.  
PATCH WORK.

BY GEO. R. FOULTON.

IT is a stormy time—Old Boreas is playing fantastic tricks, and the deuce is to pay with out-door movables of all kinds. God protect the poor in such a season; and may the spirit that keeps look out for "Jack up aloft," descend to the hearts of the needy of the earth. The past winter has been one almost without precedent, in point of vigor and length; and a wail has gone up from thousands of the poverty stricken children of our race, in every corner of our broad land.

Under the head of "Original," in the last Waverley but one, we discovered a most shameless plagiarism of the following lines:

"Angels attend thee! may their wings  
Fan every shadow from thy brow;  
For only good and loving things  
Should wait on one so good as thou!"

The article was signed "Willie," and addressed to "Eliza"—seriously, we imagine she must feel highly flattered in the reception of such an equivocal compliment—a compliment (over the left) to her reading and her good sense; and we advise "Willie" never again to put pen to paper in any manner soever. Out upon a literary thief, we say!

We acknowledge the receipt from a friend, of Dow's illustrated edition of "Gray's Elegy," a most chastely gotten up thing. Every lady reader of the Waverley should possess a copy. The engravings are exceedingly well executed, and the letter press is beautiful.

While wandering through a wilderness of exchanges, we chanced to find the following gem, which we gladly sandwich into this article, as many have been blessed with such a rose and have lost it:

"Tread softly, stranger! this is ground  
Which no rude footstep should impress;  
With tender pity gaze around,  
Let sadness all thy soul possess.

"Tread softly, lest thou crush the flowers  
That o'er this turf are taught to wave;  
Transplanted from their native bowers,  
To shed their sweets o'er *Beauty's grave*.

And, stranger, let thy melting heart  
Mark well this fresh and verdant sod!  
And ere you from the scene depart,  
Oh! let your soul commune with God:

"Thus fade the fragile buds of earth,  
Thus fade the lovely and the brave!  
Come now, ye thoughtless sons of mirth!  
And pause awhile o'er *Beauty's grave*.

Sweet, withered rose! may thy pale doom  
Call tears into the maiden's eye.  
Oh! may the prospect of this tomb  
Remind her "all that live must die!"  
And warn her, in the days of youth,  
To think of Him who being gave,  
And bid her seek the ways of truth,  
Like her who sleeps in *Beauty's grave*."

Gentle Alice Care! a wif of loving thought  
from thy loving heart, and we will have done:

"Break, morning, break, I weary of the night,  
Longing to see and know the truth of things,  
To gather faith up, as the bird her wings,  
And soar into the kingdom, where is light.

Arise, O Sun! for while the midnight lay  
Along the path we travelled—dense, profound,  
The hands and feet of my sweet mate were  
bound,  
And he is prisoned till the break of day.

Shadows, wild shadows, from the air be gone—  
Where shaken boughs of golden lillies stood,  
Came up a black impenetrable wood,  
When love was lost—I cannot journey on.

By the King's palace low my knees I bow,  
On the dark porch beside the palace white  
Waiting the morn which shall burst out the  
light,  
From the thick shell of darkness round me now."

Original.  
Sonnet---Evening.

LOWLY the shadows creep along the plain,  
The sun just peeps a farewell o'er the hill,  
The home-returning bee is singing his last strain,  
And the loud winds of day are hushed and still.

"The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees  
were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stronger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valley of marriage to refresh their trouble; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of their own or wo-

men's peevishness. Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; observer and watchful, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindness in pieces. There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocence of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love: but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his care, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments."

Under the head of "Original," in the last Waverley but one, we discovered a most shameless plagiarism of the following lines:

"You are forgotten, the future's bright,  
The past is buried, my heart is light!  
A sweeter song;  
The light of morning brings  
A happier throng  
Of recollections, of times past, long ago;  
But life is brighter, happier, now.

"You are forgotten, by fate 'tis deemed  
Our paths to different ends must lead!  
Mine to joys and happiness  
Forevermore!

Yours to tears and wretchedness  
Till life is o'er;

You are forgotten, I bid you good bye,  
Believe me, Miss Scroogins, I tell you no lie."

It will be some consolation to "the fair," to know that he "forgot" to eat his breakfast the next morning—but did not "forget" to die in the evening. This production was his last effort

Original.

A Model Valentine.

The following "Valentine" was sent by a "miserable withered up old Bach," to Miss Sophinda Adelaide Scroggins, of Scrogginsville.

"YOU are forgotten, the future's bright,  
The past is buried, my heart is light!

The bird at even sings

A sweeter song;

The light of morning brings

A happier throng

Of recollections, of times past, long ago;

But life is brighter, happier, now.

"You are forgotten, by fate 'tis deemed  
Our paths to different ends must lead!

Mine to joys and happiness

Forevermore!

Yours to tears and wretchedness

Till life is o'er;

You are forgotten, I bid you good bye,

Believe me, Miss Scroggins, I tell you no lie."

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VAN SOMERBY.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS.

..... ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN LADY.—An

amusing anecdote was told me by a French lady. One of her country women was engaged as dressing-maid to a lady of rank in Russia; one day, while combing out her mistress's long black hair, she hurt her head; the lady turned round and gave her a slap in the face. The Frenchwoman, who had hold of her hair, which she was on the point of tying, so that it was all gathered in her hand, grasped it tightly, and then inflicted a sound correction on the lady's ears with the hairbrush.

Perhaps it may be thought that she was immediately punished by being taken to the police, or, at the least, summarily dismissed from the household. Far from it; the maid knew the character of the Russians well, and also what she was about; she was perfectly aware that her mistress

would not dare to expose her, on account of the disgrace to herself; for it would be an indelible one for a noble lady to have been beaten (in any place but Count Orloff's office,) and especially by a menial; she therefore not only took the whole quietly, but presented the French woman with thirty silver roubles and a new gown to buy her silence; she was ever after treated with much consideration, and at the time the anecdote was told to me she was still in the same situation.

..... A CHANGE OF MIND.—The Boston Journal relates the following anecdote of Hon. Jeremiah Mason, the distinguished lawyer. Mr. Mason was something of a giant in physical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. In ordinary position, he did not, however, appear above ordinary stature, not only from great length of limb, but from a habit of stooping which he had acquired.

While in the vigor and strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving along a road in the country, half buried up under warm buffalo robes, and looking rather insignificant to the casual observer;—at least, so he

appeared to an impudent teamster who approached in an opposite direction, occupying so large a portion of the road with his team that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mr. Mason courteously requested the teamster to turn out and give him room; but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over the dasher, and slowly began to roll down the robes, at the same time drawing up his legs and gradually rising from his seat. The teamster silently watched these motions; but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Mason's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed, "That'll do, stranger—don't rise any more—I'll turn out."

Mr. Mason soon had the track to himself, and our bewildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace.

"Creation!" said he, as he touched up the off leader with his whip; "I wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him?"

..... TRAILING DRESSES.—Being a young housekeeper, my greatest grievance is, in having lady visitors come in with dresses so long as to soil my elegant carpets with the horrid street-sweepings attached to their skirts. If they choose to wipe the muddy cro-sings dry, and clean the coal from sidewalks, left an inch thick by careless housemaids, and soak up the oil spilled from painter's tin cans, and (awful to tell!) imbibe the tobacco juice, visible wherever one walks, beneath their eet, why, oh! why should these benefactors of the public highways come into my clean, neat-as-a-new-pin three-story brick house, to destroy my nice door-mats, hall oil-cloth, and parlor "Saxony" carpets? Can't a party for shortening ladies' skirts be formed, and the proceeds arising

POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

A Sketch.

A storm was on the lake;  
Dark clouds had gathered angrily above,  
And fiercely came the winds with rushing sound.  
High rose the waves with crested heads, amid  
The thickening gloom, which, like a sable pall,  
Enveloped earth and sky. Tossed on the lake,  
'Mid wind and spray, a struggling boat essayed  
To reach the shore, but wilder came the storm,  
And the rude waves leaped up as though they fain  
Would bury in their sultry depths the hapless crew.  
And there, upon the sultry depths the hapless crew.  
The tempest drear, the Saviour calmly slept!  
No shade of fear was on his placid brow,  
But peacefully he lay, as though above,  
The Summer sky had blue and cloudless beamed.  
With failing steps, and voices tremulous,  
His frail disciples came, and from his sleep  
Their master wakened, and then upon the bustle  
Was heard his gentle voice, bidding the winds  
And waves "be still!" Back from the sky the clouds  
Rolled heavily. Forth came the glorious sun,  
And 'mid all Nature's smiles, the waters sank  
To rest. With mild reproach the Saviour's eye  
Upon his trembling followers beamed. Sadly  
His lips enquired, "Where is your faith?"

"Tis easier to trust when all is bright  
And fair—when no dark clouds the sky of life  
Obscure—no storm of sorrow passes by!  
But oft, when wrapped in gloom, our pathway lies—  
When on our hearts' grief's withering touch is felt,  
How prone are we to fear and tremble, lest  
We sink to rise no more. But like the weak  
Disciples, we may flee to Christ and find  
In Him a help in every time of need.

E. C. LOOMIS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

Another year has passed away! Eighteen hundred and forty-nine is no more. Well do I remember the first morn of its existence.—The "I wish you a happy new year," which I then received at every hand, still rings in my ear and seems but as yesterday! Those smiling faces and happy voices of youthful hilarity are still fresh on the tablet of my memory, and I can fancy I see them as I did then. But since that period one year has rolled by, "never to return!" And would it not be well, now at its close and in the morning of the new year, briefly to review the past—to note in what we have advanced and mark the changes in the fortunes of those around us? We shall find in so doing, that many have lost near and dear friends; that the old year was to many the last they were to spend in this life. My objection, to these societies, is founded on that plain declaration of sacred writ, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Hence then, the projectors of such societies are as much infested by the leprosy of inbred sin as others; the same deceitful propensities of the human heart, are common to them as others, and no more so. In connection with this plain declaration of scripture, as to the existence of this wickedness and deceitfulness of the human heart, we have also in the question appended to this declaration, "who can know it?" as plainly implied as anything can be, the utter insufficiency of human sagacity to fathom the depths of human depravity.

The candid reader will perceive at once, that it is my intention to treat this question just as if it was an entirely new project in forming some such new society, to be supported or condemned on principles applicable to all mankind. And now to the issue. My objection, to these societies, is founded on that plain declaration of sacred writ, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Hence then, the projectors of such societies are as much infested by the leprosy of inbred sin as others; the same deceitful propensities of the human heart, are common to them as others, and no more so. In connection with this plain declaration of scripture, as to the existence of this wickedness and deceitfulness of the human heart, we have also in the question appended to this declaration, "who can know it?" as plainly implied as anything can be, the utter insufficiency of human sagacity to fathom the depths of human depravity.

I shall maintain that this trait of the human character remains the same (unless changed by the Holy Spirit) as it did in the days of Jeremiah, in the days of our Saviour and his apostles—"the dark ages," or the "nineteenth century." The diffusion of light and knowledge, has indeed modified its development, but its inherent character remains the same. From this statement, it will plainly appear that the arts of knavery and falsehood, must assume new disguises, to obtain any currency among mankind. From these premises it will plainly appear, that no professions of faith, or adoption of certain fundamental principles, can insure to us the continued purity and usefulness of those combinations, which adopt them. It is by these works alone they are to be judged, and to judge of their works we must be permitted to know them.

And finally, I shall maintain that it is the duty as well as the interest of every individual, to expose this deceitfulness, and wickedness to the utmost of his power, to strip knavery and falsehood of all its disguises, and the best interests of mankind imperiously demand it.

J. W. T.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

Secret Societies.

Mr. Editor,—Your "new correspondent," in referring to my communication on this subject, of July 24, and my admission on this subject, says, "We are at a loss to conceive how the negative argument can be successfully conducted." To this, I reply, when I made these admissions, I expected they would be strongly urged in their favor, and I believe, deliberately counted the cost of meeting them. And I do declare myself ready in due time, to proceed in the argument. There is, however, in the mean time, some underbrush to be removed out of the way, before proceeding to the main argument.

Your new correspondent says further, "if such be the opinion of the opposer of these societies, the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance may take courage, nerved by the consciousness, that even their opposer, avowed to them perfect purity of motive, and honesty of intention." I cannot believe for a moment, that any reader of the Cultivator will suppose that I meant by purity of motive, "sinless perfection," for this would settle the whole question at once. As far as my opinion is concerned, I promptly deny his right to infer my individual opinion about it. Whatever this opinion may be, I am bound to consider by my admissions, any "purity of motive" or honesty of intention, as not applying distinctly and positively, any further than to the first founder of these societies; as to their pretensions since, this is entirely an open question. And this construction I have the more right to insist upon, from the fact, that I am entirely destitute of any personal acquaintance with the members of such societies, and hence my opinion of the usefulness of such secret societies, is founded on general principles, applicable to all combinations of individuals for any purpose whatever, except the family relation.

These questions may be amply discussed and fairly settled, by a very few brief quotations from the sacred writers, one in particular in Paul to the Romans, if, as we ought, we carefully connect the xii and xiii chapters, or so much of them as is applicable to the duties of social life. If your correspondents will, hereafter, when they have matter to propound on this subject, govern themselves by the hint now offered in these remarks, I am confident that they and all their readers will be gainers by it; and the pages of the Cultivator be not less interesting and useful. J. F.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

The above is an ancient adage, based upon truth, although generally forgotten at the present age, until its veracity is tested and proved; and by its proof, overwhelming oft the once joyous heart, with grief and sorrow. How frequently is youth tempted to the pursuit of some brilliant phantom, or glittering prize, which, when gained, disappoints its eager possessor, by being nothing but a gilded toy, or shining bauble, or tinsel vanity. Sad is the spectacle of a young lady, decorated with all the rich finery of the fashionable world, possessing the charms of a pretty countenance and sparkling wit, yet betraying a heart as destitute of moral and religious feeling, as barren in sound principle as the Arabian desert, with a mind as void of cultivation as the Alpine summit! Lamentable proof, that not all is gold that glitters!

Oft, too, a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance and showy talents, urges his way even into select society, and gains their confidence; but, by and by, perchance at too late an hour, the thin plating of mind and heart is effaced, displaying to the public eye the deception and vice beneath, while the gold is wanting. Alas! how few examine sufficiently the shining dust, if perchance there may be valued treasures mingled with it. Sad the thought, yet no less a reality, that often innocence is deceived by false pretensions and vain appearances, to number new associates, form ties of endearing friendship, and even enter an union that even death alone can dissolve, to reap for its reward bitter disappointment, and the keenest anguish, when once the

On the merry old days when the wood fire bright,  
Crackled and danced on a winter's night,  
When gracefully curled up the drifting smoke,  
And the shadows played on the floor of oak.

When the cricket chirped in the gray stone hearth,  
And the tea-kettle sang a gay song like mirth,  
And our grandmamas sat like a ponderous book  
Closed for a time in a warm chimney nook.

Then the tales he told as the night wore away,  
And we almost forgot that his hair was gray,  
As he told us wild tales of some fearful fight,  
When he sang with his countrymen, "God speed  
the right."

And the merry old Christmas time so gay;  
Young hearts have grown old and dark have grown  
gray.

Since the yule-log burned on the old stone hearth,  
And the night passed in revelry, music and mirth.

Then the corn that we popped in the ashes white,  
And the song that we sang in the red fire-light,  
O those sweet songs of childhood we love them now,  
Though the shadows are gathering over the bough.

Now we sit no more in the quiet light,  
Weaving strange forms in the embers bright,  
Cities and armies and castles so gay,  
And dreams and vague fancies as wild as they.

Now the shadows are still on the wall of white,  
And the gas-light burns in the winter's night;  
A fire of coal in the grate burns fast,  
The old wood fire is a thing of the past.

NELLIE WILD.

## SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

..... THE CHILD AND THE MAN.—The height of a boy's aspirations is to wear a tall dickey and sell goods behind the counter; or to own a good rifle, and keep a country tavern. But there is occasionally a dreamy child, whom none of these things allure, but whose young soul pants for fame, and whose piercing eyes discern, dimly defined amid the mists of the future, the luminous peaks of glory his eager feet shall climb. It generally takes but a few years of experience to obliterate from the heart the very traces of the darling projects. Not one in fifty pursues the course in life he marked out for himself in childhood. The tall dickey is too easily attained to yield satisfaction; and the possession of the rifle is overlooked in the pursuit of more important objects. The young poet's dream of romance gives place to some useful occupations; and he becomes in the course of time an iron-monger, and perhaps an alderman. The body's necessities are urgent; circumstances are imperative; and it is not easy, in this world, for the youth to keep his tenderer heart and purity of purpose. Now and then some wise and thoughtful child has been known to wed himself in his earliest years of self-consciousness, to that nameless beauty that beats upon us in glimpses of the morning, in the hues of flowers, in the splendors of heroic conduct, or in the glories of art; and to prove true to that holy love in after life, preferring starvation in its service to the grandeur and luxury in the trains of wealth and honor. But such fidelity is rare. The false charms of worldly mistresses allure; the boy's noble thoughts are debased in the man's ambition.

..... SPEAKING PLAIN.—There is sometimes "much too much" ceremony between lovers—and sometimes too little; and quite as often one extreme as the other. How amusing it is to see a couple who have been sighing a twelvemonth or longer, and who considered themselves as good as married, boggling at mere words—the formal declaration, the formal acceptance, or the set proposal's to Pa's or Ma's of both sides of the house. Yet you shall see your swain afraid to broach the awful question, except by implication; dropping blind hints, as if it were really a great sin to speak; and you shall see a damsel, who has made up her mind to say yes, and who knows that it is all understood, hesitating at the word, as if it would burn her lips, and, after all, not daring to speak it, but accepting a husband merely by pantomimic gestures. Thank Heaven, all people are not so foolish; if they were, there would be no variety in the world. There are, here and there, men who are not ashamed to say, honestly and in a few words, what they mean; and there are, here and there, women who can deal as honestly. When such people meet, short work is made of it; and, when one of the sensible of either sex is opposed to a mincing one of the other, he or she can help the trembler over the bridge.

..... OATHS.—"Swear not at all," is the injunction of Scripture. And why should men swear at all? Profanity, as the poet has it, "is neither brave, polite, or wise." As to all other swearing, the word of a man of truth and honor is as good as his oath. Indeed, the man who would purify his word, is not to be trusted under even so many oaths. The very court records of Christendom attest the folly of requiring men to swear in God's name, or making their credibility depend thereupon. If a man purifies himself, society holds him to the legal penalty—it cannot, and ought not, to do more. If only the true value was attached to the ordinary influence of the oath, we should rely less upon

from the sale of these half-yards of silk, velvet brocade, flannel, linen, etc., etc., be applied to clothing the poor? Remnants are always saleable, and the materials thus collected might easily be converted into umbrellas, aprons, bags, pincushions, penwipers, hoods, slippers, and a thousand articles for fairs, sewing societies, "crutches," "bees," and similar institutions, the charitable have established, to circulate the money, which, if left to itself, would rust in bachelors' pockets, or disappear in the smoke of their cigars. Pray, Messrs. Editors and most honorable Mayor, take this my first "complaint" into speedy consideration, and act quickly on the proposition offered for your deliberation.

**■** An old woman to whom a Buffalo sharper owes several hundred dollars, which she cannot get, has adopted the expedient of taking her knitting-work and sitting, from morning until night, under a tree in front of his residence.

**■** Heaven sends good figures. It is only woman's enemy who would tempt her to wear crimson.

## The Cottage Under the Hill.

No lordly elm trees are swaying there;  
But the rustic oak and the cedar fair,  
That grow by the winding rill,  
Their tall heads wave on the summer air,  
O'er the cottage under the hill.

She robin loves at the twilight hour,  
Ere he flitteth away to his resting bower,  
His evening song to trill;

And the wild bee sings from the violet flower,  
By the cottage under the hill.

The wild vine hangs from the moss roof low;  
And always with a motion sweet and slow,  
As over the grass so still

The western zephyrs softly blow,  
By the cottage under the hill.

When the shades of night creep o'er the lea,  
Three prattlers group round a strong man's knee,

And their eyes with weeping fill,  
As he telleth of her who sleeps under the tree,

By the cottage under the hill.

No gold or silver are stored within,  
But a crowned monarch would sigh to win  
The peace so holy, still

That bodeth far from the court of sin,  
In the cottage under the hill.

## Original.

## MISCELLANEA.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

We have seen some fine things from the pen of a comparatively new contributor to the pages of the Waverley, Luther G. Riggs. The first poem which attracted our attention from the pen of this young and promising writer, appeared in The Ladies National Magazine some six months since, and was entitled "Fear." It is a brilliant little gem, and we quote it entire.

"Fear is like the cloud that sheds  
Its gloom across the summer's sky;  
When life is freshest, some wild dream  
Of grief is ever hovering nigh.

Where the bright wells of gladness spring,  
Hope will the youthful heart decoy;  
But Fear is hovering there to fling  
A shadow on the path of joy.

"A rainbow never spans the sky,  
But some dark spirit of the storm,  
With sable plume is hovering nigh.  
To watch its soft and fairy form.

The wedding peal—the funeral toll—  
But though o'er shadowed still by fears,  
Hope is the sunlight of the soul."

The following lines from the same pen are very beautiful, also.

"There's beauty in the summer's sky,  
When from his ocean bed,  
Like a strong man refreshed by sleep,  
The sun uplifts his head;  
And when behind the western rocks  
At eventide he goes,  
How beauteous are the crimson clouds  
That curtain his repose."

How many hearts can respond to the following, o'er which life's darkest clouds have passed, and whose shadows still linger round their pathway.

"O, for the bright and gladsome hours  
Where a like a wandering stream,  
My spirit caught from earth and sky  
The light of every beam;  
When if into my laughing eye  
A tear-drop chanced to start,  
'Twas banished in a moment by,  
The sunshine of the heart."

We will make one more extract from the poems of Mr. Riggs, which contains some fine thoughts expressed in a felicitous manner, bordering more upon the descriptive than the foregoing.

"At silent eve, the breeze that comes  
O'er many a perfumed forest glade!  
Brings memories of the hawthorn's bloom,  
The clover's scent—the orchard's shade.

The hour of rest—of prayer,  
Of converse with familiar friends—  
When freed from earth's corroding cares,  
Our purer thoughts to Heaven ascend."

Time, study, and experience promises to place the author of the above lines among our first literary aspirants; and having youth on his side, we hope we may one day see him in the front ranks of the literati of our country.

The following, entitled "The Snow of Age," we casually met in our reading, and striking our fancy, we borrowed it to adorn our miscellanea. The author's name was not appended, although it would afford us great pleasure to give credit for it if we know to whom credit was due.

"We have just stumbled upon the following pretty piece of mosaic, laying amid a multitude of those less attractive: "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."

The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The scripture represents age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white.

"The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair is turning gray, that it looks as if Time had lightly splashed its snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts"—no, never. Age is inexorable; its wheels must move onward; they know not any retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again," but he grows old as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secret of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye longing upon the rosy schemes of early year, but as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carrying him further and further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon the valley and mountain, but soon the sweet spring follows and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran; there is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay; its single flakes fall unnoticed, and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase, until we lay the old man in his grave; there it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness, for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, and eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old; if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them.

"A word of advise to the wise," from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Newell Graves, may be read with profit by those who do not pretend to belong to that small class of the community. We append them.

"Whenever you hear that a person has slandered you, pay no attention to it, but pass right straight along in the path of rectitude, and it will never injure you a particle."

"If you are honest, upright and virtuous, it will take sensible people but a short time to find it out; think you they will heed such low malice which emanates only from the mouths of your inferiors, who are desirous of pulling you down to their own degraded level?"

"No, you never yet knew an individual possessed of a large share of virtue, integrity, or good sense, who would stoop so low as to slander his neighbor. Even should he discover imperfections, he has more important business to attend to, than to meddle with such low affairs, and sense enough to know that none on earth are perfect."

"Always bear in mind that it is your superiors only who have the power to injure you—your inferiors cannot."

"If you had no virtues you would have but few or no enemies."

"There never yet lived a good or great man who had not enemies."

"It is the best fruit which the birds pick—but not that which is unripe or rotten. Remember this."

Hear what the same lady says in regard to self-conceit; she certainly views it in the right light, and a perusal of her remarks may lead to self-examination—as every one possesses more or less of it—and an attempt to banish it from the heart, and substitute in its place humility—for instead of being proud of what we do know, we all have great reason to be ashamed that there still remains so much we do not know. Hence, a becoming humility—which is far more suitable to fallen human nature than indulging in the folly of

## SELF-CONCEIT.

"There are a great many people in the world who take a vast deal of pains in trying to convince others that they are much better and wiser than anybody else, or, rightly expounded, would make themselves a great deal better than they really are. Self-conceit is a vice which grows up in the heart so insensibly—steals unobserved into the mind on so many occasions—forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances—sometimes that of modesty itself, that there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed, or which requires a greater help of good sense to guard against."

"Of all the follies incident upon human nature, egotism pays its possessors the very lowest rate of interest; for allowing that we succeed in convincing one that we are better, wiser, richer, or in any respect superior to him, what do we gain? Nothing at all, but only have excited his envy or hatred instead of his admiration or respect."

"We admit that self-conceit is to a certain extent very necessary among men or women either, for very little is thought by society now-a-days of those who think little of themselves. An over

modest man is a mere nobody, while the over-conceited one is not only a silly hypocrite but the veriest dunce in existence."

"Haman was overcharged with self-conceit because he alone was admitted to the Queen's banquet, and his distinction raised him fifty cubits higher than he had ever dreamed or thought of."

"It is undoubtedly a nice point to locate the exact boundary between modest meekness and egotistical conceit; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and we would place it, if we could, just half way between public opinion and self-esteem."

"How often does a person, by pretending to greater knowledge of any topic under discussion than he actually possesses, deprive himself of the opportunity offered of gaining information upon a subject of which he is really ignorant. It is far better to let the world charge us with honest ignorance than silly conceit."

"It seems to us that there are very many men and women in society who would have us believe that the Almighty selected some very superior material for the special purpose of their individual creation, and often use such great exertions to convince us of their own importance that they forcibly remind us of Asp's Frog, who unfortunately ox."

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ALLA LAWRENCE.

voice" forever points us heavenward; there bloom on forever, ye stars of earth; ye breathe a requiem to the troubled soul soft and low—ye bring a hope of immortality beyond the grave; ye are the emblems of purity, love, and truth; and may now learn to nourish and cherish these sweet flowers; and may we all, like them, bloom in an endless eternity.

I am willing to do anything for him I can; but then, rents are so expensive, and of course he must keep up appearances, and he is really not able to take a carriage, and who, that is anybody, will employ a doctor that does not ride?

The "poor doctor" sometimes gets in debt; ah! the vagabond! What business has he to live beyond his means? No man should exceed his income, and a man that can't earn a good living, and keep out of debt, is no man at all. The "poor doctor," let it be said, in extenuation of his offence, was never known to refuse to earn a living, but he has not the power to create sickness nor force employment.

The "poor doctor," when a student, was on terms of equality with his class. He had some money then, and few knew how much, and his opportunities were as frequent as he wished to mingle with the gay world. Then he was looked up to and sometimes flattered, for fancy painted him a fine gentleman, as well as doctor, who would soon be riding about the city in a handsome carriage, and perhaps eligible—really desirable as an acquaintance, if nothing more. These fancies the "poor doctor" has not been able to fulfil, and now, he often meets with a fallen eye, his old companions—those who have whispered pleasant words in his ear—those who have been his confidants in many things. Young men he has known as boys, have grown up to place in the counting-room, and a fine house up town, as regularly as the sapling grows up to become a tree, and they wonder why the doctor does not keep pace with the times, little thinking that he is engrafted for a better order of fruit, and of uncertain growth. One by one they step over upon the fashionable side altogether, and the "poor doctor" is left to wander on alone. These things pinch the "poor doctor" worse than his poverty, and his step sometimes falters, as he travels on up the ascent which, from these causes, is rendered particularly rough and unpleasant.

"But the "poor doctor" has an iron heart and a strong will; and he is getting along in years, so that his age is not a discredit to him. By-and-by a cautious whisper will break out somewhere to the effect that he is really a good doctor, and that he has been instrumental in relieving suffering, and perhaps saved the life in a "good" family. From this the ascent grows more easy, and he begins to perceive that the current of influence has sensibly changed, and that it bears him gently upward instead of down. He begins to receive some degree of deference, and finds his bowing acquaintances, at least, are much more numerous than they were; and by-and-by he swings clear, free and independent, asking no favors, and defying frowns.

If, in old age, the doctor should present a somewhat hardened visage, it should be remembered that he has most likely passed through very severe trials—that his services have been more imperatively demanded, and more begrudgingly requited, than those of any other man: and that, while he is fully conscious that he holds possession of that knowledge which is most essential to the human race, he cannot help losing his estimate of human nature, when he sees the honor and patronage that by right of the State decree belongs to him, conferred upon the ignorant or dishonest tricksters that infest the community in the name of "doctors," while he is, perhaps, commiserated because he does not succeed.

..... AWKWARD SITUATION.—Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who had been attached to the astronomical service in Captain Cook's expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and whose name was conferred by the great navigator on "Gilbert's Island," resided at Gosport, where, according to the fashion of the day, he, like the Count d'Artois, wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered a tailor to attend him one morning, when his grand-daughter, who resided with him, had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room, when the maker of leather breeches was shown in; and, as she did not happen to know one handcraftsman more than the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked, the wet weather was coming, and she felt cold in "cloth."

Really, then, the "poor doctor" ought to receive some little encouragement and respect. To be sure, he often occupies the basement in this city of high rents; yet, when he comes out, he looks and dresses quite tidily—not elegantly by no means, but respectably. From these considerations, the "door doctor" is often made the subject of the deepest commiseration. It is so comfortable to think that he is near at hand, and always so ready for a call in case of accident, when it would be impossible to get the family physician (who lives at some distance) in time, "what a pity it is that he does not succeed!" When little Charlie was taken with such a dreadful croup in the night, we sent for a "poor doctor," who lived near, and he seemed to handle the case very handily—indeed, I think he saved his life. We sent, at the same time, for our own doctor, but before he arrived the little fellow was entirely out of danger. To be sure he took the case on his hands, and made out a pretty figure of a bill for his subsequent treatment, to prevent his ever getting it again, while the "poor doctor" only charged—indeed I do not remember how much, for really I do not remember ever hearing of the bill. Poor fellow! I do hope he will manage to get along.

The modest tailor could hardly believe his ears. "Measure you, miss?" said he with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room, for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me."

"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow, in great perplexity, "

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testimony being true because given under oath, and look more carefully to its actual credibility.— We venture to say that four-fifths of the lawyers and judges of the land—particularly those familiar with chancery and criminal practice—regard the present systems of oath-taking as a chiefly blasphemous farce. Hedge truth about with penalties, if you please, but further than that consult the Scripture injunction, and "swear not at all."

..... THE NEW KEY.—"Aunty," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts and make them so willing; for you know, aunty, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter."

"What is the key?" asked aunty.

"It is only one little word; guess what?"

But aunty was no guesser.

"It is *please*," said the child; "aunty, it is *please*. If I ask one of the girls in school, 'please show me my parsing lesson?' she says 'O, yes,' and helps me. If I ask, 'Sarah, *please* do this for me?' no matter, she'll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle 'please,' he says, 'Yes, *please*, if I can; and if I say, 'please, aunty—'"

"Well, what does aunty do?" asked aunty herself.

"O, you look and *smile just like mother*, and that is the best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round aunty's neck, with a tear in her eye.

Children—large and small—remember this powerful key to the hearts of all.

..... DEATH.—It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigor and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsome and horror of three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have we seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces!

..... A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite—an Englishman, to regret the trouble that it cost him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, or impatient. The Frenchman's desire to please seems to strengthen by habit. His back is India rubber, his hands caoutchouc, his hat-brim is metallic, and never looks shabbier for repeated handling. His courtesy, at the first meeting, does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold, cautious bend of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip round the corner and escape shaking hands; Monsieur waits ten minutes at the *cafe* door in hope of meeting a friend.

#### THE DYING WARRIOR.

The battle rages wildly on—  
When foe to foe meets in close arrayed,  
The brave warrior sounds his bugle horn,  
And draws his two edged blade.

His comrades fall by him all around,  
Amidst the battle strife.  
Yet on the thundering sounds,  
Of cannon peals, on the heights.

On the cannon's roaring might,  
The curling smoke is getting thick;  
Amidst the raging battle strife,  
The soldier lays wounded, and sick.

..... Mr. S. G. Goodrich gives the following explanation of Percival's unhappy career:

"I think he had been deeply injured—nay, ruined—by the reading of Byron's works at that precise age when his soul was in all the sensitive bloom of spring, and its killing frost of atheism, of misanthropy, of pride and scorn, fell upon it and converted it into a scene of desolation. The want of a general appreciation of love and friendship, around his early life, caused its malignant influence to deepen his natural shyness into a positive and habitual self-banishment from his fellow-men.—Such is the sad interpretation that I put upon his career."

..... WHAT animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How often is she good in spite of his example! How rarely is she evilly disposed but by his example! God made her weaker, that man might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy of protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so intrusted him for her good, is to rebel against heaven's design—it is to be a monster, a coward, and a fool.

#### FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

#### GREENWOOD AND MOUNT AUBURN.

I have seen Greenwood. With Mount Auburn for my ideal of what a cemetery should be, I was prepared for disappointment. But the two are not comparable. Greenwood is the larger, and more indebted to the hand of art; the gigantic trees of Mount Auburn are the growth of half a century; but then Greenwood has its ocean view, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not to be overlooked. The entrance to Mount Auburn I think the finer. Its tall army of stately pines stand guard over its silent sleepers, and strew their fragrant leaves on the pathway, as if to deaden the sound of the carriage wheels, which, at each revolution, crush out their aromatic incense, sweet as the box of spikenard which kneeling Mary broke at Jesus' feet.

Greenwood has the greater monumental variety, attributable, perhaps, (more than to design,) to the motley population of New York; the proprietors of each tomb, or grave, carrying out their national ideas of sepulture. This is an advantage. Mount Auburn sometimes wearies the eye with its monumental monotony. Mount Auburn, too, had (for he long since laid down in its lovely shade,) a grey-haired old gate-keeper, courteous and dignified; "a man of sorrows," whose bald, uncovered head, many will remember, who have stood waiting at the portal to bear in their dead. Many a bouquet, simple but sweet, of my favorite flowers have I taken from his palsied hand; and many a sympathizing look, treasured up in my heart from him whom Death had also bereft of all. Greenwood has, at least if my afternoon visit was a fair exponent, its jocund grave-diggers, who, with careless poise, and indecent foot of haste, stumble on with the unvarnished coffin of the poor, and exchange over the fresh and narrow mound, the comrade's time-worn jest. Money has its value, for it purchases gentler handling and better manners.

Let those who will, linger before the marble statue, or chiseled urn of the rich; dearer to me is the grave of the poor man's child, where the tiny, half-worn shoe, is sad and fitting monument. Dearer to me, the mouldy toys, the whip, the cap, the doll, the faded locks of hair, on which countless suns have risen and set, and countless showers have shed their kindly tears. And yet for the infant army who slumber there, I cannot weep; for I be think me of the weary toil and strife; the wrecks that strew the life-coast; the plaint of the weary-hearted, unheard in life's fierce clamor; the remorseless, iron heel of strength, on the quivering heart of weakness; the swift-winged, poisoned arrow of cruel slander; the hearts that are near of kin as void of love; and I thank God that the little shoes were laid aside, and the dreary path untrod.

And yet, not all drear, for, as I pass along, I read, in graven lines, of those who periled life to save life; who parted raging billows and forked flames, at woman's wild, despairing shriek, and childhood's helpless wail. Honor to such dauntless spirits, while there are eyes to moisten and hearts to feel!

Beautiful Greenwood! with thy feathery swaying willows, thy silver-voiced fountains and glassy lakes; with thy grassy knolls and shady dells; with thy "Battle Hill," whose sod, of yore, was nourished by brave men's blood. The sailor here rests him well, in sound of old Ocean's roar; the fireman heeds not booming bell, nor earthly trump, nor hurried tramp of anxious feet; the pilot's bark is moored and voyage o'er; the school-boy's lesson conned; beauty's lid uncloses not, though rarest flowers bloom above her; no husband's hand is outstretched to her, who stoops with jealous care to pluck the obtrusive weed which hides the name she, lonely, bears; no piping, bird-like voice, answers the anguished cry, "My child, my child!" but, still, the mourners come, and sods fall dull and heavy on loved and loving hearts, and the busy spade heeds never the dropping tears; and for her who writes, and for them who read—are long—tears in their turn shall fall. God help us all.

FANNY FERN.

#### Poet's Corner.

##### HATEFUL SPRING.

One of Beranger's graceful and feeling lyrics, translated by Mr. O'Brien.

From my window I behold her,  
All the dreary winter through:  
Strangers both, we loved each other,  
Through mid air our kisses flew.  
Twixt the lime tree's leafless branches  
We would love-sick glances fling—  
Now the leaves fall thick between us;  
Why return, thou hateful Spring?

No more I see her angel form,  
Hidden by those envious leaves,  
Come forth to feed the shivering linnets,  
When frost lay white upon the eaves.  
My heart would watch as some dear signal,  
The fluttering of each tiny wing;  
That show she was far more lovely—  
Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

Wert thou away, I still might see her,  
Rising from her gentle sleep—  
Fresh and rosy as the morning,  
Smiling on some cloudy steep—  
Still might say, when eve was closing,  
"My star's light now is vanishing—  
Her lamp expires, she calmly slumbers!"  
Oh! why return, thou hateful Spring?

Winter, winter, I implore thee,  
With a longing heart, to come;  
Twine thy frost-wreaths round my window,  
Fling thy hail-showers round my home.  
But vernal breeze and tinted flowers  
To my dull heart no joy can bring,  
The weary days fly by in sadness—  
Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

##### GATECHISM FOR THE "ENGAGED."

Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine—  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night,  
for me.

—break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
One shadow of regret;  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?

Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can  
pledge to thee?

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy innest soul  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy,  
tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine yet fail to fill?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?

Speak now, lest, at some future day, my whole life  
wither and decay.

##### QUIET SLUMBER.

Lay her gently to her rest,  
Fold her pale hands on her breast;

From her now—  
Oh! how cold and marble fair—  
Softly part the glossy hair;

Look upon her brow—  
As a weary child she lies,

With the quiet, dreamless eyes,

O'er which the lashes darkly sweep,

And on her lip the quiet smile—

The soul's adieu to earthly strife—

And on her face the deep repose

We never saw in life.

Peaceful be her rest, and deep;

Let her sleep.

No sigh to breathe above her bier,

No tear to stain the marble brow;

Only with tender, pitying love,

Only with faith that looks above,

We gaze upon her now.

No thought of toil and suffering past—

But joy to think the task is done,

The heavy cross at last laid down,

The crown of glory won.

Oh! bear her gently to her rest;

Oh! gently heap the flowery sod,

And leave her body to the dust,

Her spirit to her God.

##### MY LOVE.

She's blooming as the May,  
Brisk, lively, and gay,

The graces play all round about her;

She's prudent and witty,

She's wondrously pretty,

And there is no living without her.—Prior.

FANNY FERN.

#### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

##### Fame.

Why should I toil and strive for fame?  
Why waste my life in care and trouble,  
To gain the splendor of a name—

At best a glittering, transient bubble.

Efforts can ne'er ensure success,

And brilliant prospects oft deceive;

Exertion fails desire to bless,

And hope but leaves the mind to grieve.

The o'er a boon by chance bestow'd,

Branding thus the villain's prize;

Slander, with scorn the best may load,

While high in fame the worthless rise.

The joys it yields are few and poor;

T'will not the passion's rage restrain;

Nor from the assaults of grief secure.

T'will not the wants of Nature fill,

Nor cheer the mind, when 'whelmed in woe;

T'will not misfortune's tempest still,

Nor cause a milder gale to blow.

It is a good we can't retain;

For if we err, the charm we break,

And former merit oft is vain,

If life be stamp'd with one mistake.

Or else, will envy blast our joys,

And friend-like desire supremely blast

When she another's hopes destroys,

And sees fierce anguish rend his breast.

On the wild waves our joys we place,

To the rude winds we trust our peace,

If on renown our bliss we raise,

The sport and plaything of caprice.

But should renown our path attend,

From envy and caprice secure,

Soon will arrive its destined end—

T'will not disease's rage control;

T'will not delay the parting breath,

T'will not the trembling heart console,

And light with hope the gloom of death.

T'will not attend beyond the grave,

And yield us joy in worlds unknown,

And with immortal glory crown.

Yet, as the means to bless mankind,

And truth dominion to maintain,

The wish may fire the virtuous mind,

Nor then the thirst for fame be vain;

And if, where duty points the road,

Fame be the attendant on thy way,

Conferred to strengthen virtue's sway.

If we at heaven our wishes aim,

And seek the God of love to please,

Our toils will not o'erwhelm with shame,

Nor pierce our hearts with keen distress.

He knows each object we desire,

And kindly views each virtuous aim

Another year is added to the multitude of ages that Time has gathered into the past.—The old year has glided away, and some good thoughts and pleasant memories are left us.—Perhaps the coming years are too full of hopes, while those departed are almost sombre with the memory of those that have faded. But now, at the threshold of the new year, we may well pause to think of bygone days; and it will be no idle hour that we give to reflection, as we look back upon the errors and thoughtlessness of life; for the good heart, that lives not for itself alone, will form pure and high resolves, mingled with trusty hopes for the future happiness of our country, and for the individual happiness of those who are with us. We have high hopes for our national prosperity amid the rolling years to come; may the destroyer, Time, as he marches with silent tread over the world, never trample down the consecrated temple which has here been reared to human rights and liberties; let peace and plenty here abound, and a love for liberty animate every heart! And in the ages yet to come, may those who shall gather around the sacred altar of freedom reverence the ark of our Constitution. And the world too, we would hope that a day will come, when nations shall be brethren, not disengaged by the discordant elements that have heretofore divided them, but moving on together in peace and happiness. To those whom these lines may meet, we tender our hopes that the New Year will be happy and crowned with blessings, and that successive years will increase the measure of human happiness.

## EXPRESS.

What is a greater blessing than a contented disposition? or what is more unpleasant than to have one continually finding fault with every thing around them, and allowing every trifling incident to irritate them? thus rendering, not only themselves, but all with whom they associate, unhappy. If, instead of contrasting our situation with those whose prospects are brighter than our own, and wishing for things that we have not and do not really need, we were to look on the other hand and see what vast numbers are more unpleasantly situated than ourselves, we should bid discontentment vanish at once.

"If contentment does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them." I do not mean that we ought always to be contented with our condition; if it be possible for us to improve our circumstances it is our duty to do so. I sincerely believe the secret of a contented mind is, in being busily employed, in doing that which we believe to be our duty, even if it be contrary to our inclination.

"Will know the right, and that pursue—Will know the wrong, regret it too."

Patience and perseverance are virtues which we ought to cultivate, in order to be contented; how often do we see one commence a task, and because it is more difficult than they expected, it will be thrown aside with an impatient gesture, and "oh dear, I can't do it and won't try," when if patience and perseverance were called into requisition, the task would be accomplished; and how much happier and better contented they would feel. I have often felt a kind of proud satisfaction steal over me, when I have performed a thing that I found more difficult than I had expected, and after several times being near giving up and thinking I could not possibly do it—and then, at the thought that patience and perseverance, would accomplish much, I would try again, and find that it was indeed so.

Fair, lovely Moon! thou'rt shining bright, In the pure, cloudless sky of night, Sheding thy rich, effulgent rays. On twinkling stars, that round thee blaze. Sweet queen of night! thou'rt fair, I own—Thou'rt shining on my own dear home; And in thy form, the work I see Of omnipresent Deity.

I love to gaze upon thy face, So fraught with beauty and with grace, And on the countless gems that through The glorious arch, which is thy throne.

What though the sky may clouded be? Thou still art beautiful to me, For the fleecy clouds, so pure and white, Seem bath'd in floods of silver light.

In Summer nights I love to gaze On sparkling dew-drops'neath thy rays, And on the gently-rippling stream, Where thou art mirror'd, lovely Queen!

E'en now, upon this lovely night, Thou'rt rolling onward, pure and bright; And when I ask, whence sprang thy frame? Thou sayest, "He called me—and I came." ROSETTA.

## A Spring Offering.—No. 1.

Mementos of the dead are they, The first sweet birds of Spring, Heralds of coming Summer day, We give thee welcoming.

I have found them! I have found them, the first wee, wild flowers of 1851!—the low, blue violet, springing into life and beauty; the delicate anemone, half hid beneath a clustering vine; the yellow Sinquefoil, and the graceful willow. One by one, I plucked them from their forest homes and brought them to mine. There is an untold world of loveliness in a bunch of flowers. There is a feeling of awe, of purity, stealing over the heart, as you gaze on them—something telling of fairer flowers in the greenwoods upon high—something—a voice from the past reminding me of earth's flowers—one I will liken unto the Anemone. Sweet Minnie! one year ago we went forth, hand clasped in hand, into the deep, solemn woods. It was dark, night coming on; already the shadows grew dark across the fields; the wind played a requiem amid the still, leafless trees.—Darker grew the shadows, louder played the wind, faster fell the night dew, closer broaded the night-bird, until night held sway!—Then sparkled the cloud-gems, and the moon lay in silver patches, like the gleaming of angel's wings, here and there on the ground. Silence rested over all. Minnie spoke:—

"Let us go home now, I am weary."

"Not weary?" I replied, "but fearful; what wonder, when such a deep, holy stillness rests on the earth." She trembled.

"Do you fear to die?" she asked.

"Why?"

"Because, I have a fear that death is near me."

"Why, Minnie! in less than two months you will be a wife!"

"Not so—long before then, I shall lay in the grave."

I was about to answer her, when an arm was passed round her waist, and a manly voice whispered, "Minnie, dear, dear Minnie, say not so." I turned and left them.

An orphan in the dawn of girlhood, adopted by her aunt, petted, spoiled, and very, very beautiful, but one of those sensitive, delicate beings we love so well, and lose so soon, the betrothed wife of one in every way worthy of her, was sweet Minnie Lee.

"Thanks to thee, Father Edward, for thy kindness," she answered, "but I cannot say it is sadness, and yet it is a feeling that approaches near to it."

"Then may I enquire the cause of your present feelings?"

"Sir," she replied, "I will tell you the cause, hoping to gain instruction from one who has lived many years, and seen much of the world. It is this, I have long wished to win the poet's fame, and wear the poet's crown, but how am I to attain that wish? When I consider the vast number of literary writers now upon the stage, my heart faints within me, and I am at a loss what course to pursue, in order to be successful."

"Never despair, should be your motto, Ella; but come with me and I will tell you what you must do, to win the fame you so much covet."

Returning to the more populous portion of the vicinity, and after passing through several streets, Father Edward paused near the base of a monument of exquisite workmanship, and asked Ella to examine it closely; she did so, and observed spiral steps, leading to its summit, where she discovered a wreath, composed of gems and flowers from Nature's choicest productions, and peering from among the leaves, she saw, written in letters of gold, the Poet's Crown. She again cast her eyes to the steps and saw many of both sexes ascending; some were upon the first step, others a little farther advanced, and so on, until even the last step was occupied. She turned to Father Edward, half comprehending the lesson which he wished her to understand, saying, "and what do you wish me to learn from this?"

She bent her head, as if in weariness; I took her arm and led her home. From that hour she failed, and when the twilight fell o'er earth, we gathered round to see her die. She could not speak, but she bent her eyes, burdened with love and trustfulness, upon us.

"Simply, that instead of grasping at once all. Her betrothed husband sat by her, the coveted treasure, you are to attain it by with tears falling thick and fast. She no-degrees, step by step. You perceive on the ticed them, and pointing upward, she shook first step, those who have but commenced a her head, a bright smile parted her lips, as literary career, those farther up, have been she did so—then it failed—the eyes closed, longer upon the field, while those at the last, and Minnie Lee, stood on the borders of the shadowy land!

I gazed on her pale face, so still and passionless, and thought it is better to die young—to fade even as she faded, to leave earth with all its cares and trouble, and be at rest. Go, go now, ere any of the loved are called. Why fear to die? Why turn from the thought? Let me go, let me fade like a flower, and be at rest! We laid her down where the willow waved, and the first flower that bloomed on her grave was the white anemone. She asked to be laid at the foot of the old elm, and she rests there, so calmly, so peacefully, that it seems like a sacrifice to trespass there. Even while I write, the flowers before me are fading—

SARAH ELMINA.  
Reading, Mass.

PATIENCE.

## POETRY.

## Mount Auburn.

Sweet Auburn! oft in Summer's eve, When the soft, south winds their music breathe, When the sun's parting ray of red, On monument and tree is shed, I love within thy walks to stray, To muse a pensive hour away, And turn, when on thy silent sod, "From Nature up to Nature's God!" If in the restless human breast, The passions wild are hushed to rest— If ever silent tear-drops start, It is when thoughts lightly tread The hallowed ground where rest the dead! Sweet Auburn! in thy peaceful breast How sweetly do the sleepers rest! The LOVED and LOST of other years, Consigned to them with many tears; The bowed with age, the crushed by care, All rest in holly quiet there; The young, the beautiful, the gay, Passed like earth's brightest hopes away! Secluded grove! we cannot mourn The travellers to the "silent bournie," Reposing in thy quiet breast, From sorrow free, from toil at rest; For o'er the sleepers in the grave, The weeping willows sadly wave, Drooping in silent, voiceless grief, Seem, as they fall, like Nature's tears Mourning the lost of other years! And over the graves the wild birds raise Their notes of joy and hymns of praise, Seeming like forms of light and love, Sent down to earth from lands above! Around are scattered brightest flowers, Adorning this fair world of ours, Which, clustering round each silent tomb, Seem to dispel all thoughts of gloom. Those flowers, so delicate and fair, Planted and watched with ceaseless care, Bedewed with tears, and long watched o'er, Tell us of loved ones "gone before"— Expressing all that voiceless woe, Which only those who feel can know! The fair, bright flowers! they too must fade, And in the silent grave be laid; Unlike these flowers, AFFECTION'S wreath, When blasted by the tyrant's breath, Shall bloom in brighter worlds on high, Where hope and love can NEVER die! Sweet Auburn! in thy walks so still, Hushed is the heart, subdued the will; The Sabbath stillness is so deep, Death seemeth but a peaceful sleep, And gaily would a traveller rest An aching heart within thy breast! J. S. Rockport.

A man asked a balloonist what he would do if in want of refreshments in his aerial voyage. He replied that he would stop at some of the "castles in the air."

## The improvement of Common Schools.

When will the time come in Vermont when the parents will feel that interest in the improvement of their schools, which should be taken in order to have them arrive to that perfection which they might? The first thing in order to secure improvement is to engage good teachers and then to treat them as such. Before that improvement is made, which should be, it will be necessary for the districts to be more careful to secure the services of good teachers; to lend their influence in the favor of the teacher; the services of the best teacher will be of little avail to the district if the influence of parents is not in his favor.

How often it is the case in districts after a teacher commences school that the parents do not take that interest which must be taken in order to secure improvement; but they stand aloof from visiting the school, to see for themselves and know nothing about the school except from reports (which are often incorrect) and judge from these whether the school is doing as it should; if the children are satisfied they think it is all correct. How many good teachers have become disheartened by the coldness or indifference on the part of the parents, when they commenced their school in the district.

In order to have our schools advance towards perfection there should be a co-operation on the part of parents with teachers; and until this be secured our schools must fail of affording that amount of good which

they ought. There should be a mutual respect, a oneness of feeling in the teacher and parent. Each should study the other's benefit. And while the teacher may be a subject of watchful scrutiny, he should at the same time be considered worthy of Christian charity; and not be tortured and afflicted by that unbridled *captiousness* which so often displays itself.

For an act of the teacher, trivial in its nature, is oftentimes transformed into an offence of the greatest magnitude. A word spoken disparagingly of the teacher by a parent in the presence of children, not unfrequently serves to excite them to insubordination, and this same spirit running from one to another, the entire school soon becomes a band of insurgents. Parents, whenever they speak of the teacher or his school in presence of their children, should always remember to speak *advisedly*. As long as this state of things continues our schools cannot improve as they should, and will remain behind this age of improvement.

The complaint is often brought against the teacher "that he fails in preserving proper order in school." And it is true that teachers are more or less deficient in this respect. But should it be expected that the teacher will preserve *good order*, so long as parental discipline is so much neglected? I am not sure that we teachers in general are much more deficient in regard to order than parents themselves; at all events we would not hesitate in giving the assurance that, did parents inure their children into a more rigid system of discipline, and teach them to regard parental authority and the teacher as they ought, the character of our schools generally would be materially improved.

I will only add an expression of my anxious hope that my fellow teachers may be prospered in the noble work in which they are engaged, ever encouraged onward to the performance of every duty, not with the desire alone of acquiring a few dollars in gold or silver, but with a high ambition to aid in advancing the improvement of our schools, remembering that the school teacher, since he has acted so conspicuous a part in rendering our country what it is, may yet add to the strength and glory of our great Republic.

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

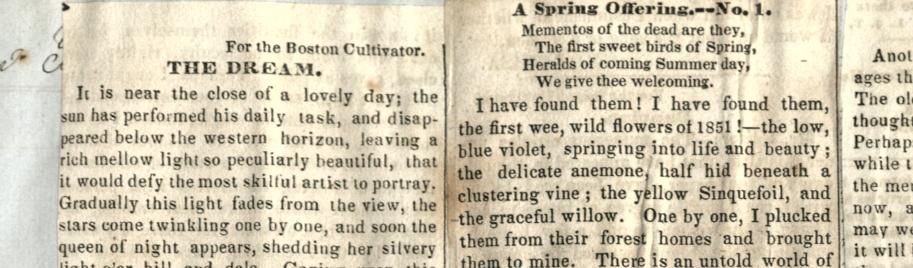
## Farewell.

This is a sad word at best, and full of dark associations. I never said farewell, even with the confidential assurance of meeting on the morrow, but with strange feelings of melancholy. I have often parted light-heartedly, after some pleasant merrymaking, with some spirit-stirring friends, with whom, in a few short hours, I had cultivated feelings of regard, but when I said farewell, even with the anticipation of meeting again, there was left on my soul a prophetic gloom, a tender sadness, which left a sting in the pleasantest flowers of existence. I know how it is, but I never leave any place which I have loved, and should regret hereafter, but some chance circumstance would occur to clothe it with a new and fresher beauty than it has ever before worn, rendering it far more difficult to leave, or to think of, without regretful memories! I never throw away a flower, the gift of a friend, without breathing a sigh over its fallen loveliness and many fond reminiscences. The portals of the tomb have often closed upon all that was dear to us on earth, and though much was left for memory to dwell upon that could soothe the parting, and melt the piercing sorrow into tears, like the dew of heaven sent to relieve the heart in the hour of affliction.

There is an hour too pure for aught Save Innocence and Truth to share; An hour with richest blessings fraught— It is the twilight hour of prayer. There is a boon more rich and rare Than aught that mortals can bestow; The boon, to reach to Heaven by prayer; The boon, our FATHER'S will to know. A far more beauteous sight was seen, More full of Heaven's sweet revealing, Than earth e'er saw before, I ween— 'Twas Christ in prayer for mortals kneeling! The Son of God, at twilight hour, Beyond the Kedron would repair, And there the Prince of Peace and Power, To plead for us knelt in prayer!

For the Boston Cultivator.  
Prayer.

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## THE DREAM.

It is near the close of a lovely day; the sun has performed his daily task, and disappeared below the western horizon, leaving a rich mellow light so peculiarly beautiful, that it would defy the most skilful artist to portray. Gradually this light fades from the view, the stars come twinkling one by one, and soon the queen of night appears, shedding her silvery light o'er hill and dale. Gazing upon this change in Nature's beauty, and absorbed in deep thought, sits one to whose enthusiastic mind this scene imparts new impulse and resolution. She has been reading of England, with her lofty towers, and ancient castles of the vine-clad fields of France, and all its gaieties; of the home of Tell, Switzerland's deliverer, and now in imagination, she roams amid the orange groves of Italy's sunny clime. But why that deep-drawn sigh? Let us listen for a moment, to her musings, that we may thus learn the cause. "Yes, an Authoress I would be, and win the laurel crown that decks the poet's brow; the crown of the Mourner, I would disdain, but give, oh give me the poet's fame! vain wish!"—she paused for a moment, "but why call it vain? has not Nature bestowed even upon me, a talent which may be cultivated and expanded? if not, why this longing of my heart, which is ever present when awake, and oft intrudes upon my slumbers? I will not despair before I make an attempt; what if I fail? others have failed before me." Saying this, she arose and prepared to retire. Soon, dreamy visions flit o'er her mind, she dreams that she pursues her accustomed walk, but being in a reflecting mood, turns aside from the bustling streets to a more secluded path, that she may enjoy uninterrupted meditation. For some distance she pursues her way, unmindful that time is the wing; at last, resting herself upon a seat beneath the rich canopy of a wide-spread elm, she is accosted by a person, whose silvery locks betoken that he is now in the winter of life.—With a pleasant voice and benevolent look, he thus addresses her, "May I be permitted to enquire, why one so young is sad? Is there any I can say to console or cheer our Ella?"

"Then may I enquire the cause of your present feelings?"

"Sir," she replied, "I will tell you the cause, hoping to gain instruction from one who has lived many years, and seen much of the world. It is this, I have long wished to win the poet's fame, and wear the poet's crown, but how am I to attain that wish? When I consider the vast number of literary writers now upon the stage, my heart faints within me, and I am at a loss what course to pursue, in order to be successful."

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"Then may I enquire the cause of your present feelings?"

"Sir," she replied, "I will tell you the cause, hoping to gain instruction from one who has lived many years, and seen much of the world. It is this,

Original.  
The Song of the Mariner.

O ! THE sea, the sea, hath a charm for me,  
As I list to its changeless roar,  
And I'd rather sail to the sound of the gale,  
Than wonder the green earth o'er.  
And oft as I gaze into other days,  
I pray that my lot may be  
In the future cast, as has been my past  
On the breast of the heaving sea.

For 'tis joy to ride on the billowy tide  
And watch the bounding spray,  
As the tinted clouds that the sky enshroud,  
Herald the rising day.  
And with rapture I gaze on the sun's first rays,  
Gilding the sparkling wave,  
As with azure and gold of beauty untold,  
Old Ocean's brow they lave.

And at setting sun, when the day is done,  
To watch in the far-off west,  
The amber and blue form a glorious hue,  
Like halo that falls o'er the brest,  
And dream, as I gaze, of the olden days  
Of joy and lightsome mirth;  
Ere far away I was lured to stray  
From my childhood's happy hearth.

Yet scenes like these on the billowy seas,  
When no loud winds o'er them sweep,  
Are never so bright as the flashing light,  
When the "storm-king" rules the deep;  
When the elves float in their fragile boat  
And dance to the hurricane's song,  
And the lightning's flash shows the sea-foam's dash  
As the wind the notes prolong.

And often I hear, when the tempest's near,  
The voice of the angry wave,  
As with wailing scorn it points to the bourne  
Where the sailor must find a grave;  
Yet I never fear when its voice I hear,  
For 'tis sweeter far to me,

To sink to rest on the ocean's breast  
Than be laid 'neath the greenwood tree.

I could calmly sleep in the might deep,  
Where the waters my brow would lave;  
Where the clouds might weep and the stars would  
keep  
Their vigils o'er my grave;

Where a seaweed pall would o'er me fall,  
And drop on my bed of gold,  
Where the mermaids fair would wreath in my hair  
Gems of unearthly mould.

Then the sea, the sea, is the place for the free,  
The noble and the high,  
And the sailor brave on the crested wave  
Would ever live and die;

Where the winds will wail through the unfurled  
sail,

And moans with voice sincere,  
Where the heart so true 'neath the billows blue  
Is laid on its coral bier.

JUNE CLIFTON.

THE SHADOWY PAST.

[WRITTEN, FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

MUTELY by the fireside dreaming,  
Come thick fancies richly teeming,  
Teeming with the scenes of yore;  
And a solemn spell comes o'er me,  
As their shadows float before me,  
Floating constant, evermore.

There, gay childhood's sunny weather,  
When no darkling cloud together  
With the brightness of to-day,  
Mingled dread of future changes,  
And life's paths seemed sparkling ranges,  
Glittering as they stretched away.

Here, the school-boy days, when fluent,  
Bold and reckless, stood the truant,  
Lying both with heart and tongue:  
Cheating life of all its beauty,  
As, unheeding, trust and duty  
Were aside as worthless flung.

Now those moments idly wasted,  
Joys my own, yet left untasted,  
Pass along their silent way;  
And my spirit, sad and lowly,  
Speechless views the pageant slowly,  
Gently, mutely, float away.

Oh, if when such visions ended,  
Each pure thought and wish that blended  
With the soul's remorse and shame,  
Could recall in slightest measure,  
Of the past's neglected treasure,  
What to me were honors, fame.

Ah ! regrets, how vainly coming  
To a heart that time is numbing,  
Numbing with a swift decay;  
Yet the tale the past is teaching,  
May, my inmost spirit reaching,  
Serve to guide my future way.

Worcester, 1853.

LEOLINE.

Ignorance is a great substitute for pugnacity. Show us a blockhead, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wakeful, you must make them intelligent. If we owned the fee simple of a railroad, we would consider no person fit for a switch tender who didn't take four papers and a monthly.

Original.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

"Come forth into the open air, and list  
To Nature's teachings." BRYANT

WHO does not love the beautiful, as it is presented to them in Nature's ever open volume ! There is beauty in Winter's pale, white vesture, and in Spring-time's emerald sheen ; in the tall waving grass of Summer, and in Autumn's "Harvest Home."

There is beauty in each meadow, singing bird that hops from tree to tree, and in each flower that nods its head, and looks smilingly up into our faces; whether it blooms in our garden bower, or away in its far-off prairie home; yes, beauty in every flower, from the modest blue-eyed violet that peeps so cheerfully from its lowly bed, to that haughty flower that deigns to unfold its petals only once in a hundred years ! There is beauty in each green, green leaf, whether it flutters on our shade tree, or dances on the lofty boughs of the forest elm. And there is beauty in the rivulet with its sweetly plaintive murmuring, and in the mighty ocean with its voice of many sounds ; there is beauty in the dew drop—that jewel of the flowers, and in the falling rain; whether it descends in April tears, or comes on the wings of tempest. And there is majestic beauty in the play of "heaven's artillery," and as we see the lightning flash, and listen to the deep-toned thunder, we know there is a God !

There is beauty in the many-hued rainbow, that tells the storm is over ; and in the gold and purple clouds of the summer sunset, as we watch each dying ray, till the beautiful "evening star" tells us that they are forever fled. Ah ! we may well love the beautiful, for our "Father" loveth it also ; for he has made a world of beauty, where once there was but a nameless void; this hand made the colors of the rainbow, and fashioned each wild-wood leaf, or flower; and he has scattered them everywhere; in the valley, on the mountain, and on the western plain ; it matters not if they are all unseen by eye of mortal. He loves to look upon them, for they are beautiful ! Oh ! if on earth there is one who loves not Nature's beauties, we fear he loves not Him who made the flowers.

"Though but brief is the time for the bright flowers to live,  
Yet while they are with us, what sweet pleasures they give ;

They oft soothe and gladden the sad, sorrowing heart  
And ease like an anodyne its deep rooted smart.

They are loved by the young who are cheerful and gay,

As they sport in the sunshine of life all the day ;  
They are loved by the aged in life's twilight gloom,  
And spring up and blossom all around the cold tomb.

As smiles an oasis in a desert of sand,  
So smile the waste round us where the lovely flower stands.

For the most unobtrusive small floweret of earth  
Is charged with some mission at the time of its birth.

They scatter profusely as the gentle dews fall,  
Choice stores of pure bliss from the kind Maker of all,

And the lovers of flowers will more tenderness show,  
To the heart-stricken ones of keen want and woe."

L. JANE FROST.

Original.

Visit to the Print Works.

HAVING a leisure hour or two in the stirring

month of March, and a strange feeling of de-

pendency coming over me, for which I could not

account—nothing, I thought, could be more in-

teresting, amusing, or exciting than a visit to a

Printing establishment, and to view the whole art

in its various stages of development; having come

to this conclusion, I invited a female friend to ac-

company me, for nothing can give more pleasure

to the benevolent mind, than to see others express

astonishment and surprise at the things which you

view and admire yourself.

Proceeding to the gate of the Works, and per-

mission having been obtained at the entrance, we

entered the Designing Room, the first essential

step towards printing. This place was filled with

the most beautiful specimens of imagination that

art and long experience could suggest; on the

desks lay large books filled with specimens of

French Designs, which were of great use to the

workmen, in forming ideas.

The business of the Designer consists in supply-

ing the Engravers with patterns that first have

been approved of by competent authority. They

first draw any figure that may suggest itself,

on plain white sheet of drawing paper, and fill

the whole pattern up with the creations of their fancy, after which the colors are applied, and it is made to resemble the calicoes that we see

displayed with so much taste in our shop windows;

this being done, a sketch is made that is an out-

line of the same pattern, the lines being made of

some substance that can be easily transferred to a

polished surface of steel.

My companion and myself stood awhile and

looked at the men as they diligently plied their

brushes on the subjects before them, and we could

not help remarking the great resemblance the

place here to a kaleidoscope, for every new object that we saw, and every new design we beheld, seemed gradually to lead on to things that we had never dreamed of before, opening the way for a boundless field of creative imagination.

Leaving the Designing Shop, we soon found our-

selves in the Engraving Department. This is de-

cidely the most scientific part of the whole estab-

lishment; for if there is not so much fancy and

taste displayed as in designing, there is more skill

and practice required. There are three distinct

branches pursued in this trade, each separate and

differing from the other; and a person excelling

in any one of these, can very rarely excel in the

others. The sketch that is sent from the Design-

ers is carried to the *Die-maker*, which is the first

branch in the business, and the impression trans-

ferred by him, through the means of a transpar-

ent sticky substance, to the surface of a smooth

cylinder of steel called the *Die*; after which the

lines are cut with a tool denominated a *Graver*,

made for that purpose, then the parts which are to

be of one color on the calico, are sunk deeper than

the rest by the aid of acids; for each color must

have a separate die; in this state the die is hard-

ened and sent to the *cleanser*, which is the second

branch; he prepares another cylinder, the same

size or twice as large as the die; or varied as the

peculiar construction of the pattern may require,

and mills on its surface an even ground, rough

alike all over; this mill, as it is termed, being

soft, it is placed in a machine called the *clams*,

and made to revolve in contact with the die under

great pressure, and thus an exact copy is obtained

with this difference—that the parts which are sunk

on the die, are raised by the mill: it is now hard-

ened in its turn and sent to the *Machine Engraver*,

to go through the last process of the business; his

vocation consists in impressing the mill upon a copper roller, and making the small mill engrave

the whole surface of the roller, with the same pat-

tern, only with many repetitions, showing the val-

ue of the preliminary step, in saving a great quan-

ty of engraving. Sometimes it takes eight or

ten widths of the mill to go across the roller, but

edges are made to fit so exactly, that it resembles

a continued piece of engraving; all the different

colors have to go through the same processes; and

when they are all finished and pronounced correct,

they are sent to the printing room where we pro-

ceeded next; but not without some reflections on

the inventive ingenuity and progression of man,

which characterizes his condition, and places him

so far above the level of the brute creation.

The Printing Department was the most interest-

ing place we had yet been in; and, although it did

not partake of the science and nicety of the other

two we had just visited, its contemplation was

more grand, and its effect upon us was more magi-

cal; we saw the bleached cloth entering at one end

of the machine and emerging from the other,

with the colors sparkling with the beauty, style,

and fashion of the present day; so quickly was the

transformation completed, that we hardly realized

that it was done by machinery and not through

the agency of something supernatural; in every

new machine that we saw we beheld something

that we had never seen before, and many a simple

arrangement that we had not thought it worth our

while to notice, was here put to many practiced

uses. We saw the talent of the designer's type,

and the skill of the engraver's execution, all re-

produced here with a quickness that was indeed

surprising.

Passing through the rest of the works quicker

nodding bells; the bugle, with its broad leaves, and little clumpy spikes; the wild strawberry, with its pretty blossoms and leaves, that, like the Graces, always appear in triple beauty; the delicate wood sorrel, with its red meandering vein, and green green, lemon-scented, heart-shaped leaves, that close in sleep at the approach of night; the yellow pimpernel, with its crisp elegance of leaf and blossoms; the pretty wood-ruff, that sheds so sweet a perfume, that one small sprig, dried years since in a book, will vie with a field of new-mown hay,—whence it is often called the hay-plant; the periwinkle, with its fine blue flowers and luxuriant large glossy leaves; and the lilly of the valley, with its long leaves,—

"Shading, like detected light,  
Its little green-tipped lamps of white."

Overhead we have the white blossoms of the way-faring tree, and the mountain ash; and the yellow clusters of the sycamore. The wide heaths are glowing with the broom and golden furze.—The May-bush is neighbored by its rival, the wild cherry, the yellow blossoms of the barberry, the sweet trumpets of the honeysuckle, and the pale flowers of the bryony growing in distant knots upon its long and pliant stems; while over all creeps the small white flower of the goose-grass, with its starry leaves thickset with little hooks, which by these organs of appropriation has won unto itself the name of cleavers.

It is yet too early for wild roses, unless it be the cinnamon rose, venturing forth, here and there to feel the way for its more timid brethren.

We have not named all the May-flowers. It was our wish to expatiate upon them; but no month of the spring or summer is poor enough to allow us to expatiate upon its wealth in so confined a space—May least of all.

Has not the sight catalogue we have laid before you, reader, recalled to memory many passages of the poets, that you have dwelt upon with pleasure. The cowslip, the primrose and the violet; the mallow and the daisy; the bluebell and the woodbine; the clover, the broom, the periwinkle, and the narcissus, are rich with literary associations. If we have revived these, dear reader, neither you nor we shall think our time ill-spent.

Original.

### One Year Ago.

ONE year ago, my pathway led  
'Neath sunny skies, 'mid flowers  
Whose perfumed breath, like incense, floats  
Through shady southern bowers;  
While I tarried 'mid their sweets,  
Hope brought unto my soul  
The fairest dreams that o'er the heart  
In early youth can roll.

The future seemed a fairy isle  
Begirt with waves of light,  
And angel forms were beckoning;  
Me o'er the waters bright;  
My life-bark trembled 'mid their foam,  
So great its weight of joys,  
Yet safely sped, beguiled with strains  
The syren hope employs.

I saw a home with wealth of love  
Before my vision rise,  
A gentle form of cheerfulness  
With dark gazelle-like eyes;  
Her voice the only tones that spoke  
Unto my inmost soul,  
And from its fountain depths drew forth  
Love's full continued roll.

I longed to meet another, too,  
Whom slander had estranged;  
I knew love slumbered in the heart  
That absence had not changed;  
I yearned to press that brother's hand,  
To read the speaking eye,  
That better far than tenderness reveals  
What in the heart may lie.

And to the absence hours rolled,  
I turned my steps towards home,  
And fondly hoped from those I loved  
No more on earth to roam.  
I saw each old familiar face,  
Heard voices low and sweet,  
And felt the gushing tenderness  
Of those who fondly meet.

Then followed what seems all a dream,  
I dare not wander back!  
So much of blinding darkness lies  
In last year's gloomy track!  
I only know—one worshipped form  
Lies in a grass grown grave!  
The other speeds far, far away  
Over the crested wave!

And is this home? it cannot be!  
Where is the rosy light  
That gilded o'er this home of love  
And made it all so bright?  
Affection chilled! life's sunlight gone!  
Earth's joys but bitter woe!  
Shattered the heart, so full and warm  
But one short year ago!

Ah! who with boasted love can tell  
The changes of a year?  
Its dawn may be 'mid glowing smiles  
Its waning in a tear.  
And hearts that prayed for life, long life  
To dream its joys away,  
May soon in deepest sorrow muse—  
One year ago to day!

JOS. C. BAKER.

Philadelphia.

Imprint the beauties of authors upon your imagination, and their morals upon your hearts.

### EVENTIDE.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,  
Hay-scented, whispering round,  
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale  
Breathes incense from the ground,  
Methinks should from the dullest clod  
Invite a thankful heart to God.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

But, Lord, the violet, bending low,  
Seems better moved to praise;  
From us, what scanty blessings flow,  
How voiceless close our days!  
Father, forgive us, and the flowers  
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

### MEMENTO.

My son, be this thy simple plan;  
Serve God and love thy brother man;  
Forget not in temptation's hour,  
That sin lends sorrow double power;  
Count life a stage upon thy way,  
And follow conscience, come what may,  
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,  
With hand and brow and bosom clear,  
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

### WOMAN.

Woman's soft hand my infant cradle spread,  
Her gentle cares bedecked my bridal bed;  
By woman let my dying hours be nurst—  
Her love the last fond solace as the first.

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait  
On man's most dignified and happiest state,  
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,  
Chief grace below, and all in all above.

[Cowper.

### INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home."

The voice that said this had a troubled tone,

and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and, with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered,

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air,

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble, remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phoebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phoebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child: I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phoebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an under tone, she added: "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm ther than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Wont you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully—

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O, father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phoebe looked up for two shadowed faces; but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled and drew his arm closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phoebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phoebe was rebuked; while Richard looked grateful, and, it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! O, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed? Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

[Steps Towards Heaven.

### Big Bugs at a Discount.

Not many years ago, a Boston merchant passing up the Penobscot in one of our favorite steam-boats, had occasion to stop at one of the thriving villages on the banks of the river. Before landing, however, he inquired of a friend at what house he had better put up.

"Stop at the A—House," was the reply; "all the big bugs stop there."

Boston did as directed; but having passed a sleepless night in consequence of repeated and persistent attacks on his person by certain invisible animals, he, in the morning, called for his bill, saying that the house had been recommended to him as the place where all the "big bugs" stopped, and he thought he would go where the bugs were not quite so big.

### THE ROBIN.

BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

Robin red-breast, fleet and free,  
Whither dost thou wing thy way?  
Hast thou not some word for me,  
Some news from home, sweet Robin, say?

Thy wing unpinioned cleaves the air,  
Thy voice seems tuned to heavenly strains,  
Come, tell me what they're doing there,  
Does discord ever fill those plains?

Or, if thou dost not soar so far,  
Perhaps thou'll hover near my home?  
If so, go tell my guardian star,  
To hope, be happy, till I come.

Or, shouldst thou light near the brown cot,  
Where friends are sheltered on the hill,  
If so, dear bird, forget them not,  
But tell them that I love them still.

Dear Robin, though I wander oft,  
So far from home and friends so dear,  
O, wilt thou when thou soars aloft,  
Just stop and say you saw me here.

Yes, pretty bird, had I thy wing,  
The power to soar where I would be,  
All worldly cares behind I'd fling,  
And cleave the vaulted sky as free.

Thy voice that so enchants my ear,  
Reminds me of the power on high,  
Whose justice gives all creatures here,  
Some token that He's ever nigh.

Thou canst not reason, yet thy song,  
Is of its kind in strains so true,  
That when thou herald'st in the dawn,  
No human art can vie with you.

I love thee, for thy vocal powers  
Were blended with a mother's love,  
While seated 'neath the summer bower,  
Or roaming in some shady grove.

But while I'd hold so fond and free,  
Some converse more 'bout those away,  
I would that I could tell to thee,  
And have you tell them what I say.

Ah, swift-winged one come back, O come,  
I'll ask thee but one favor more,—  
Take these few lines to those at home,  
They may be waiting at the door.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

ALABAMA signifies in the Indian language "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the south-west. Weary and travel worn, they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band struck his tent pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!")

..... THE idea that a plodder in one business will be a leading character in another, is all gammon. Drovers of men are like droves of cattle; the leading ox of to-day will be the leading ox during the whole journey—while the cattle that lag along in the rear at the start, will remain in the rear to all eternity.

..... THE belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, and pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

..... A young lady after dancing all night, and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusements will not bear the morning's reflection.

Original.

### I WOULD DIE AT HOME.

I WOULD not die in a foreign land,  
Far away from my native home;  
Though its skies should wear a softer hue,  
Its music a sweeter tone;  
Though the air should be fragrant with rare bright  
[flowers, flowers;  
I should pine for my home 'cross the trackless foam,  
And for loved ones so far away.

I would die in the spot where my sunny youth  
Glied quickly and joyously on;  
So quickly—it seems like a passing dream  
Of pleasure forever gone.

I would hear the dear voices I loved so well  
Speaking hope to my sinking heart;  
I would breathe to each loved one my last farewell  
Ere I bowed to death's keen dart.

Other lands may be bright when the heart is light,  
And free from sorrow and care;  
But when trouble and grief come hand in hand,  
We cannot see beauty there.

Though I know when my spirit shall take its flight,  
There is one who has power to save;  
Yet I fain would rest in my own dear land,  
And not in a foreign grave.

TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

### Picture of Married Life.

A BRAHAM TUCKER drops the thread of his acute metaphysical discussion in his "Light of Nature Pursued," to draw an illustration of the emotion under discussion from his own personal experience. He is treating of "Satisfaction," and has occasion to combat an assertion of Locke, that desire is always accompanied by uneasiness. He will admit this in some situations, but not in all—

"I may say," he writes, "with Mr. Dryden,

"Old as I am, for lady's love unfit  
The power of beauty I remember yet."

I still bear in mind the days of my courtship, which, in the language of all men, is called a season of desire; yet, unless I strangely forget myself, it proved to me a season of desire also. Mr. Locke tells us it is the uneasiness of a turbulent desire that drives men into the conjugal state. This, for aught I know, might be the motive with some men, who, being of an unsocial and undomestic turn, can see nothing good in matrimony, but submit to it as a necessary evil. But this, thanks to my stars, was not my case. I might feel some scorchings of desire, while the object of it lay at an undiscernible distance; but as the prospect drew near, and the obstacles that stood in the way of its gratification were gradually removed, it had no more the fireness of a furnace, but became a gentle flame, casting forth a pleasant, exhilarating warmth—

Perhaps I might meet with some little rubs in the way that gave me disturbance, if my fair one spoke a civil word to any tall, well-bred young fellow, I might entertain some idle apprehensions lest he should supplant me. When I took a hackney-coach to visit her, if we were jammed in between others, perhaps I might fret and fume, and utter many an uneasy pish; but as soon as I got through, though desire abated not, every shadow of uneasiness fled away. As near as I can remember, during the whole time, desire, close attended by satisfaction, directed all my steps and occupied all my moments. It awoke with me in the morning, and was the last idea swept away by sleep. It invigorated me in business, gave me life when in company, and entertained me with delightful reflections when alone. Nor did it fail to accompany me to the altar, exhibiting the prospect of an agreeable companion, who should double the enjoyments and alleviate the troubles of life; who should relieve me from the burden of household cares, and assist me in bringing up a rising family. Possession did not put an end to desire, which found fresh fuel in mutual intercourses of kindness and hearty friendship, and could often feed upon the merest trifles. How often, having picked up some little piece of news abroad, has desire quickened my

pace to prattle it over at home! How often, upon hearing of something curious in the shops, have I gone to buy it with more pleasure than the keenest sportsman goes after his game! Thus desire, leading delight hand in hand, attended us for many years, though a

# The Transcript

## Poetry.

### A VALENTINE.

BY ALEXANDER AXLETTREE, ESQ.

This bachelor life; this bachelor life  
Is surely not to me,  
The glorious thing that married folks  
Would crack it up to be.  
Tis true no wife can trouble us,  
And like the "blue hen" we  
Each morn may "lay" an hour or two,  
And "every Sunday three."  
But when we down to breakfast go  
"Taint pleasant to be told  
We'll have to drink our coffee riled,  
And eat our buck-wheats cold!  
Nor then at lunch to rumage in  
The cupboard for a bone,  
And finding there the cupboard bare,  
Turn back again with none.  
And so languish drearily  
The weary morning through,  
And see in only reverie,  
Sweet Isabella, you!—  
For, Belle, the loadstone of thine eyes  
Attracteth me to thee,  
Just as the honeyed hollyhock  
Attracts the busy bee;—  
Or as the golden preciousness  
That glistens in the day  
Attracts so many desperate men  
To California!—  
And like the sparkling gem that peeps  
From out the muddy ground,  
Or like negroes' teeth, the whiter for  
The darkness all around,—  
So though, amidst the common herd,  
To mortal men appear  
A straying Angel lost on earth,  
An hour, lingering here!  
Ah, yes, an ancient bachelor,  
Tho' often vaunted high,  
But half a pair of shears,  
Or a hook without an eye,  
And single ladies, though their charms  
By unpledged bards be sung;  
As Belles, are bells sans rim and wheel,  
And nothing left but tongue!  
So do some little pity show!  
Thou joy-dispensing maid—  
One smile of thine, like charity,  
Makes sunshine in the shade!

My heart, the street door knocker like,  
Beneath my waistcoat thumps,—  
Ah, other hearts are hearts perhaps,  
But mine's the king of trumps.  
Then take it,—for 'twill cling to thee  
With love each day increased,  
As clings the king of terrors to  
An African deceased,—  
Or as the angry lobster clings  
To the finger in his claw,  
Or as the doctor's forceps to  
The tooth within your jaw,—  
Or as the living cucumber  
Around the pumpkin vine,—  
So shall the chords of my true heart  
Be interwoven with thine!

### THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

A Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrud,  
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;  
It is lighted alone by the presence of God;  
Whose throne and whose temple are there;  
Its crystalline streams, with murmurous flow,  
Meander through valleys of green,  
And its mountains of jasper are bright in the glow  
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.  
And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,  
Make the air with their melodies ripe;  
And One known on earth as the Angel of Death,  
Shines here as the Angel of Life!  
And infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,  
On his brow is an infinite calm,  
And his voice as it thrills through the depths of the skies,  
Is as sweet as the Scruphins' psalms.  
Through the amaranth groves of a Beautiful Land  
Walk the Souls who were faithful in this;  
And their foreheads, star-crowned by the zephyrs are  
famed.  
That evermore murmur of bliss;  
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,  
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers  
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze  
In Arabys' loveliest bower.

Old Prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,  
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;  
And Martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,  
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;  
And Saints and Confessors, a numberless throng,  
Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,  
And left as they walked through the darkness of wrong  
Their footprints encircled with light.

And the dear little children, who went to their rest  
Ere their lives had been snuffed by sin,  
While the Angel of Morning still tarried, a guest,  
Their spirits' pure temple within—  
All are there, all are there in the Beautiful Land,  
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are  
famed

That blow from the Gardens of God.  
My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams  
On the City all paven with gold,  
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,  
As through the green valleys they rolled;  
And though it still waits on this desolate strand,  
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,  
It knew in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,  
That it gazed on the home of its birth.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

E. P. WESTON AND E. H. ELWELL, Editors.

### VOICES OF THE MORNING.

There are voices of the night, of which the poet sings, and there are voices of the day, heard in the clink and clank, the roar and turmoil of busy toil and traffic, but the sweetest sounds, most instinct with fresh and joyous life, are the voices of the morning, the happy hour when "music and perfumes mingle with the soul."

But as Beattie sings, "who the melodies of morn can tell?" They must be heard to

be conceived of and enjoyed. Rise with the sun ye sluggards of the city, and take a morning walk into the country—

"Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,

Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,

Where thousand notes of joy in every breeze are

borne."

if you would know how fresh and delightful is the morning.

### YORK AND CUMBERLAND RAIL ROAD.

The city of Portland has gained for herself a good name and essentially advanced her material interests, by her great Railroad enterprise—connecting the Canadas and all the West with herself, for all coming time.—Having acquitted herself so nobly and so profitably in this enterprise, it is a little surprising that she should not seek other opportunities to profit herself in like manner.

A writer in the Argus estimates that the city of Portland, has contributed in subscriptions, bonds, &c., the snug little sum of \$2,900,000—or \$20,000 a mile, to the Atlantic and Saint Lawrence Rail Road, while the York & Cumberland road has received only \$100.00 per mile from the same source.—

The writer adds these pertinent remarks in comparison of the two roads.

"Much surprise, without doubt will be manifested by the citizens of Portland, upon the extent of favoritism shown toward one Railroad, and of neglect towards another, which must be increased, upon a comparison of their respective claims; that while the route of one, is densely settled with a thriving population, accustomed to the conveniences and luxuries incident to independent circumstances, a considerable period must elapse before the other arrives at the same stage.

The line of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad contains twelve inhabitants to the square mile, the York & Cumberland one hundred inhabitants to the same space.

The Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Company, by their annual report of 1856, exhibited 94 passengers to the mile, the York & Cumberland R. R. Co., by their report of the same year, 411 passengers for the same distance.

The destinations of a large portion of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence passengers are through, while those by the York & Cumberland, are, but with few exceptions, to Portland.

These comparisons are instituted to sustain the York & Cumberland Railroad, and not in disparagement of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, which is worthy of the Railroad celebrity of the *individual*, who suggested, and the city which furnished the means to carry forward the project; that it will materially benefit this city, though the business of the road is chiefly, *at present*, through it, there can be no doubt; in fact the Atlantic and St. Lawrence is the *warp*, and the York & Cumberland, is wanted, as the *filling*, to complete the fabric."

### BELLS AND THEIR METAL.

The Lewis-ton Falls Journal says the new steel bell recently placed upon the First Congregational Church has been replaced by a composition bell, the steel bell being found much inferior to the common bell. The tones were not so musical nor so well sustained and prolonged.

The best metal for bells is a composition of copper and tin, the proportion being 78 of the former to 22 of the latter. Several kinds of metal have been tried, but none have equalled this, which is that commonly in use. It used to be thought that incorporating silver with the composition would give the bell a smoother tone, but recent experiments conclusively prove that silver is not a sonorous metal. Notwithstanding all the poetry about "silver tones," silver bells have no more music in them than a tin dipper, and any admixture of silver in bell metal only injures the tone of the instrument.

But in the general chorus there mingle other sounds, not so readily distinguishable, a sort of "milky-way" of melody—

"A hum of many sounds making one voice,  
That fills the summer air with most melodious noise."

There is the soothing sound offlowing water,  
"the run of rills and bubble of cool springs,"  
the "buzz of happy bees in violet bower,"  
and all the murmur of insect life.

### The late Rufus Choate.

Telegraphic dispatches from Halifax a few days since, brought the painful intelligence that Rufus Choate had "ceased to live." He started on an European voyage for his health, and growing still more feeble, than when he embarked, put in at Halifax, where he died. Mr. Choate has for years been physically a feeble man. Of a nervous temperament, ardent in whatever he engaged, and ambitious to sustain an exalted reputation, he exerted himself far above his physical powers, and has been for years literally wearing himself out in his professional duties. The body of Mr. C. was not equal to his mind. And here we cannot forbear the remark, that those outside the legal profession know but little of the intellectual toil, and labor, and the physical endurance required of a lawyer engaged in an extensive business. While the farmer and mechanic are enjoying the luxury of the laboring man's sleep, the Attorney is often found consuming the midnight oil, toiling over his books, and with blood-shot eyes and fevered brain, wearing himself out for his clients. So with Rufus Choate. For years he has, after the excitement of a jury trial were over, been more a dead than a live man. In such cases his transit has been from the bar to the sick room, where physicians and nurses have often labored for hours to restore his exhausted energies and bring him back to life. Mr. Choate was one of the great men of the age in which he lived. He possessed many elements of greatness,—much that made him distinguished; but it was at the bar his sun shone with its greatest splendor. As a jury lawyer, he stood at the head of the profession, not only in this country but throughout the civilized world. His eloquence in addressing a jury was almost irresistible, and his success as a popular pleader, was equal to his reputation. In proof of this, numerous cases could be cited, where in defense of criminals his pathetic, eloquent appeals have been followed by acquittals, where the evidence would hardly warrant such a verdict. He seemed upon these occasions to seek out and find an avenue to the heart of every juror upon the pannel; and often remarked, that in his great efforts, he never sat down until he was fully satisfied that every juror had yielded and consented to a verdict favorable to his client. Of course his professional business was very extensive and lucrative. In his feeble health he found it impossible to attend to but comparatively few of the calls made upon him for his professional services. As a politician, Mr. Choate, so long as there was any whig party in existence, clung to that. After that party died a suicidal death, he, like many other gentlemen of the old federal stamp, allied his political fortunes to that of a man of the same political views, in the person of James Buchanan. He was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, one term, and served several years in the U. S. Senate. His talents were not so well suited for the halls of legislation as for the bar. So well satisfied was he of this, that he avoided public life, and declined many political honors his friends would have gladly bestowed upon him. His sudden departure is but another link in that long chain of evidence which goes to prove that all men are mortal, and that no rank or station will shield a man from the swift arrows of death. A great intellectual light has gone out and vanished from among us. While it is laudable to seek to be great, it is still more laudable to seek to be good. Goodness and greatness combined, leave a holy influence, and shed a radiance over the tomb, pointing life's weary pilgrims to a life well spent—to a brighter world prepared for those who love God.

### THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams  
When eveing shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love, and rest, and comfort call.  
When wearied with the toils of day,  
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will list our name  
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night,  
The wayward wanderer homeward hies  
How cheering is that twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light at home. He feels

That loving hearts will greet him there,  
And safely through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home.

The light at home! when ere at last  
It greets the seaman through the storm,  
He felt no more the chilling blast  
That beats upon his manly form.

Long years upon the sea have fled,  
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,  
But the sad tears which she then shed,  
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss  
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door—  
The weary laborer to greet—  
When the rough toils of day are o'er.  
Sad is the soul that does not know

The blessings that the beams impart,

The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light at home.

### A GEM.

Into my heart a silent look  
Flashed from the careless eyes,  
And what before was shadowy took  
The light of summer skies—  
The first born love was in that lock,  
The Venus rose from out the deep  
Of these inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone, solemn spot  
A spirit passes o'er,  
Grew indistinct with a glory not  
In earth or heaven before;  
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,  
And shook the leaf of every thought  
The presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned and crept to thine,  
As if, in times of yore,  
Thy soul hath been a part of mine,  
Which claims it back once more;  
Thy very self no longer thine,  
But merged in that delicious life  
Which made us one of yore!

On the 9th, the Hall of the Sons of Temperance at Bangor was dedicated with interesting ceremonies. A bible was presented by the Young Men's Bible Society. A beautiful chased Silver pitcher of large size, two rich china, and two beautiful porcelain vases, purchased by the lady visitors of the Division, were also presented.

### A WORD OF WARNING.

If females were disciplined, trained on the gospel plan, adorned in modest apparel, guided in life's golden path, seldom if ever would our ears be pained with heart-rending recitals of fallen virtue! Here lies the fault, the guilt, the murder! Mothers suffer little ones to sport on destruction's brink, to carry coals of fire in their bosoms. In early infancy, pride is fostered; they are tipped off in fine clothing, flat about in gay and fashionable costume, trinkets and gew-gaws; mingle with the giddy; attend parties of pleasure—the dance, the nightly concert and revel, and are gallanted by unprincipled, licentious young men. These are stepping-stones to disgrace and ruin. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned?

Beware, "lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy soul are consumed, and say, How have I hated destruction, and my heart despised reproof."

These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers; Bread-winners, most of them, from homes afar.

Through this sick father's stay; that a blind mother's;

For him in Paris, 'neath the evening star,

A loving heart its care in labor smothered,

Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike

How far!

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe

Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her?

Of these unhero'd sleepers, grim and gory,

Who knows out of the world how much each with him bears?

These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers; Bread-winners, most of them, from homes afar.

Through this sick father's stay; that a blind mother's;

For him in Paris, 'neath the evening star,

A loving heart its care in labor smothered,

Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike

How far!

Original.

### LET THERE BE LIGHT.

"T WAS said! and thought fell chaos, drear and black,  
Resident in its glory burst the sun,  
Full-orded and radiant. The vapors sun  
Fled swift along the day—god's burning track,  
And vanished into nothingness. The earth

Awoke in youth and beauty. On the air

Resounded notes of gladness everywhere—

Of joyous innocence—celestial birth!

From Nature's vast domain creation shrouds

The anthem of praise; the swelling sea

Sends back the waking strain that echoing floats

Through the long ages of eternity.

An unborn world of deep chaotic night;

Lo! the omnipic Word, and all was light!

F. W. POTTER.

Original.

### FADED FLOWERS.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

ONCE more I sit among my faded treasures, and

sadly and sorrowfully I turn another leaf of the past. Here is a faded moss rose-bud, faded long ago, ah! what memories

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

### SONG OF YOUTH.

O, youthful hours,—delightsome hours!

No clouds should change your light to gloom,

No time so fit to gather flowers

As when they are in bloom!

The sorrows that beset our life—

Ful soon their burden we must bear,

If while the roses blossom ripe

We hide away from care.

## TWICE WEDDED.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

A group of gay young girls went one summer afternoon to take tea with old Mrs. Kennedy, who lived all alone in a neat little cottage by the river-side. We all loved to visit "Grandma Kennedy," as we called her, but this time there was sadness mingled with our enjoyment. Everything reminded us of Lucy Kennedy, the old lady's grandchild, who had been the playmate and companion of us all. She had died in the early spring time, and her grave was beneath the green mound at the foot of the great weeping elm in the garden. We had seen her all the winter fading away like the snow wreaths, and at last had beheld her in her coffin, white as they, with her small hands folded on her still bosom, and her bright hair laid smoothly back from her peaceful brow. And now the flowers were springing above her grave, and the old grandmother was all alone.

All the afternoon we had wandered about, as we had been wont to do when Lucy was with us, gathering flowers and berries, but the charm was gone. Our tones were modulated as we spoke to each other, we moved lightly as in the presence of Death, and, if by chance, a laugh burst from one of us, it jarred so painfully upon our excited feelings that it was almost sure to be followed by a hysterical sob from each.

We had gathered in a group upon the smooth grass by the river-brink, and were unconscious, in low tones, discussing the mystery which had attended Lucy's sickness and death. We only knew that she had returned in the later days of the stormy Autumn of the past year, from a lengthened visit to some distant relatives. That the news of her return had been immediately followed by that of her illness, and that without other visible disease than was indicated by a slight cough, she had gradually, but surely, gone down into the grave that on one of those brilliant mornings of March which come as forerunners of approaching summer, was opened to receive her.

While, in subdued tones, we were thus conversing of our lost friend, we saw the old lady come to the door of her cottage. She stood for a moment regarding us who were grouped upon the bank, and we knew by the quick movement of her hand that she wiped away a furtive tear, called to her dim eyes by the memory of the dead, of whom our presence and our youthful forms and voices reminded her. There was a most attractive air about that aged figure, clad in soft, falling black robes, and with her white hair put back from her lofty brow, and covered by the snowy cap, crossed by its broad black ribbon. And when she raised her voice and called us to her tea-table, we soon surrounded her, almost as joyfully as of old.

"Grandma Kennedy" was beloved by all who knew her, for she was the friend of all. Much of her life was passed in active kindness. There was scarcely one of us who had not from infancy associated her with the scenes of suffering and sorrow into which she had been wont to come as comforter, or with the household festivals where she had been an honored guest. And later, we had learned to love her for sweet Lucy's sake.

So, joyously in spite of the shadow of that green mound beneath the elm tree, we gathered round her board, and "Grandma Kennedy," with her placid brow and her still handsome though aged face, laid aside for a time all her griefs, to join in our merriment.

But bye and bye the name of Lucy stole into our conversation. It would have been strange if it had not, where everything so reminded us of her, and, gathering courage from our old friend's composed though serious features, one of us bolder than the rest, told her of our conversation by the river side, and begged her, if she might, to tell us more than rumor had informed us of Lucy's sickness and death. She assented, and rising from the table, for by this time our meal was concluded, she led the way to the little parlor where Lucy had died. And there she told us the story which I have embodied in the following sketch.

One more hackneyed might have suspected that she had been invited to partake the tardy hospitality of these friends in order that they might, in the pleasantest way to themselves, discharge their long neglected duty to her by getting her married well in a worldly point of view, to the upbuilding of their own pride, and the comforting of their own consciences. But Lucy thought of none of these things; but gracefully pursued her way, enjoying all her

new advantages to the utmost, and gladdening the homes she entered by the freshness of her beauty and her simple heart.

But Lucy could not always remain heart-free. The time came when the warm blood mantled her cheek at the sound of a familiar voice, and she trembled as the touch of a familiar hand met hers. She loved, and knew she was beloved.

Richard Harvey had lately made his residence in L——. He was said to be a Southerner, and immensely rich. He talked of his plantations and his city houses, his sugar mills and his servants, and pompous papas invited him to costly dinners, while their sons feebly imitated his vices without dread of the paternal frown. He talked of his box at the Opera, his Parisian furniture, and the family jewels deposited in the deep vaults of the family-patronized bank until a fair lady should be found to wear them, and mammas petted and lionised him, and their daughters displayed all their airs for his admiration.

He might have won the proudest and loveliest of L——'s galaxy of beautiful girls, but his heart turned to Lucy with its first sincere affection, and she, with tremulous joy, promised to be his, her heart aching the while with the mighty burden of a happiness which she was utterly unable to comprehend.

When it was known that Lucy would marry Richard Harvey, she was more petted and caressed than ever before. Rich presents were showered upon her by her selfish relatives, whose whole study seemed to be to add to her happiness. And with Harvey always by her side, she passed many weeks in a delirium of delight such as seldom absorbs the being of any of the daughters of humanity.

Letters full of Lucy's joyous anticipations frequently came to "Grandma Kennedy" at this period. The old lady rejoiced in her darling's happiness, but could not quite restrain a sigh as she thought of her own lonely future. Lucy had won a promise from Harvey that her home should be the home of "Grandma Kennedy," but the old lady had far too much knowledge of human nature to believe that her rusticity would be welcome amidst the splendor which would surround Lucy in her new relation; and she tried to look forward with calmness to the remaining years of her solitary pilgrimage. Alas! how little did she foresee how those years were to be darkened!

The time appointed for the marriage of Richard Harvey and Lucy Kennedy was fast approaching. Preparations were being made upon a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in L——, and rather proportioned to the reported fortune of the bridegroom elect, than even to those of Lucy's wealthy grandparents. As the time approached, Lucy often observed a shadow upon her lover's brow, that even her presence and caresses sometimes failed to chase away. To all her questions he spoke of business, of letters from his agents, or perhaps of trivial indisposition. And then he would talk lightly of other things, of his beautiful home, or the countries of the Old World he had visited, and Lucy would forget that sadness had ever visited the brow upon which she met was only equalled by that of her friends.

Lucy was received with open arms and profuse expressions of affection, and listened with painful blushes, to a thousand encomiums upon the beauty which before she had scarcely been conscious of possessing. She found herself the petted guest of a large circle of wealthy relatives, and was introduced to the best society of the young city. And in society the adulation she met was only equalled by that of her friends.

The influences which now surrounded her would have spoiled almost any other rustic beauty, thus suddenly transplanted to bloom among the exotics of fashion, but Lucy's pure and simple heart was a sufficient shield. She never lost the sweet humility and unselfishness of her character.

One more hackneyed than herself might have discovered the anxiety of her friends that she should make what is technically called a "good match," and their disappointment when she rejected two or three of the most unobjectionable matches of the city; young men who were members of its aristocracy, simply because she did not love them.

One more hackneyed might have suspected that she had been invited to partake the tardy hospitality of these friends in order that they might, in the pleasantest way to themselves,

get her married well in a worldly point of

view, to the upbuilding of their own pride, and the comforting of their own consciences. But Lucy thought of none of these things; but graciously pursued her way, enjoying all her

lost through some mismanagement, and in a way she could not understand; if his present fears were confirmed, he must leave at once, and endeavor by his own aid and presence to save it. And then he reassured her by loving words and caresses, and Lucy forgot that fearful look.

They drove on and on, and the sun sank, and the twilight began to steal over the scene. Lucy spoke of return, and he gave some orders to the coachman, and then drawing her to his bosom, he whispered his fears of a parting till Lucy grew very sad. And then he besought her to become his wife that night, so that if the necessity of that sudden parting came before the wedding day, he might know that she was really, if secretly, his. And Lucy was simple, and trustful, and never dreamed of saying nay.

Just then the carriage drove up to a pleasant country inn, and Lucy saw the firelight shining through the small windows of a snug sitting-room, and out into the gathering gloom. Without one thought of evil she alighted, and leaning upon her lover's arm, went in. An hour afterward a clergyman, who had been hurriedly summoned, made them one.

A supper was laid in the pleasant little room which, after the singular wedding, the clergyman partook with the young couple. Firmly believing the statements which had been made to him, and rejoiced at the large fee handed him by Richard, which made such a providential addition to his narrow income, he departed, first giving the bride her certificate of marriage, and the pair were at length left alone.

Twice she had been wedded. The last bridegroom was Death. He wrapped her in his icy arms, and bore her to that cold bridal couch—the grave. And there, in her green bed, we gladly left her, sorrowing more for the aged mourner left behind, than for the bright young beauty that went down into the tomb.

Full of their strange new happiness, they lingered a little while, though the carriage stood at the door, and the horses pawed the ground impatiently. Again and again they smiled each in the other's face, as they thought of the little secret which they would keep for a week, and which need never be told unless Richard should be called away; and they waited for more last loving words, standing, with arms entwined, upon the hearth, with the red firelight shining over them, when the door was rudely opened, and two men entered the room.

Harvey turned in surprise and anger to confront them. But a heavy hand was already upon his shoulder, just where Lucy's small palm had lain, and a coarse voice calling him by his name of Richard Harvey, and numerous aliases, arrested him as one, the leader of a daring band of counterfeiters who had long infested the country.

I cannot describe the scene. Lucy only remembered that there were shouts, and a struggle, and curses; that shots were fired, and that some strong arm bore her to the sofa.

When she awoke from her long unconsciousness, the good clergyman and several women stood around her with looks of deep compassion on their faces, but Richard and the men who had arrested him, were gone.

She would have returned to her home that night, but when she strove to rise she found herself quite unable. It was not until noon of the next day that, accompanied by the clergyman who had married her, she approached her grandfather's house. The tidings of her marriage and the arrest of Harvey had preceded her, and the doors of that house which, but the day before resounded with the preparations for her wedding, were closed against her. The pride and self-love of its inmates had been wounded, and now they spurned the suffering orphan-bride from their door.

Lucy returned to the Minister's house, and there she remained until she had recovered, from the first fearful shock, enough of strength to suffice for a journey to her old humble home. On her way she visited the jail where her husband was confined, and learned from his own lips that there was no hope of an acquittal.

No man is all bad, for there lurks a germ of goodness in the vilest heart, and in the most sin-corrupted soul that ever was created in the Divine image.

Harvey had completed all his preparations for a permanent abandonment of his evil life. That very night he intended to flee far from the pursuit of justice, and find, among strangers, a new home where he might commence a new and better life. When this was done, he meant to call to his side the beautiful girl whom he had made his wife, and whom, since he had known her, he had looked upon as his saviour.

So pure was she, that he never once dreamed of linking her to himself until he had forever abandoned his life of sin.

But his sin had followed him, and justice had overtaken him upon the very threshold of reformation. When they parted in that dismal jail-room, both felt that it was forever.

Lucy went home to die. She was not one to love lightly and forget. So, while her husband lay in jail, during his long trial, and even after the gloomy walls of the State Prison closed around him, she continued to pine, and, with the first warm breath of spring death came and released her. A few gifts of him she loved surrounded her to the last, and were buried with her.

On the day before our visit Mrs. Kennedy had heard of the suicide, in prison, of Richard Harvey. She had promised Lucy never to speak of him while he lived, but now she was released from her promise, and she told us the sad story as a warning, and that we might know how Lucy suffered and died.

In the twilight we stood once more by Lucy's grave. Her memory seemed to us invested with a new dignity—the dignity of a great sorrow. But we were almost glad that the grave had covered that great sorrow, and that it had not been her lot to bear it through a lengthened life. We bade the green mound farewell without a tear.

Twice she had been wedded. The last bridegroom was Death. He wrapped her in his icy arms, and bore her to that cold bridal couch—the grave. And there, in her green bed, we gladly left her, sorrowing more for the aged mourner left behind, than for the bright young beauty that went down into the tomb.

### LET GRUMBLERS GO TO WORK.

Nothing is more common, especially in this city, than to hear men complain that the chances of success lessen every day; that every avenue is overcrowded, and unless a man be a perfect Hercules of talent, he is elbowed out of the way and prevented from "getting on"—left to languish in obscurity, and pine in neglect, to grow old, in short, before his time, and die at last of disappointment and heart-sickness. Undoubtedly there are many instances in which society is to blame, many sad instances of capacity overlooked, and talents slighted; but the complaint, as a general thing, is false and foolish, and the evil is in the complainer, and not in society. Men miscalculate their own powers, and mistake their line. They are like actors, the greater part of whom commence their career by attempting a *role* for which nature never intended them. The speech of a very wealthy citizen, when asked how he made his money, is the answer to all such railers against society. "Sir," said he, "I understood my business, and attended to it, and if I were poor again to-morrow, I could commence as an ash-man and make a fortune if God spared me life and health to work." A knowledge of our own capacities, and a fixed and steady aim—in short, singleness of purpose, and steady, consistent effort, are the conditions of success, and almost invariably command it.

I cannot describe the scene. Lucy only remembered that there were shouts, and a struggle, and curses; that shots were fired, and that some strong arm bore her to the sofa.

When she awoke from her long unconsciousness, the good clergyman and several women stood around her with looks of deep compassion on their faces, but Richard and the men who had arrested him, were gone.

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\* This incident took place in Philadelphia, at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

Gold and silver are metals quite too heavy for us to carry to heaven; but, in good hands, they can be made to pave the way to it.

NOTHING BUT AN INSECT.—A French naturalist spent several years in examining the structure of a single insect, and left the work unfinished. The number of lenses in the eye of a common fly is six or seven thousand; of the dragon-fly, twelve thousand; of the butterfly, seventeen thousand. The house-fly's wing has a power of six hundred strokes in a second, which can propel it thirty-five feet. So thin are the wings of many insects, that fifty thousand placed over each other would only be a quarter of an inch thick, and yet, thin as they are, each is double.

### Poetry.

[From the Boston Courier.]

### Love and Death.

I lay there sleeping, dreaming,  
My hot brain with fancies teeming  
Strange and wild, like some rare gleaming  
Of the moon.

In that strangeness I think only  
Of two figures sad and lonely—

Ah! too soon.

One I cannot think of mildly,  
For its visage stares so wildly,  
That my feelings grow all childlike

At the theme.

But its mate I muse on often,  
For the vision seemed to soften

Through the dream.

A young form fashioned slimly  
Stood there—Oh! it looked so grimly,

And its dull eyes glared so dimly—

It was dead.

But its history, I traced it,  
Where its sorrow marks defaced it,

Ere it fled.

Then a moment I delayed it,  
Only with a question stayed it,

And full tremblingly I said it,

To the air.

Never saw another mortal,  
Standing on the Gloomy Portal,

Such a stare.

What is Love? I asked it panting,  
In the fear of some enchanting;

And his words came rattling, ranting,

On his breath.

Yes breathed and laughed the vision,  
In a demon-like derision,

"It is Death!"

Aye, it hissed in its delight there

Then vanished in the night air,

Like the whispering of the light air,

On the heath.

Still the unearthly-laughter,

With the strange words, lingered after,

"It is Death!"

While I pondered in confusion,

On the phantom shaped illusion,

There was a sweet intrusion

On the train.

O! it came like music, smoothing

All the feelings—gently soothing

With its strain.

Oh! that maid must have been driven

Like a floating star from heaven—

Ah! like one of the sweet Seven—

For she wept.</



## POETRY

[Written for the True Flag.]

### THE SPIRITS TWELVE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

I have a little room, sweet love,  
Where, at the shut of day,  
Come spirits twelve, and sit them down,  
With me to talk and pray.  
Their chairs are grouped around the room,  
And at their feet sit I,  
Sweet voices through the casement come,  
As winds go wandering by.  
I meet them in the hours of day,  
Along the busy street—  
I catch a sparkling glance or smile,  
An accent low and sweet;  
And so I summon them at eve  
Unto my silent room,  
With airy footfall, noiselessly,  
They gather through the gloom.  
My spirit's eye can look, that hour,  
From day and light apart,  
Through every misty robe of air  
Into each maiden's heart.  
In one I see a thought of pride,  
I sadly bow my head—  
Eleven forms before me sit—  
Without I hear a tread.

Another soul has falsehood stained—  
And slowly, one by one,  
Their steps go outward from my room,  
Till two sit there alone—  
O'er one fair brow, like mourning bands,  
Her jetty tresses lie,  
Her cheek is like the wild-rose tint,  
Like night and stars, her eye.

Her form might haunt Mahomet's dreams,  
'Mong hours gone to sleep,  
Or win a knight, with sword and shield,  
To storm some feudal keep.  
And tremblingly I read the heart  
Whose casket is so fair—  
My pulses thrill, my eyes grow dim,—  
Another's name is there.

Then silently she passes out,  
And I am left alone  
With thee, sweet love, the pure, the bright,  
My beautiful, my own.  
Thy hair is braided on thy brow,  
Thy lashes veil thine eyes,—  
Sure brow so sweet, and eyes so dear,  
Must come from Paradise.

Thy voice is low and changeful-sweet,  
As ails on wind-harps vary,  
Too pure thou art for mortal rest—  
The angels call thee Mary.  
Thou art not mine; Heaven's saints ne'er bend  
To share a mortal's life,—  
Alone my steps group heavenward—  
I may not call thee wife!

A FIRST-RATE NOTICE.—A Spanish bookseller advertises Robinson Crusoe as "a precious book, of such extraordinary events that they are unequalled; the reading of it the most diverting and instructive that can be had. And not only does it serve for the instruction and recreation of all classes of society, but its morality is such that the most timid person may read it without fear that its maxims will cause any prejudice; and, indeed, with the full assurance that he will find in it a calming power which will give him strength to support with resignation the misfortunes connected with our miserable existence."

For the Boston Cultivator.  
**Memento No. 11.**  
A smile, a joyous smile, given to me by little Jennie Hayward as I was taking my morning walk. I was sad indeed, thinking "it might have been," and my heart was heavy. Presently I heard the soft patter of a child's footsteps, and turning, saw little Jennie Hayward, her face beaming with the smile of happy childhood; and well she may be happy. Ah, Jennie, you know not how to appreciate your happiness! You have a loving mother now, so had I. You have a kind father, so had I. Aye, and a sister and brothers once were round me. Now father and mother are in their spirit homes; brothers and sisters wander far from me; perchance gone to find father and mother.

We do not believe with that class who condemn the natural affections, calling them sinful and in opposition to the divine law and revealed will of God; we do not believe that there is anything of idolatry in a love for kindness and friends; such love has a refining and humanizing influence; it blends perfectly and harmoniously with that higher development of love which acknowledges and worships the divine Father of all.

Thou art pretty, Jennie Hayward,  
And thy heart from care is free;  
Little knowest thou of sor'ow,  
May it never be known to thee.  
Laughing Jennie, singing Jennie,  
May thy heart be ever free.

Chasing here the robin redbreast,  
Catching there the butterfiles,  
Now in shade, and now in sunshine,  
Dropping love beams from thine eyes.  
Sportive Jennie, joyous Jennie,  
May no grief-tear fill those eyes.

Childhood's sunny days are passing,  
Childhood's shade is creeping nigh;  
May it fail upon thee gently,  
Bringing thee no cause to sigh,  
Smiling Jennie, loving Jennie,  
For the happy days gone by.

Love thy mother, Jennie Hayward,  
Love thy father, little one,  
God may want them in His kingdom,  
He may call them to His home.  
Love them, Jennie, darling Jennie,  
Love them while they are thine own.

And above all, Jennie Hayward,  
Love thy Maker true and well,  
Never failing to remember  
That "He doeth all things well."  
Dearest Jennie, much loved Jennie,  
Loved much more than words can tell.

NELLIE NETTLE.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
**"Thou shall have no other Gods Before Me."**

Perhaps there is no other commandment in the decalogue so little understood and so little respected as this. We all have our darling idol before which we bow in blind adoration. Instead of devoting all our time and strength to the development of our spiritual natures—the only way of improving our one or ten talents—we stop to trifles with things which concern us not, burying our talent, or squandering it for an hour's unsatisfactory pleasure. Instead of concentrating all our energies and bringing them to bear on that one point of such vital importance, we allow them to diverge and to become scattered in a thousand different directions. But are we all idolaters? Are there no pure, chastened spirits, who, having thrown aside all earthly idols, worship the Father, in spirit and in truth? There may be such, would that there were more! One may be an idolater without bowing before an image carved from wood or hewn from stone; he may worship a creed; gold may be the object of his adorations; fame may infatuate him, and entice him by her high sounding praises and gorgeous array to do her homage. Many indeed and various are the objects of human worship; but the most unfortunate of all, and the most to be deplored because the most common, is self-worship.

Because man has physical wants and appetites the gratification of which gives him pleasure, should he waste his energies in acquiring the means of their inordinate gratification? Because food is necessary for the development and preservation of his body, should he make a god of his stomach, and ransack land and sea for the richest delicacies, spending in their acquirement sufficient to save hundreds of his suffering brethren from starvation? Should he follow out that miserable Epicurean philosophy of living to eat, rather than eating to live, gorging himself till the senses are benumbed, and the man stupefied? Nature thunders forth her anathema against such idolatry. She answers with dyspeptic qualms, with sleepless nights and racking pains, till death ends an existence that had become intolerable. Because it is necessary to protect himself from the cold and the storm need he deify his body, seeking how he may best adorn it? Shall fashion claim his reverence, his adoration? He does indeed most blindly bow to her.

## WAVERLEY MAGAZINE, AND LITERARY REPOSITORY.

Written for the Waverley Magazine.

### Song.

TOVE, while on the evening sky,  
Venus sinks in dreams to rest;  
While the shades are drifting by,  
Gathering in the far-off west.  
This fond heart from sorrow free,  
Sings of happiness and thee.

Thou art all my heart's desire,  
Life hath ne'er a sweeter bliss;  
Thy dark eyes to love inspire,  
Heaven of all my happiness.  
Now while stars in myriads shine,  
Will I praise thy from divine.

On the west all fair and bright,  
Lingers one entrancing ray:  
Meet me dearest on to night,  
In the shadows dim and gray;  
Ere departs the trembling glow,  
Ere the song hath ceased to flow.

L. VAN WINKLE.

Original.  
**VIOLÆ FOLIA.**

EVERYTHING in its season; whenever anything appears out of its appropriate season, we regard it with feelings, sometimes, of dislike, at other times of admiration and wonder.

When flowers are seen in mid-winter, they are appreciated as kind messengers from a sunnier clime and harbingers of a brighter day to come. In one of our rambles over our hills, we were greeted with companions of former days, which reminded us of a sweet, beautiful poem of our favorite "Lottie Linwood," which was published about two years ago in a local paper. Its appropriateness to the season, and its fragrant thought, have led us to give it in our *Violæ Folia*. It is entitled,

### DAISY TIME.

"New England daisies! how I love  
Thy bright and joyous smile;

So like the quiet stars above—

So meek and free from guile.

"Mong all the lands of buds and flowers,

Of gorgeous tropic clime,

There are no lands more fair than ours

In glorious daisy time.

Now sitting 'neath the great white moon,

A fragrance floods by,

Borne on the softest wings of June,

Like breaths from Araby.

"Ah! to live in this sweet world

Of beauty I am blest;

Where scenes as rich as heaven unfurled,

Lull wearied souls to rest.

God bade these daisy faces peep

From out the shining grass,

When stars their tireless vigils keep

And glittering sunbeams pass.

"O! ever round my pathway start;

Smile with thy tearless eyes;

Bring dreams of beauty to the heart,

Of flowers of Paradise.

By all the dreamings of the past,

In fresh glad girlhood's prime,

By all the hopes around me, dair,

Still linger daisy time.

And thou who seest the hidden bloom

Of flowers within the heart,

Let them not wither! take me home

Erre their fresh life depart.

The tenderness of such expressions, clothed in such fragrant drapery, is of such a character as finds an echo in our own varied experience.

Original.  
**THEN AND NOW.**

YEARS, many years have passed  
Since I sat beside this board;  
Then as now the feast was spread,  
And the ruby wine was poured.

Friends sat around me then—  
What friends are but in youth—  
When we feel before we think,  
And lips from hearts learn truth.

Yet some of them are here,  
Links of a broken chain;  
Only recalling ties  
Never to be joined again.

Ah! cold, cold are our hearts—  
There's a shadow on each brow:  
Of the light of former years  
There's not a vestige now.

Interests have jarred—the world  
Has its cold lesson taught,  
And hope from memory's page  
It darkened likeness caught.

But away! let song burst forth—  
The flashing goblet shine—  
And let us drain the flood  
Of crimson Lethe wine.

Ah! no, no! break the cup;  
No spell has to restore  
Feelings and friends of youth,  
When youth is no more.

Mrs. J. WALWORTH SMITH.

### A Parody.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar  
Do you not know some spot  
Where women frit no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some "holly" in the ground,  
Where babies never yell,  
And cradles are not found?  
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,  
And smirched as it answered—"Nary place."

Tell me, then, misty deep,  
Whose bilows round me play,  
Knows't thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
A place to smoke in peace;  
Where crinoine is not,  
And hoofs are out of place?

The loud winds sounded a perpetual shout,  
Stop'd for a while and splutter'd, "yea gicut."

And thou, serenest moon,  
That with such holy face,  
Dost look upon the girls,  
Who with their beaux embrace;  
Tell me in all thy round,  
Hast thou not seen a spot  
Where musin is not found,  
And calico is not?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "Foh!"

Tell me, my secret soul—  
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From woman, girls and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where bachelors are blessed,  
Where females never go,  
And man may dwell in peace;

Faith, Hope and Truth—best boon to mortals given:  
Waved their bright wands, and answered, "yes in  
Heaven!"

### BRILLIANTS.

#### DIRGE.

Softly! she is lying with her lips apart.  
Softly! she is dying of a broken heart.

Whisper! she has gone to her final rest.

Whisper! life is growing dim within her breast.

Gently! she is sleeping: she has breathed her last;

Gently! while you're weeping she to heaven has past.

THE SEED MUST DIE.

The seed must die before the corn appears,  
Out of the ground in blade and fruitful ears;  
Low must these ears by sickle's edge be lain,  
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.  
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,  
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.

O! be content to die, to be laid low,

And to be crushed, and to be broken so,

If thou upon God's table may be bread,

Life giving food to souls an hungered.—Trench.

#### EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Flowers, that bloom to wither fast;  
Light, whose beams are soon o'ercast;

Friendship warm, but not to last;

Such by earth are given.

Seek the flowers that never shall fade;

Find the light no cloud can shade;

Win the friend who ne'er betrayed—

These are found in heaven.

—Miss H. F. Gould.

#### LIFE.

Life! we've long been together,

Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,

Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time,

Say not good night, but in some brighter clime

Bid me good-morning!—Mrs. Barbauld.

#### LIFE.

If man could see  
The perils and diseases that he elbows

Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,

Which fall behind and grate him as he passes,

Then he would know that life's a single pilgrim,

Fighting unarmed amongst a thousand soldiers.

TRUST.—BY FANNY KEMBLE.

Better trust and be deceived,

And weep this trustland that deceiving,

Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,

Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh! this mocking world—so fast

The doubting fiend overtakes our youth!

Better be cheated to the last

Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

I am lingering in a valley,  
Where oft in days gone by,  
We roamed at sunset's lovely hour,  
My own Annette and I.  
The birds fly homeward to their nests,  
Just as they used to then,  
And the music of the murmuring brook  
Is in my ear again.

The green trees wave above my head,  
As they did in days of yore,  
But to make it seem like times of old,  
There is wanting something more.

I miss the music of thy voice;  
And the lovelight of thine eye  
Would be dearer far to me, Annette,  
Than sunset's golden sky.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## A SUMMER ROMANCE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

On a July morning, many years ago, a fair-haired, good-looking young man was standing at the window of the Lynn Hotel, looking out upon the main street of the village. Wallace Elmore had dressed himself for a walk to the beach when the sky had become overcast, and an unseasonable cold rain set in. It was weather to drive haymakers to despair. The street soon became wet. In the shed opposite a couple of weather-bound buggies were riding out the storm, while their proprietors sought refuge in the bar-room. A bedraggled rooster stood on one leg outside the shed, cocking up one eye to his gilded brother on the vane, as if to see if there were any change of wind. The gloom of the weather was reflected on the young man's countenance. He drummed rapidly on the glass with his fingers as if there were a sympathy between his nerves and the patterning rain-drops. Now and then he strode up and down, and then returned to his old post at the window and mechanically resumed the tattoo he had been beating for an hour.

At last the wind suddenly veered; the rain subsided into a drizzle and then ceased entirely; chanticleer erected himself on both legs, flapped his wings and crowed victoriously; the black hostler backed out the buggies, handed the ribbons to their drivers, received the customary "tip," and drove off at a slashing gait; a pretty girl opposite opened her window, and as she did so a gush of sunshine bathed her light form and shed a golden glory on the scarlet honeysuckle and climbing roses that adorned her lattice—while, to complete the picture, across the leaden background of retiring clouds the bow of promise shot its broad and many-tinted arc.

At this moment an elegant stanhope, drawn by two jet-black horses, that showed blood and training, dashed up to the door of the hotel, and from it there alighted, first, a young man, attired in the height of fashion, and next, a natty servant in livery, quite as black and well-bred as the horses.

A minute or two afterwards the door of Elmore's room was thrown open and the new comer entered.

"I beg pardon," said he, "they told me this room was unoccupied. What!" he added, in a joyous tone of surprise, after a keen glance at Elmore; "Wallace! is it you! What a fortunate encounter!" And he extended his hand.

Elmore received it rather doubtfully, gazing inquiringly into the face of the stranger.

"Years and travel and a mustache to boot must have changed me very much, it seems," said the young man, "to have prevented Wallace Elmore from recognizing Rupert Branton."

"Rupert! my dear boy! I am overjoyed to see you. Well, you are altered, indeed—but not for the worse. Fortune has smiled on you."

"Fortune! fickle jade! name her not," said Rupert.

"Why not?" returned Elmore. "You are young, handsome, and have an independent fortune. Care has not traced the slightest furrow on your brow; while I—but pshaw, this is a sorry welcome to an old friend."

"Wallace, I'm the most miserable dog alive—but more of that anon. Sit down and let's hear about yourself. How is it with you?"

"I'm under the weather, Rupert, just about this time. Out of pocket, out of spirits. If the weather hadn't cleared up just as it did I think I should have committed suicide. My governor, not appreciating that purity of taste which induced me to prefer billiards to Blackstone, and Rossini to Chitty, has declined to honor my drafts with that cheerful alacrity which Mr. Richard Sniveller so much admired; and though I am really repentant of my youthful follies, he declines to credit the seriousness of my present purposes—so I am undergoing a sort of probationary exile on short allowance. My health needed recruiting, and I came down here to enjoy the sea-breezes. There were too many fashionables at Nahant, and I could not keep up appearances there. I passed some time at Swampscot, but I have come here, where I can live, if I like, unnoted and *sans gene*. My best friends are the fishermen; my greatest recreation to walk the sands by moonlight—I'm too poor to drive a horse. So much for my confession. Now for yours."

"There's a flinty-hearted father in my case," said Rupert, with

a sigh; "though the good old gentleman is persecuting me with the very best intentions. He wants me to marry an heiress, and I am rich enough already."

"Ah, I understand," said Elmore. "Estates contiguous—boundaries in dispute—a marriage requisite as a pacific settlement."

"Nothing of the sort," replied Rupert; "they are not neighbors of ours. The general and his daughter are western people."

"Well, I suppose the daughter is as handsome as heiresses generally are—that is to say, has a scraggy neck, yellow complexion and squints horribly. Beauty and a million only go together in romances."

"There you're entirely mistaken, Wallace. Miss Tracy is beautiful as an angel."

"You have seen her then?"

"Never—but I have seen her portrait."

"Pooh! artists always flatter."

"It was a daguerreotype."

"Well, where is your *rara avis*?"

"She has just come to Nahant with her father and mother. They have taken a private cottage for the season."

"O, ho, I see," cried Elmore. "You have made up your mind to gratify the old gentleman and marry the heiress."

"I didn't come down for any such purpose," replied Rupert.

"Well, you are a strange person, certainly," said Elmore. "Surely the human race is born to trouble—if providence does not kindly provide it we make it for ourselves. Here is a match, for aught I can see, eligible in every respect, and you throw away your chance of happiness without a why or a wherefore—unless, indeed, you have embraced the cold and selfish philosophy which places the *summum bonum* in a single life."

"*Pas si bête!*" replied Rupert, warmly. "I have seen enough of the world, and powdered too deeply the gravest social problems, not to be convinced that a man ought to enter the marriage relation."

"Then why don't you see the girl, and if you like her marry her?"

"It is impossible," said Rupert, gravely.

"Your reasons, most learned Theban."

"I cannot give them."

"Well, Rupert, you are a strange compound of communicativeness and secretiveness. I don't like these half confidences."

"The worst of it is," said Rupert, thoughtfully, "the girl expects me. The old people have been in correspondence, and Linda has fallen in love with my reputation. My good old governor was posting on with me from Baltimore to present me, when, as luck would have it, an attack of his old enemy, the gout, laid him up at the Albion. I offered to stay by him but he indignantly refused, and commanded me to precede him. I feigned compliance, and started with Tom for Lynn—but I intend to give Nahant a wide birth, and go somewhat farther north. I am running away from an heiress—"

"And from happiness."

"Perhaps not."

Rupert started up, paced the room for a long time, and then returning, sat down by his friend.

"Elmore," said he, "an idea has just occurred to me. Why don't you marry this girl?"

"I, nonsense! I have no prospects. I'm out of the governor's good graces, just now—and my reputation as an idle, good-for-nothing would alienate any sensible people. My name is as valueless in society as on 'change."

"You are welcome to mine," cried Rupert, gaily.

"How ridiculous!"

"Not at all. My dear fellow, it would be doing me the very greatest service if you would take this girl off my hands. If she likes you I am sure your father would fit you out handsomely. I know you to be a glorious fellow, and don't think any the worse of you for disliking Blackstone."

"The scheme is utterly impracticable."

"By no means. You are known here, I suppose."

"No—I have been boarding at Swampscot—just came to the hotel to-day, and have not registered my name."

"Very well—so far so good," said Rupert. "Remember, then, that for the present your name is Rupert Branton, and that mine is Wallace Elmore. Under my name you will approach the heiress."

"But my wardrobe is out of order."

"You are of my size, and I have a trunk full of toggery and a rouleau of gold. Take my horses—they are equally good under saddle and in harness—gentle and fleet as the wind."

"I have half a mind," said Elmore.

"The affair is settled," said Rupert, ringing the bell. His black servant made his appearance.

"Tom," said Rupert, "you belong to this gentleman."

"Gorry! you haven't sold me massa?" cried the poor fellow.

"Sold you! know, most verdant of darkies, that here there is no buying and selling of 'cullered pussens.' You are free to abandon me this moment, if you like."

"Don't you talk so, massa," said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes; "don't say um agin, please, massa."

"Well, then, understand, that for the present you are to wait on this gentleman. And remember, that until further orders, you are always to address him by my name. If you dare to whisper that he is not what he seems—to breathe a hint of the truth, I'll give you your freedom."

"Don't say 'um agin, massa, please," said the valet.

"You can go, Tom," said Rupert, dismissing him with a smile.

"Hera," he continued, handing a letter to his friend, "is an

introduction that will ensure you a favorable reception. Be bold and successful!"

"I don't half like this business," said Elmore, "the chances of detection are numerous."

"You only need keep up the disguise for a short time. Besides, the Tracys have just come down here, have no acquaintances, and wish for seclusion. You are not likely to meet any one else. A very few hours will settle the question of your success, for I hear that Bel is a romantic, impulsive girl. At any rate, if you do not win—even if your scruples prevent you from taking advantage of your position, you will do me an inestimable service by giving me a little time—a few hours to me just now, are, for reasons I will explain to you hereafter, of priceless value."

"Well, then," replied Rupert, "I cede to the force of circumstances and the call of friendship, but I shall call on you at the proper time to exonerate me from further responsibility and from the charge of being an unprincipled adventurer."

Dressed in an elegant suit belonging to his friend Wallace, Elmore drove off to the Tracys, and Rupert registered his name at the office as Wallace Elmore, with as much nonchalance as if it really belonged to him. He then returned to his room, but had not been long there when a chambermaid made her appearance, and dropping a curtsey, said:

"Please, sir, a lady wants to speak to you a minute."

"A lady," thought Rupert. "Confound it! if it should be Miss Tracy herself!"

"I'm not at home," he said aloud.

"I don't understand you, sir," said the girl, who was so unsophisticated as not to appreciate a fashionable falsehood. "The lady see you a comin' in here."

"O, she did, eh? well, show me to the lady, then."

The girl ushered him to another room on the same floor.

A tall, thinish woman in black, with staring blue eyes, rendered more prominent by a pair of gold-bowed glasses, rose, and in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, said:

"Mr. Elmore, I thank you." She extended a thin hand, half clothed in a black lace mit, and shook his with a sort of theatrical energy. "Be seated, I pray you."

Rupert took a chair, and the lady in black removed her glasses, applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and tried to cough a few tears into them. But when she removed the cambric the dimmed blue orbs shone out as bright as ever, contrasting with a red spot, like a dash of vermilion, on the point of her sharp nose. Rupert gazed upon her with awe and uneasiness.

"Mr. Elmore," said the lady, in a deep voice, "the name of Pepper is of course familiar to you."

Fearing to betray his assumption of name if he professed ignorance, and conjecturing that the name of Pepper belonged to some person or persons with whom his friend was, or ought to be acquainted, he bowed affirmatively.

"Yet we have never met," said the lady. "Strange, that hearts created for sympathy should remain apart a lifetime and then be brought together by mere chance. Yet when the hour comes the man appears also. You have read my poem of the 'hour and the man,' published under the name of the American Sappho."

Rupert regretted that he had not.

The blue eyes stared wider than ever. "Pray, Mr. Elmore, are you not interested in the progress of the age?"

Rupert acknowledged that he was, and confessed that he had been considered a fast man.

"Then you must know me through the medium of my 'Essay on the Aesthetic character of Opera-dancing'."

Rupert was compelled to confess that he had never seen the essay in question.

"I am afraid, then," said the lady, somewhat tartly, "that I misapprehended the character of your mind, sir; that there exists little sympathy between us—and that I cannot appeal to you for aid in my distress."

Rupert assured her that he sympathized with every form of distress.

"Then, sir," said the proprietor of the blue eyes, "I may confide my griefs to you. What I have told you will give you some idea of me. Pepper you know, too well, probably. I am all soul—all expansion—all aspiration—he is of the earth, earthly. I am an immediate emancipationist—he grossly and vulgarly says, 'he wishes he owned a thousand niggers.' I adore 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—he declares it stupid, libellous trash. I adore the dear artists with their long beards and Reuben's hats—he wants to know what the use of art is. I adore poetry—he relishes nothing but 'a hunting we will go,' and 'we wont go home till morning.' Yet, I blush to say it, this man won my virgin heart. I married him for love. I love him yet—fondly, devotedly. Why am I here, away from him? Because I love him. Because I thought if I absented myself from his house his early affection would return; he would seek me out and welcome me back, and not me alone, but my great ideas. The other day he met me in Washington Street walking with a gentleman of fine talents and liberal ideas—a colored clergyman, settled in a very respectable parish. His bigoted ideas impelled him to the use of violence. He rudely tore me from my friend, and in the most cowardly manner—I blush to say it—kicked that gentleman—when his back was turned. That night I put into operation my plan of temporarily absenting myself from his domicil. I certainly expected to see an advertisement in the paper to the following effect: 'If A. (my name is Amanda, sir,) will return to the home of her disconsolate P. (Pepper, you know,) he will humbly apologize for his misconduct.'"

"And did it not turn out as you anticipated, madam?" asked Rupert, beginning to be amused at the revelation.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

### AND IS THIS ALL?

The fact, related of Bruce, the traveller, that, after reaching the spot he had so long sought, when sunset had passed and the stars shone down upon him, a revulsion took place in his feelings, and he was completely overcome by grief and despondency, has given rise to the following thoughts which I have written down; if worthy of a place in your excellent paper, please accept them.

'Twas sunset; there in Afric's wilderness, a traveller stood, exulting with triumph in his eye, for he alone of all who had sought, had reached this spot—this dreamt of, sought for, hidden spot on earth, the fount, the source of the river Nile. And when he had listened to the low murmuring sound it gave, and thought that where he stood no traveller's foot had trod before, how then did he exult, and how his heart swelled high within him! Forgotten then privation, suffering, toil and pain, in that lone sunset hour of triumph; but while he stood, twilight shadows deep gathered around him, and anon, the stars came out. Was it, that night's shadows deep were flung upon his heart, that now a change came o'er his spirit? Look at him now—where the proud look, the flashing eye? All, all, are gone, and the quivering lip, the tearful eye, the bursting heart, remain instead! The thought, how Fame, with clarion trump, would sound his name abroad, which, one short hour since, had made his heart beat high, now moved him not; for now, although he had reached the goal for which he long had toiled, his heart sank within him, filled with yearnings for his own, his native land! O, then, how did the memory of the sparkling streams of his mountain-home come into mind; how did a sense of utter loneliness and despair fill his soul, as he thought of distance o'er the weary waste and pathless seas that he must pass, that low'd spot to gain. And his strong frame shook with deep emotion. "And is this all?" came from his lips, wrung from a heart filled with anguish. And so, methinks, will it be with our New England sons, who stand on Sacramento's banks, in California's wilds. Many an one, when twilight shrouds both land and stream, and "stars their vigils keep," will have their heart's deep feelings stirred. They too, like Bruce, have weary wastes and pathless seas between them and their home; and there, with memories of that land of rocks and hills, with heart yearnings for the lov'd ones they may not, cannot see, methinks Bruce's exclamation, "And is this all?" will burst from them as the gaze on their ailes of gold! Oh, pray for our New Englanders; may they be saved from perils both of land and sea; may they be true to their own, their native land; but above all, pray that their hearts to God, not mammon, may be given.

MINNA.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

### LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,  
When friends go thence, draw nigh,  
So heaven, when friends have thither gone,  
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the clearer grow,  
When friends are long away,  
So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,  
Grows clearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see  
With the pure spirit's sight,<

WE'VE walked together in the woods,  
Among the waving, rocking trees,  
We've sat together in the shade  
And listened to the sighing breeze.  
And then we've wandered hand in arm,  
Along the clear and sparkling brook,  
And learned lip lessons from the leaves  
Of Nature's great and changing book.

We've talked together, long, long hours,  
Of trusting love and future bliss,  
And oft my soul with rapture thrilled  
When on your lips I pressed a kiss.  
And then with hands so firmly clasped,  
In whispered each endearing name,  
And talked of that one blessed theme,  
Till my wild throbbering heart was tame.

Often times my aching head has found,  
A pillow on your smiling breast,  
And oh! how many times I wished,  
That I might there forever rest,  
That there my soul might find relief  
From all the busy cares of life.  
And loving both we might be free  
From mingling in the world of strife.

But oh! how quick the dream has fled;  
Minnie, you say that we must part;  
You say that that must be our fate,  
Even though it break each loving heart.  
You tell me that I love thee not,  
That I have changed, in thought and deed,  
Even though forgiveness for my fault,  
Even bended knees, with tears, I plead.

I cannot—cannot give thee up,  
I must be loved by thee again;  
How wildly beats my throbbing heart,  
How aches my head with sickening pain.  
O! call me quickly back again,  
Breathe words of love into my ear,  
And soothe me gently as of old,  
And let me call thee "Minnie dear."

HENRY TELLO.

## THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

HOW many have trod life's weary pilgrimage  
Vainly endeavoring to find the "true secret of  
success," but baffled in their researches, have,  
at last, returned unto their mother-earth, leaving  
behind no inheritance for their posterity, or a  
name to be eulogized. And why is this? Was  
man placed upon this earth to enjoy as his, while  
he lives, for no other purpose than to merely  
worry out an existence, and finally accomplish no  
worthy end? To debase his faculties? To let in-  
activity and lethargy assume the superiority over  
energy and perseverance, and thus, instead of  
carrying out the principles which would promul-  
gate the prosperity of the universe—had affed by  
miserable singleness, the reverses of life rather  
than its success and improvements? No! "Man  
is the noblest work of God." Think you then He  
fashioned him for no high purpose? The "Father  
of us all," has planted within the breast of every  
individual those attributes, which, if properly  
cultured, would give to their possessor undying  
fame. Why, then, I ask, is there so few of us who  
ultimately arrive at that desideratum—"success  
in life?" Because we do not make proper use of  
the faculties with which we are endowed. Because  
we cherish that inherent love of waiting, like  
Micawber, for some lucky reavation of fortune's  
wheel to throw into our laps a name and fortune.  
To secure to ourselves, by chance, that which, in  
the true course of events require years of toil and  
perseverance. That total abhorrence of placing  
our shoulders to the wheel, and thus, by steady  
strides, finally obtain the sure reward of the in-  
dustrious. Now this is all nonsense in the true  
sense of the term; and he who would cherish  
such absurd notions ought to be rejected from the  
society of respectable and enterprising individuals.  
It is not customary, however, to work now-a-  
days. That is not the order of the time. Men  
make fortunes at the present day in a moment, as it  
were, by that means which destroys all true worth,  
sets all honesty and roots out every exalting  
principle we may possess. It gives to the persons  
are benefitted by it an enviable position for  
life. Men court their favors, follow in their  
steps, anxious to render some service which  
win them favor and esteem. But how soon  
the reaction. Scandal, hitherto silent, as-  
sumes its superiority. We inquire how such a  
man the day before was comparatively poor,  
poor all the paraphernalia of a Nabob,  
takes place, and we find dishonesty  
have been employed in the securing of a  
Disgrace follows. The individual re-  
obscenity and is forgotten—if remem-  
bered for the purpose of showing the result  
course to those who are treading the  
Such is the almost inevitable reward  
of gold displayed to his gaze, is ever on  
er for some new enterprise to turn up in  
in he may invest his all spurned on by the  
ope of unbounded gain. Vain delusion. How  
often is he entrapped. And yet the lesson learned  
does not serve him, as he almost invariably keeps  
on in the same course, still hoping for success.

Well may we count those a rarity who have ac-  
quired an honorable position by strict honesty,  
unswerving integrity, and indomitable energy;  
who have been successful in life, not through any  
dishonest manœuvres, but only by uprightness,  
honesty and worth.

The "true secret of success," lies in a deter-  
mination to pursue an honest, upright course in  
all the walks of life. Let honesty and virtue be at  
the helm, and your craft will sail clear of all shoals.  
Be not deluded by pleasant invitations to accept of  
a different mode which brings with it less cause  
for energy and perseverance; for remember the  
path to destruction is not smooth and level, but  
lucky and devious; therefore, spurn all such fan-  
ciful illusions, and let sober-minded reason rule the  
day.

Then, again, think not that your first efforts  
will be successful; such is hardly ever the case;  
for you will meet with trials that may almost  
crush every spark of hope of success you cherish.  
Adverse storms will beat around your aspiring  
footsteps, that for a time seem to obtain the mastery.  
And reverses meet you, enough to blast all  
energy, wither every budding joy, destroy all  
hopes; but recollect, and let it prove a balm to

your drooping spirits, that the storm always rages  
fiercest before the calm, and thus, on the next moment  
the lowering clouds of adversity will break  
away and reveal to your longing, loving gaze, the  
object you have struggled so faithfully to call your  
own.

If you would be successful in whatever pursuit  
you may follow, place your eye on the object of  
your ambition and pursue a steady, unwavering  
course, neither swerving to the right nor to the  
left, for the revelations of a single day show the  
folly of pursuing any other course and the inevitable  
ruin attending it. How prone we are to use a  
very little dishonesty in the furtherance of our  
ends, thinking that they cannot be accomplished  
with the same desired effect by adopting honest  
principles; and then, at last, when we have brought  
about the success of our plans, find that we could  
have obtained the same result, with equal profit,  
by adhering to strictly honest measures, rather than  
spicing it with a *wee-bit* of fraud.

If then "complete success" can be gained by  
adopting "honesty as the best policy," who would  
spurn the bright offer proffered, and thus forfeit  
the pleasure of enjoying an enviable position and  
handing down to posterity a name esteemed for its  
honesty, uprightness, purity? GEORGE W. F.

## THE LITTLE ROOM.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

IT was a quiet sunny place, with simple furniture  
and a plain dark carpet. An easy chair was  
drawn up beside the table before the window—an  
open book, and a pen and ink standish lay upon the  
table. It seemed as if the occupant had but just  
pushed away the chair, and had risen up from  
labor—yet the dust of years had settled down  
upon everything around, and the ink within the  
standish had dried and mouldered away, long ago.

Upon the wall, and shaded by two half-drawn  
curtains of crimson silk, hung two portraits.—  
One was of a young man, and remarkably beau-  
tiful. His brown hair, soft and light as floss  
silk, lay in massive curls around the eager, hand-  
some face and white and well-shaped throat, and  
his blue eyes smiled down upon the dusky room with  
the same merry glance they had worn at first. The other portrait was that of a girl some  
twenty years of age. Her face was a peculiar one—  
straight-featured, dark-browed, and with a  
pair of death-black eyes, whose full intensity of  
gaze betokened a stormy and terrible soul within.  
Her straight, black hair fell far down upon her  
shoulders, and in her hand she held a blood-red  
flower.

Of course there is a story connected with these  
two portraits and the room which has been so  
long fastened from every mortal eye. That little  
room had once been the home of a young and  
glorious girl, named Nimon L'Estrange. She had  
been a chorus-singer at one of the operas, and  
had charmed every ear by the freshness and purity  
of her tones. She was gay and glad and innocent,  
and she was beloved? What could she  
ask more?

For two years she had lived in that humble  
apartment, with the beautiful face of her lover  
smiling down upon her from the wall. At the  
end of that time, a terrible blow fell upon her.—  
He, for whom she would have died, proved false.  
He married another, and strangers came and told  
her so.

For a time she went wholly mad. And after  
she had recovered, the name of her lover never  
passed her lips. The little room was closed se-  
curely—with every article of furniture just as he  
had left it on his last visit—and she went abroad.  
Those who knew her, lost sight of her for a time,  
and thought her dead. But during those months  
of perfect seclusion, she had been studying her  
art, with a frenzied desire for success; and when  
she stepped upon the stage again, it was not as the  
poor chorus-singer, but as the successful and  
idolized prima donna—La Bell Nimon. Triumph  
followed triumph—the multitude were at her feet,  
and all the luxury that wealth could command  
was lavished upon her. In the zenith of  
her fame and splendor she suddenly returned to  
her native city. And there, among the vast audience  
that rose to welcome her with shouts upon  
her first appearance, she saw that recreant lover—  
him start and press his hand to his heart,  
when, radiant with youth and beauty, she bowed  
before that mighty throng, and saw the look that  
turned from her to the rich and vulgar woman to  
whom he had sold himself for gold. The Prima  
Donna was avenged!

But when the curtain fell—and for the last time  
she had responded to those thrilling shouts, her  
carriage drove rapidly to the little room where her  
happiest days had been spent. She unlocked the  
door with a trembling hand, and going up to the  
table, laid her head carelessly upon it, and  
stooped down and kissed the open page where his  
eyes had last rested. She turned slowly towards  
the portraits, and meeting the laughing glance of  
those large blue eyes, sank down upon the floor  
and buried her face in her hands. Glittering in  
snowy folds of satin, and with a diamond tiara  
sparkling on her brow, she bent down in the dust,  
and forgetting all her triumphs, wept bitterly for  
her early love!

Many who read this simple sketch will have  
seen its heroine. She comes before them nighly,  
and smiles as they shout her name, and throw  
their costly bouquets at her feet; but to none of them  
has it been given to read that proud heart,  
or to see her, as then, in her hour of deepest sorrow.  
She comes before them as a triumphant and  
beautiful queen—and yet never was she so truly  
regal—so deeply worthy of all love and admiration  
as when, in the silence of midnight, her woman's  
soul wept tears of blood for the peace and innocence  
and faith which have gone from her forever!

..... A happily blended mixture of pathos  
and humor is characteristic of the highest genius;  
for the highest genius is an epitome of life with its  
mingled warp and woof of joy and sorrow. Perhaps  
the highest example of this is Shakespeare,  
the master of the human heart, whose jester walks  
beside his king, whose grave-digger jests with his  
melancholy Hamlet. And in modern times Dickens  
is also an example of this combination.

## SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

A sweet poet of the feminine gender writes often for  
the Boston Transcript. We copy, below, one of her effusions;  
and indulge in no extravagance when we remark  
that the sweetness of her melody is only equalled by her  
personal charms. Will she pardon us, and accept our well-  
intended compliment?

## SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

A flower beside my pathway grew,  
And in the sunlight I used to view:  
I thought it bloomed for me alone,  
And gladly called this flower "my own."  
But when the sun's clouds was veiled,  
And every source of joy had failed,  
I said, "In this desponding hour  
There's light to cheer me but my flower;  
I've watched 'till the skies were fair,  
And now it will repay my care;  
But then it closed its petals bright,  
And said, "I only love sunlight."

And so in life I found a maid,  
Who smiled upon me and displayed  
So much of goodness that my heart  
Of its own made her a part.  
She loves me when my heart is light,  
And makes life's sunshine still more bright;  
But now when care upon me lays  
Heavy burdon, and the days  
Forse from my head the smothered grief,  
And restless nights bring no relief,  
I turn to her in vain for aid.  
She likes the sunshine, not the shade,  
And says—if e'er I tell my woe—  
"I do not love you when you're so!  
Your joys, I'll gladly share with thee,  
Your sorrows, what are they to me?"  
And yet I love this maid, for she  
Is dearer than my life to me!

MINISTERS, SONS AND DEACONS' DAU-  
GHERS.—The Episcopal Recorder has under-  
taken to correct the prevailing opinion con-  
cerning minister's sons. It deprecates the  
idea that they are worse than other sons. It  
takes the biographies and says—

"Of the sons of one hundred, over one  
hundred and ten became ministers. Of the  
remainder, by far the larger proportion rose  
to eminence as honorable and successful  
men in business, or in the learned professions.  
Is there any body of 100 men, taken at random  
from any other pursuits of life, of whom  
the same can be said?"

Who now will take up the defence of dea-  
cons' daughters?

TALL STUDENTS.—The Wisconsin Board  
of Education recently resolved "to erect a  
building large enough to accommodate five  
hundred students three stories high."—Ex-  
change.

We have often known students get as high  
as four stories.

The cost of carrying on our govern-  
ment during the last fiscal year, was over  
sixty-five millions of dollars, and Secretary  
Cobell estimates the expenses of the current  
fiscal year at eighty-five millions! In 1850  
the expenses were but little more than thirty-  
seven millions. Uncle Sam is getting very  
extravagant.

## A QUAIN CONCEIT.

The annexed poem, we are informed, appeared in a  
southern publication some years ago, and was received with  
marked popularity. Its originality, and quaintness of imagery,  
are sufficient to warrant its reproduction here.

## THE SHOON OF EIGHTY YEARS.

BY GEORGE PERRY.

At midnight, in the darkness,  
I woke from visions sweet.  
And heard upon my threshold  
The tramp of thronging feet.  
There came in long procession,  
All shoon I ever wore:  
The stalwart foot of manhood,  
The tiny shoe of yore.  
Down-trodden, torn, neglected,  
Laden with dust and grime;  
They bore, spite age and wrinkle,  
The spirit of their prime.  
I could not smile to see them,  
All stiff, bent, and hoar;  
Repeat with steps familiar,  
The days that are no more.  
Some o'er the floor went softly,  
With timid steps and small;  
Some with an antic canter,  
That shook the old house wall;  
And some with restless longing,  
Turn to the stars above;  
And some were still pursuing  
The dream, the hope of love.  
Beside them gaily falling  
Like airy flakes of snow,  
Were silken shoon—to hear them  
Was rapture long ago.  
And some—ah, there were many  
Went pacing to and fro;  
Whose lonely shadows darkened  
O'er years of doubt and woe.  
A few—I scarcely knew them,  
They were not shoon of yore,  
With footsteps small and timid,  
They tottered o'er the floor.  
All stopped where hung my boot-jack,  
And parleyed low and long;  
The ancient jack descended,  
And mingled with the long.

Then went in long procession,  
All shoon I ever wore,  
Lending the ancient boot-jack  
From out my lonely door.

And shadows dark and silent  
Came closing o'er the light,  
That lingered round their pathway  
Far in the depths of night.

Are these in morning sunlight  
Again shall fade away,  
I shall beold in Paradise  
A brighter, endless day.

8 7  
9 8  
10 9  
11 9  
12 9

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Speak Gently to the Earring.

How great has been the influence over the  
erring of one kind word! A smile, which  
costs the giver nothing, may have a tendency  
to lead the earring from the path of sin into  
the road that leads to virtue and truth!—  
Reprove them gently; perhaps they are  
young and inexperienced; they know not  
the trials and temptations that await them,  
for they are ignorant of the world and its  
crime! Speak gently to the criminal who  
has erred from the path of honesty and truth! He  
was perhaps thrown upon the cold world  
without a friend to warn him from danger;  
frowns instead of smiles greeted him in his  
loneliness; the serpent sin coiled in his path  
in gay and gaudy colors, and lured him on  
from one degree of vice to another, until you  
beheld him despised by all! Had some kind  
friend admonished him, perhaps that once  
noble youth, whose heart was free from the  
taint that now stains it, would not have  
been turned from the society he once joined!  
If any of us have an erring friend, let us  
counsel boldly forward and warn him of his  
danger.

Speak gently to the earring,  
For who can comprehend  
The influence you're exerting  
O'er that poor erring friend!

Cavern Hill. ARABELL.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Perseverance.

My watchword shall be "Onward!"  
My motto "Go ahead!"  
Though I may have the foe to face,  
And climb o'er heaps of dead.  
The clouds may gather thickest gloom,  
And thunders shake the earth,  
But dark despair will not find room,  
Where hope and joy have birth.

What has not perseverance done?  
What may it not yet do?  
Oh, may it yet eclipse the sun—  
Believe me, this is true.

It spied a mighty continent,  
Where peaceful rivers flow;  
Where lofty trees in grandeur wave,  
And zephyrs gently blow.

The broad, blue sea forever bears  
This truth within its breast,  
For it has witnessed prayers and tears  
Of those who've made us blest.

The lightning yields with mild consent  
To this all-conquering power;  
In man's control it is content,  
And waits not for the shower.

Now ye who will my watchword learn,  
And my bright motto claim,  
Your longing eyes to Heaven turn,  
Or climb the hill of Fame. ADELLA.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## The Indian Girl to her Lover.

BY AMBROSE ALLEN.  
Do you remember, love, the lake  
Upon whose placid breast,  
We in our light skiff used to glide,  
As silently upon the tide,  
As though we were at rest?

Do you remember how we laughed  
And caroled in our glee?  
And how we sum the war-song there,  
And sent it forth upon the air,  
Forth on the lake and lea?

"Lightly o'er the wave," we sung,  
And o'er the azure waves,  
Across the hill and valley green,  
It echoed from yon mountain scene,  
And echoed from the caves!

And do you not remember, too,  
The pines along the shore?  
The cedars, where we launched our boat,  
And made it o'er the lake wave float,  
And urged the splashing oar?

And when the god of day had sunk  
Behind the mountain height,  
Then ling'ring tints were hov'ring round,  
And earth seemed to the heaven bound  
In bonds of rainbow light;

And when that princess of the sky  
Arose from o'er the wave,  
Then o'er the lake the fairies danced,  
And through each glittering wavelit glanced,  
And 'mid the coral caves—

So, when night's star gems gild the skies,  
And grace the heavens above,  
Then Fancy's glittering wings I'll take,  
And lie me to that silvery lake,  
And sail beside THEE, love!

8 7  
9 8  
10 9  
11 9  
12 9

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Stepmothers.

BY RACHEL'S CHILD.

What ails stepmothers? Why, human nature  
ails them, that's all.

In the case of

## MY OLD PIANO.

BY D. M. F. WALKER.

And must I sell thee, dear old friend?  
How can I let thee go?  
And will thy music no more blend  
In sadness with my woes?

My trembling fingers no more rest,  
Upon thy quivering strings,  
When welling up within my breast,  
The long-sealed fountain springs.

Yes, I must sell thee, faithful one—  
How can I give thee up?  
And drink in this cold world alone,  
Life's dregged, life's bitter cup.

But go! stern poverty's decree  
No love nor mercy knows;  
Remember one heart mourns for thee,  
Its sorrows ne'er disclose.

And when gay fingers lightly dance,  
Along thy key-board fair;  
When beaming eyes with lovelit glance  
Are gazing fondly there—

Remember her, who long ago,  
Sang notes of love with thee;  
And told thee all her deepest woe,  
To share thy sympathy.

Now, old piano, fare thee well!  
Receive my parting touch,  
To other hearts thy music swell,  
But none will love so much.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN,  
WHOM NOBODY UNDERSTOOD.

BY JOHN M. GUERNSEY.

"No one understands me—no one. There is no congenial spirit in the whole wide world," sighed Caleb Simmons, as he read the publisher's letter. "I was a fool," he said loftily, "to hope that a man who makes a *trade*—a base trade, of the noblest powers of the human mind, should comprehend the breathing and burning aspiration of my soul;" and though Caleb was really very unhappy, he found great comfort in thinking what a low-minded individual was the writer of the letter then before him.

Caleb Simmons was a very respectable and amiable young man, but he had unfortunately conceived the idea that he was a poet, because he could sometimes write verses which were not intolerably bad, and with which he occupied, week after week, the poet's corner of "The Jonesville Sun." Though they were never read by any one in particular, yet they were in print, and to the mind of their author at least furnished proof sufficient that he was a great poet, who only needed to be known, to be appreciated and receive the enthusiastic admiration of the public. "Fine verses are not always poetry," says Madame de Staél, and I fear that my hero, Caleb, very seldom went beyond tolerably endurable ones; but, nevertheless, he was determined, that, in his own words, "his muse should plume her youthful song, and soar to Parnassian heights, there to revel in the thunder-clouds of high imagination." Caleb's verses were very much admired by his two younger brothers. Algernon, his elder brother, was rather more sparing of his praises, and declared that Caleb would never be worth a straw, if he kept on in that line of business, and kindly offered him a share in his own business; but Caleb rejected the advice and the offer as coming from "an uncongenial spirit," and continued to write until he had collected a quantity of mediocre verses, enough to make a large volume, should they ever be published. Caleb was a well-grown, rather handsome young man of twenty, and it was full time that he should begin to think of doing something for his own support, but he shrank from even the mention of the subject. He could not bear to study medicine, because "there was something intensely revolting in the very idea." He would not become a minister, because "it would be chaining down his free spirit to one path, and subjecting him to constantly recurring annoyances;" and he would not be a lawyer, because "all lawyers were cheats;" he rejected the life of a merchant with scorn and indignation, for the thought of devoting one's mind and soul to the petty cares of gain, was enough to drive any one mad who possessed the least spark of imagination. He might have been an artist—not a mere portrait painter—that he despised, if it had not been for the trifling obstacle that he had neither taste nor talent for drawing. He might, to be sure, have set up a greenhouse; flowers were poetical, and he was fond of them; but he thought it base in the extreme "to sell the fair children of nature for paltry dross," and so he continued to be dependent upon his father for dross; while of his elder brothers, the one was doing a very good business for himself in a neighboring town, and the other was studying law with all his might in New York, and having a turn for mechanics, had, by an ingenious little invention, realized a considerable sum, which served for his support while pursuing his studies. Caleb was the third son; there were two more to come after him, for Mrs. Simmons had died sixteen years before our story opens, leaving no daughter. Mr. Simmons wished earnestly, he said, that "Caleb would take hold and do something." Charley and Elbert could help him enough about the farm. Charley was only seventeen, but he could do a better day's work than his elder brother, and even Elbert, who was still

a year younger, often surpassed Caleb at harvest time. The truth was, Caleb considered the work as below his genius, and seldom or never worked with a hearty good will, not remembering the words of the wise man of the olden time, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Nevertheless the two younger boys held their brother's supposed poetical talent in great veneration, though Charley did not consider "The Lady of Grenada," Caleb's grand poem, equal to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," nor "The Hero of the Castle of Esteranda," as a companion for Hamlet, in whose opinion, however, he differed from the author.

Being a poet, Caleb had of course fallen in love; he considered that part of his professional duty; but when he ventured to offer his lady-love a poem, in which the state of his feelings was set forth, adorned with countless adjectives, pretty Emily Wood, after a vain effort to keep her countenance, had burst into a fit of irrepressible laughter, at the verse where she was compared to Dido, Minerva, and Joan of Arc, all at a time; her lover had set her down at once as an "uncongenial spirit."

He had been deceived in his fancied ideal, he gloomily soliloquized, as he pursued his way home, after having resisted all Emily's good-natured attempts to apologize for her unwonted rudeness, and all Mrs. Wood's pressing invitations to stay to tea. The thought of griddle-cakes after such a crushing blow, was agonizing to his soul. He persisted in returning, and Emily, rather vexed at the chilling manner in which her apologies had been received, said, after his departure, that he was not half so smart as he thought he was; and he would never be half equal to his brother if he didn't go to work like a man. It was all very fine to talk of being a poet, but if it was poetical to do nothing at all, and to let his father support him, she thought the less poetry there was in the family the better. This misfortune, however, only furnished new stock in trade to our youthful bard. He at once came to the conclusion that his heart was broken, and congratulated himself on being "a fellow that had had losses." He was quite vexed to find himself hungry when he arrived at home after his return from Mr. Wood's. He sat up that night to write four bitter effusions upon blighted hopes, crushed affections, and so forth, and said, that "The sun of his life had sunk under the seething billows of dark despair, which covered his storm-tossed soul, but that he was going to hide them under a veil—a bitter and hollow veil of delusive joy." Several rather inconsistent figures, considered according to the usual rules of composition, but when one is inspired, and has a broken heart, one cannot stand upon trifles. He found that these verses, if added to his former stock, would complete the volume, and he forthwith determined to publish. The manuscript was soon prepared, and in spite of his father's advice, sent to a well-known publishing house in New York. In a week it was returned, with a very polite though decided letter, to the effect that the firm could not think of undertaking to publish "The Lady of Grenada and other Poems;" the receipt of which ungrateful intelligence was the cause of the bitter soliloquy quoted at the opening of my tale.

"How d'ye do, Caleb?" cried his brother Algernon, bursting into the room, with his whip in his hand. "Hollo! What's the matter? Why, you look as if you had lost every friend you have in the world."

"You would not probably care if I should tell you," said Caleb proudly, turning to the window. He had never confided his secret to his brother, for he had once fallen fast asleep, while the "Excursion" was being read, and was thenceforth set down as uncongenial, and unable to comprehend the misunderstood Caleb.

"But now perhaps I shall. Come, tell me; and don't look so disconsolate."

Though Algernon was uncongenial, there was something in the tone of sympathy that opened Caleb's heart, and he told his brother the whole story. "And now there is the end of it all," he concluded, as he gave Algernon the publisher's letter, and then—he could not help it—he dropped his head upon the table, and faintly cried. Poor Caleb! The disappointment was none the less bitter because his poems were nothing above mediocrity. They were his, and he loved them, every one, as though they had been his children.

"Why, brother, I'm sorry you feel so down-hearted about this," said Algernon. "Come, now, don't. Let me see it," continued the elder, kindly, after a pause, during which Caleb did not raise his head, and poor Algernon was dreadfully uncomfortable between his pity for his friend, and his conviction that the publisher was not altogether so unreasonable. "Let me see it, won't you? Come."

Algernon seemed to have an idea that there was a great power of comfort in the last word, so he asked him affectionately to "come," again.

Caleb raised his head at last, and disconsolately pushed the manuscript toward his brother, who opened at an effusion entitled:

## "THE BARD'S LAMENT."

"A broken heart is mine, my friend,  
A broken heart is mine;  
O, ask me not my brow to wreathe,  
With tendrils of the vine."

"Who ever did ask you, Caleb?" said his brother, simply. The poet turned a gay without reply, thinking mournfully that "no one understood him."

"O, there is none in this wide world,  
To love or care for me,  
And forever, and ever, and ever alone  
It is my doom to be."

"There is no soul congenial,  
To love and mix with mine—  
Then ask me not my brow to wreathe  
With tendrils of the vine."

"Beneath my cold and smiling lip,  
The sigh will often start;  
And O! reflect, a stifled worm  
Is gnawing at my heart."

Algernon wondered that a *stifled worm* should gnaw—and the implied want of affection on the part of the family quite distressed him.

"I am sure, Caleb," he said, "we all care for you. What makes you think we don't? Do you really think Tom, and father, and I don't love you? I'm sure the boys do—don't you think so?"

Caleb knew they did, and he was too truthful to say no; so he was still silent, and his brother turned to the next page, where was a remarkable ode on ingratitude, in which appeared the following lines:

"Go, call the cruel tiger kind,  
And press him to thy heart;  
Go nurse the lawless lion's mind,  
And say, 'How good thou art.'

"Go, say all that mortal may—  
Do all that mortal can;  
But O, for mercy, never say  
There's gratitude in man!"

"Look at here, now, Caleb, you don't really think that, do you?" asked the elder.

"Yes, I do," answered the younger, bitterly.

"O, no you don't," remonstrated Algernon; "because you happen to be a man yourself, you know, and I am sure you would not set yourself up above all the rest of creation in that way."

There was something new in this view of the case, and Caleb was silent.

"Now I don't want to distress you, but you just read over these verses, and tell me, candidly, what you think of them."

He had a distrustful feeling that he might not find them quite so deep as he had at first thought them, but reluctantly enough he complied with the request.

They were absurd, certainly. What could be the object of complimenting a lion in that style, and so affectionately saluting a tiger. They would probably make a base return for those favors, and what had that to do with man's ingratitude. He tried hard not to smile, but looking up he caught his brother's eye, and the smile came. He turned page after page, and one passage after another struck his eye as being weak, foolish, positively ridiculous. How could he have been so blind?

"What do you think, Caleb?" asked his brother.

It was a hard acknowledgement to make, but Caleb was not without sense, nor more falsely proud than other mortals.

"You are right," he said. "You are perfectly right. They are not worth reading after all," and he turned aside, for his lip quivered.

"That's right, manly and honorable," said Algernon, cheerfully. "Now what will you do? Because isn't it most time you did something? It's hard work for the best writers to live by their pens, sometimes, I'm told, and now do you think you can make a living of it? because a living must be made, you know."

"No, I cannot."

"Well, then, Caleb, won't you take the offer I made you a year ago; I should like to have you with me right well," said the elder, affectionately; "and you know it would please father better than anything else in the world," and Algernon took his brother's hand.

"Yes, I will, and thank you for it heartily," said Caleb, at last, returning the pressure. "I have been very foolish," he continued, with an effort; "but I will try and do something worth while, hereafter." And though Caleb did not know it, there was more poetry in these simple words than there was in the whole of "The Lady of Grenada."

And he did try, and succeeded. "The Lady of Grenada," was put out of sight, and, as far as possible, out of mind. He went to work in real earnest, and did not find that he enjoyed God's beautiful world the less, because he exerted himself to earn his own support, manfully and earnestly. He quite forgave the publisher, and entirely ignored the idea that his heart was broken. "The best thing that ever happened to me," he said, to his brother, "was the rejection of my book," and Algernon, was discreet enough to refrain from saying, "I told you so."

Caleb seldom writes verses now, and still more seldom exhibits them. He has come to the sensible conclusion that "a poet must be born, and not made."

## FLOWERS AND MUSIC.

Yes, two gifts God has bestowed upon us, that have in themselves no guilty trait, and show an essential divineness. Music is one of these, which seems as if it were never born of earth, but lingers with us from the gates of heaven; music, which breathes over the gross, or sad, or doubtful heart, to inspire it with a consciousness of its own mysterious affinities, and to touch the chords of its unsuspected, undeveloped life. And the other gift is that of flowers, which, though born of earth, we may well believe, if anything of earthly soil grows in the higher realm—if any of its methods are continued, if any of its forms are identical, they will live on the banks of the river of life. Flowers! that in our gladness and in our sorrow are never incongruous—always appropriate. Appropriate in the church, as expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour, in the loneliness of the sick room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the associations of childhood, and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strangely as their freshness contrasts with wrinkles and gray hairs; for still they are suggestive, they are symbolic of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossom of immortality, the amaranth crown. In their presence we feel that the body shall go forth as a winged seed.—*Flora's Interpreter.*

from the cold. There was a single chair, with three legs to it, in the room, and scarcely any other article of furniture cumbered up the room.

These friends at once began to exert themselves in her behalf, got others interested to aid her and her husband, gave them clothes and food, promised them both a plenty of work, and it seemed now that her destiny was taking a favorable turn. The woman wept over her poverty, manifested touching tokens of a reanimation, but here too the fire was only being smothered a few days, to break out again the first favorable opportunity. The money that was given her to buy food and clothing with, was spent in the run hole, and when she was next visited she was found demented by intoxication. From that time she turned her back upon all friendly offers of assistance, abandoned her first quarters, was afterwards found by the authorities in low houses of prostitution, and has now again left the city, in company with her husband. She has almost reached the lowest round of misery, and this once gifted young lady, an adopted child of Henry Ward Beecher, will soon find that peace in death, which she has been unable to find in the cup and in the corruption of licentiousness.—*Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin.*

## THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang with the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations altered;  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—  
For ten I've given warning,  
Up, up, and go, or else you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"  
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
The winter hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way.  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth  
Unless you're up in the morning.  
Still early the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends last forever!  
Its heart beats on—thoung hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and younger;  
Its hands still move—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick—tick," it said—to the church-yard  
The grave hath given warning—  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

## THE MATCH MAKING MOTHER.

My married daughter could you see,  
I'm sure you would be struck—  
My daughters all are charming girls,  
Few mother's have such luck.  
My married one—my eldest child—  
All hearts by magic wins;  
And my second so resembles her  
Most people think them twins.  
My married daughter spoils her spouse;  
She's quite a pattering wife;  
And he adores her—well he may,  
Few men lead such a life!  
And she ne'er had married mortal man  
Had he not won her heart;  
And my second darling's just the same;  
They're seldom known apart.  
Her husband oft has pressed my hand,  
While tears stood in his eyes,  
And said "You brought my Susan up—  
With you the credit lies."  
To make her a domestic wife  
I own was all my aim;  
And my second is domestic too—  
My system was the same.  
Now, do you know, I've often thought  
The eldest of the two,  
(She's married, so I may speak out)  
Would just have suited you!  
You never saw her? how shall I  
My eldest girl portray?  
Oh! my second's just her counterpart  
And her you'll meet to-day.  
Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers,  
While Error writhing lives in pain,  
Or dies amid her worshippers.

## HOUSE CLEANING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"Do put away your sewing, Ellen! Such close application will bring on one of your headaches," said Mr. Morgan, as he entered the little parlor where his wife sat bending low over her needlework.

"I must stitch just as long as I can see, husband, for next week I begin house cleaning, and then I shall have no time to touch a needle," replied Mrs. Morgan, without looking up or heeding the persevering attempts of her youngest child to gain her attention.

"I wish house cleaning was abolished; it is a nuisance!" exclaimed the first speaker, in a slightly impatient voice.

"I'm sure you have no reason to complain, for the labor all comes upon me," retorted the wife.

"But I certainly experience a large share of the annoyances resulting from the operation, and therefore have some interest in the matter. I dread house cleaning nearly as much as an epidemic, and I dare say half the married men would join with me in this assertion; in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that were the question put to vote, the majority would be on my side."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Morgan! Men are selfish creatures, and generally look out for their own comfort first. What if you do have to eat a cold dinner once in a while, or get up a little earlier for a week or two? Are those slight sacrifices to be compared to the labor of cleaning a good sized house from attic to cellar?"

"I was not thinking particularly of my own individual sufferings during that trying ordeal of patience and good humor, but, on the contrary, was calculating how many hours Nellie would scream at the top of her lungs; how often the children would be late at school; how many colds we should catch by sleeping in damp rooms; how many times you will lose your temper; how much—"

"There, that will do," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, smiling at the long list of grievances he had narrated, although at first she felt a little piqued at his remarks.

"But that isn't half; the subject is so fruitful, that I could go on in that strain from now until morning. You have no idea how eloquently I could discourse upon it! Why not give me leave to occupy the next hour in detailing the plain state of the case?—a man always talks better about things which interest him."

"Nonsense, husband! But to be serious, how will you make a change for the better?" asked the wife.

"Omit house cleaning altogether."

"Omit it altogether! What can you be thinking of, Mr. Morgan? I don't imagine you like a dirty home any better than I."

"I'm rather partial to cleanliness, I allow. But if that proposal don't suit, I'll suggest another; hire one or two able bodied women to come in and assist you."

"Hinder me, you mean! Why, I should have every inch of paint to clean over after them, provided they left any on, which isn't often the case. But as to hiring, we can't afford it, and so there's an end of the matter."

"But I'll promise beforehand to find no fault with the bill's, surely, that is reasonable."

"I can't think of it, husband—a dollar a day and board! I should dream of the useless expense for the next three months," persisted Mrs. Morgan, who was one of those wise individuals who never venture a penny to gain a pound.

"But your health, my dear?" ventured Mr. Morgan.

"O, that won't suffer any more than it would by running after a couple of lazy women all the time. Let me have my own way in the matter, and then the work will be done to my mind. It isn't everybody, Mr. Morgan, that knows how to clean paint. Some folks will slop the water over a whole room while I'm rubbing a single board; others use coarse sand, which makes the paint look very much like a nutmeg grater; and I've even known people to take—"

"There's no remedy, then, little Nellie," interrupted Mr. Morgan, who was not in the humor of hearing a long dissertation on his wife's favorite employment; for, however unromantic it may seem, she had a great partiality for scrubbing. "There's no remedy, my dear," he continued, lifting the child upon his lap, "we shall have to submit to our fate with the best grace we can; but the neglect you will have to put up with, and the cold dinners I shall have to eat are sure and certain."

The gentleman saw that his wife could not be induced to change her resolve, and he reluctantly dropped the subject, regretting that he could not convince her that she subjected herself to needless labor and trouble. As he had intimated, Mr. Morgan considered the yearly house cleaning the bane of his married life. Once in every twelve months his dwelling was turned topsy-turvy, and made almost uninhabitable for a week or more. He never enjoyed a quiet moment within doors during these periodical visitations, for there was always plenty of odd jobs for him to attend to—such as putting the children to bed, holding the baby, making the fires, tending door-bell, and occasionally waiting on his wife, who considered a plentiful use of soap-suds paramount to everything else. No matter whether the house needed cleaning or not, the forms must be gone through with just the same, even if dirt could not be discovered by the aid of a microscopic glass.

Mr. Morgan's income was not large, and his wife managed to do her own work, although, having three children, the family duties were by no means light; but she was an ambitious, industrious little woman, accomplishing more than many persons who kept help. Her worthy husband had no fault to find, except in

the matter of house cleaning, which she obstinately persisted in doing alone, even if she made herself ill, and the whole family uncomfortable in consequence.

Well, the important Monday morning arrived. Mrs. Morgan was up betimes, "for there was nothing," she remarked, "like getting a fair start." An early breakfast was prepared, which Mr. Morgan sat down to with very little appetite; but he looked resigned, and sipped his coffee with apparent zest. The children were waked an hour earlier than usual, and reluctantly came down stairs, looking sleepy and cross. But the mother made no allowance for their lack of interest in house cleaning, and after giving them their bread and butter, dressed them for school immediately, that she might gain time for the great undertaking before her; then repeatedly charging them to sit still and keep their clothes clean, she sat down a minute to determine what next to do.

"I think I'll take the attic first, and so work down," she said to herself. "I'll be thorough, for if there's anything I do despise, it certainly is sham house cleaning; yes, I'll commence at the top, and then—"

Mrs. Morgan's reflections were interrupted by her husband's asking what he should send home from the market.

"Dinner?—O, yes; well, a codfish I guess, for that's the easiest cooked of anything I know of," she replied.

Mr. Morgan sighed, for codfish was a luxury he could not appreciate; the odor of it when cooking somehow didn't prepossess him in its favor. But knowing that an expression of this sentiment would not mend the matter, he wisely said nothing, resolving to fortify his stomach by a generous lunch at an eating house.

As soon as the street door closed after him, Mrs. Morgan, with a pail of water and the necessary accompaniments, made her way up two pair of stairs. A large chest stood in one corner, upon which she cast uneasy glances, as though dreading to open it; but at length she flung back the lid, and ran her eye over the contents.

"O, dear me, I quite forgot to put this chest to rights!" she exclaimed, pulling out one thing after another. "These coats are wholly ruined by the moths! I shall have every article to carry down into the yard, for I shouldn't enjoy cleaning a mite to know they were heaped up here in this condition."

And so Mrs. Morgan went back and forth between the yard and attic some five or six times, with her arms full of half-worn clothing, which she deposited in a pile under the shed steps, to be looked over and aired at her leisure.

She had scarcely commenced operations in good earnest, when she happened to think that the children, Johnny and Alice, were too still not to be in mischief; so hastily wiping her hands, she again descended the stairs to look after them. Not finding them in the parlor or kitchen, Mrs. Morgan looked out of the window and saw the missing juveniles playing in a muddy pool of water, which they had succeeded in spattering plentifully over their clean clothes. Mrs. Morgan felt like chastising them both severely; but, restraining this feeling, marched them into the house, and spent another half hour in putting them into a presentable condition, when they were despatched to school.

With zeal somewhat cooled, she returned to her task, and was really progressing considerably, when Nellie gave ample evidence from the chamber below—where she had been left asleep—that she wished to be attended to forthwith. Mrs. Morgan sighed, and again left work. It was an unpropitious beginning, but she was not one to be easily discouraged by adverse circumstances.

The baby was taken up, fed and dressed, and made no opposition to being tied into a chair and placed at her side, who once more attempted to go on with her work. Nellie busied herself for some time with a few playthings; but when they ceased to interest her, she gave abundant evidence of the fact by sundry wrigglings, contortions, and little screams, which soon proved so annoying to the mother, that she was compelled, much against her will, to turn all her efforts to pacifying her. But this did not promise to be an easy task, for the uncomfortable Nellie was in such a perverse state of mind, that she was quite impregnable to the usual assuasive arts employed by maternal tenderness to allay such unhappy symptoms. The good woman was even forced to take her rebellious one down to the nursery, supported by the delusive hope that a little well-timed rocking and singing would send her to sleep. But Nellie had different ideas, and headed her mother's anxiety no more than she did her discarded rattle; and Mrs. Morgan had to continue her musical and mechanical operations at least an hour without intermission, before she succeeded in lulling her charge away to the balmy land of dreams.

She had scarcely placed her in the crib, when she heard the grocer at the door, and the clock telling the hour of twelve. It was now time to get her simple dinner; for it is remembered, that a dinner, though ever so frugal, requires attention—it being a fact well-known to housekeepers, that dinners will not cook themselves and march on to the table, without the intervention of hands.

Mrs. Morgan cooked her fish, put it on a plate, and as her husband had not made his appearance, she thought she would run up stairs and improve the few minutes she might have before his return. She had scrubbed but a short time, when she heard his well-known step in the hall. When she reached the kitchen, the fish which she had left on the stove-hearth had mysteriously vanished. Looking from an open window, she discovered a large cat triumphantly dragging away the missing dinner.

Mr. Morgan laughed at the flagitious theft, and was assured by his industrious half, "that if he had been subjected to half the annoyances which she had experienced, he would be in a less merry mood." But in spite of this reasonable remonstrance, and the flushed cheeks of his wife, the sight of the feline offender, sprawling and clawing over his dinner, pricked up his

amuse the gentleman more and more; for to be frank, he didn't feel as though he had been much of a sufferer by the loss.

The family having dined off bread and butter, Mr. Morgan went whistling away, leaving the children in a less happy disposition; for like other little folks, they were fond of good dinners.

That afternoon Johnny and Alice were kept at home to look after the baby, and our house cleaner, with raised hopes, again tried the virtues of soap and water.

Things went on very well for a time, when her misfortunes were resumed by the discovery that her fire had gone wholly out. Of course, when she attempted to rekindle it, the fuel stubbornly refused to burn, and so her work was retarded by the want of hot water.

Just as her efforts were being crowned with success, a series of bumps on the stairs admonished her that somebody was descending in an unnatural manner. She screamed, and ran into the hall just in time to see Johnny effect a landing, having fallen from the top to the bottom, in consequence of treading upon a piece of soap which she had carelessly left in his way. The poor boy was considerably bruised, having performed all kinds of evolutions in his downward course. It was now the duty of our heroine to apply cold water to his bleeding nose, and a bandage to his bruised forehead.

The train of trials thus set in motion did not relax its speed. As soon as Johnny had ceased crying, Alice came rushing down with the somewhat alarming information "that the baby had got an apple core in its throat." Mrs. Morgan flew to the rescue, and found her youngest born kicking on the floor, black in the face through strangulation. The ill-starred baby was destined to undergo a violent shaking and pounding before the alarmed parent had the satisfaction of removing the impediment. The frightened and fretful child would not allow her mother to leave her again, and in her anxiety for the sufferer, she forgot "house cleaning" until it was too late to resume it.

Mr. Morgan looked suspiciously at Johnny's swollen head, Nellie's red eyes, his wife's not very interesting *dishabille*, and the confused state of things generally; but whatever might have been his reflections, he did not express them vocally. In the morning, after a hurried and unpalatable breakfast, he was glad to leave the scene of operations.

It being a pleasant day, Alice was allowed to take the baby into the open air; and upon going out to look after them, she made the discovery that the pile of clothes which she had negligently left exposed, had been stolen. This did not increase her good nature, for among the articles were several good garments, which her husband would certainly miss.

When she got back to her cleaning, the door bell rang, and Mrs. Starch, one of her most aristocratic neighbors, presented herself. Now, our lady was in such a plight, that this "caller" was the last person she wished to see, and she conducted her to the parlor, blushing with mortification, and pouring forth numberless apologies. Happily, she did not stay long; but being a talkative individual, Mrs. Morgan felt assured she would repeat what she had seen, with a few exaggerations of her own, by way of embellishment.

That day Mrs. Morgan made but little progress; everything went wrong, and she began to regret that she had not taken her husband's advice. Accidents, trifling in themselves, but still annoying, kept continually occurring to interrupt her operations. The children whom she had kept from school proved hindrances rather than helps, requiring as much watching as the little one.

To add to her afflictions, the ensuing night the latter gave indications of an attack of croup, which by morning became confirmed—resulting unquestionably from her exposure to the air and cold rooms. In addition to this misfortune, some friends from the country came to stay a week, while the spare chamber was in a sorry condition, the carpet being up, and the curtains down.

What now was to be done? Nellie could not be neglected, for the doctor said she must have the most careful nursing and attention. As a consequence, house cleaning had to be postponed, and Mrs. Morgan at length was forced to yield to her husband's wish to procure competent help, feeling pretty well convinced that his policy was the wisest. As if to demonstrate yet more plainly her want of foresight, she was herself taken ill in consequence of her exertions, and it was with difficulty she could attend to the wants of her little patient. As the latter grew better, she became worse, and was not able to leave her room for a fortnight, requiring the advice of a physician.

Now, it is easy for the reader to perceive that the annoyances and evils which have been enumerated, grew out of the want of calculation and foresight on the part of Mrs. Morgan. To save a few dollars, she had undertaken a labor to which her strength was not commensurate, and which she in reality had no time to attend to; while there were very many poor women depending on such employments for subsistence, and who would have been grateful for the job, besides being far more competent to do the work quickly and well. It is obvious that, in making a misdirected effort to save money, she had incurred expenses of more than thrice the amount, besides suffering so much in body and mind.

At the recurrence of the yearly house cleaning, Mr. Morgan was not troubled again by seeing his wife toiling and fretting over a task which she could not accomplish without neglecting other imperative duties.

LOVE.—Love, peculiarly so called, must always centre on a single object, because that thorough coincidence of interests and participations of pleasures necessary to render it perfect, cannot obtain between more than two persons. Friendship may take in a little larger compass, but can extend only to a few chosen objects; the friendships recorded in history have always run in pairs, as between Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylus, Scipio and Lelius, Cicero and Atticus.—Tucker.

## Pleasant Sketch.

## THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The sweetest flower of the garden, the joy and pride of Dame Wilson's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her. At sixteen, Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the country rose-bud—far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light, youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements; springy, elastic, and boyant as a bird, and almost as shy; a fair, innocent face, with downcast eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts; a low, soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables; a dress remarkable for its neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own. Such was the outward woman of Hannah. Her mind was like her person; modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful and generous above all.

Just as her efforts were being crowned with success, a series of bumps on the stairs admonished her that somebody was descending in an unnatural manner. She screamed, and ran into the hall just in time to see Johnny effect a landing, having fallen from the top to the bottom, in consequence of treading upon a piece of soap which she had carelessly left in his way. The poor boy was considerably bruised, having performed all kinds of evolutions in his downward course. It was now the duty of our heroine to apply cold water to his bleeding nose, and a bandage to his bruised forehead.

The train of trials thus set in motion did not relax its speed. As soon as Johnny had ceased crying, Alice came rushing down with the somewhat alarming information "that the baby had got an apple core in its throat." Mrs. Morgan flew to the rescue, and found her youngest born kicking on the floor, black in the face through strangulation. The ill-starred baby was destined to undergo a violent shaking and pounding before the alarmed parent had the satisfaction of removing the impediment. The frightened and fretful child would not allow her mother to leave her again, and in her anxiety for the sufferer, she forgot "house cleaning" until it was too late to resume it.

The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing; they give what they want, and Hannah was, of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give, it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums, with the bloom on them, nosegays of clover, and blossomed myrtle; those were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness; while to such of her neighbors as needed attention more than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power.

Besides being an excellent laundress she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dress-making, and plain work; a capital cutter out, an incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. As a dairymaid, and a reaver of poultry, she was equally successful; none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness; or, to use the phrase of the poultry yard on such occasions, of "ill-luck," Hannah's fowls never dreamed of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way; they all lived to be killed. He drew her arm through his, and we parted. The Monday fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and the air are soft and bright as in April.

"What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation at the breakfast-table.

"Did she tell you where they should dine?"

"No, madam, I forgot to ask."

"I can tell you," said the master of the house, with somewhat of good-humored importance in his air; somewhat of the look of a man who having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you; in London."

"In London!"

"Yes, your little favorite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B., Mr. Smith; the great hatter. It is quite a romance," continued he. "William Smith walked over one pleasant evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her, and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and thought of her the more. He came again and again, and at last contrived to tame his wild dove; and even to get the *entree* into the cottage." Hearing Hannah talk is not the way to fall out of love with her. So William at last finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled; but William is an only son and an excellent son, and after talking with him and looking at Hannah—I believe her face was the more eloquent of the two—he relented, and having a spic of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding day.

She was a famous "scholar," kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them; was a trusty accomptant, and a safe confidant. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness, or Hannah's kindness; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful, she never left her home; attended no fairs or revels, or Mayings; went nowhere but to church, and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green.

In short our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love-letter on her own account, when, all of a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the "accustomed gate," and one had seen a young man go into Dame Wilson's, and another had described a trim, elastic figure walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had gotten a lover, and when poor little Susan, who deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather near to the gay group, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitating *no* and the half *yes*, of the smiling child were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act, we who belong to country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news, we—the privileged—see on a work day the names which the Sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing, awkward pair hath our little lame clerk—a sorry Cupid—ushered in between dark and light, to stammer and stutter, to bow and curtsey, to sign or mark, as it pleases heavy. One Sunday, at the usual hour, the limp clerk made his appearance, and

white gown and lace mob, in a room light and simple, and tasteful and elegant, with nothing fine except some beautiful green-house plants. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shame-faced! Poor thing, her cheeks must have pained her! But this was the only difference. In everything else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matronly cap, evidently for her mother, and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrances, some of her choicest flowers as a parting nosegay. She did indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants—how strange and sad it was!—seen distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double-knock. But in spite of these calamities, Hannah is a happy woman.

The double rap was her husband's and the glow on her cheek, and the smile on her lips and eyes when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever, "Anywhere with him!"

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Hope.

See, through the clouds that roll in wrath,  
Yon little star benignant peep,  
To light along their trackless path,  
Those wanderers on the stormy deep!

And thus, O, Hope, thy lovely form,  
In sorrow's gloomy night, shall be  
The star that looks through cloud and storm,  
Upon a dark and moonless sea!

When Heaven is all serene and fair,  
Full many a bright beam we meet—  
Tis when the tempest hovers there,  
Thy beam is most divinely sweet!

The rainbow, with the sun's decline,  
Like worldly friend will disappear;  
Thy lights, dear star, more brighter shine,  
When all seems dark and lonely here!

And though Aurora's gentle gleam,  
May wake a morning of delight,  
Tis only thy enchanting beam,  
Will smile amid affliction's blight!

CAROLUS.

#### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Good luck is all!" the ancient proverb preaches;  
But though it looks so very grave and wise,  
Trust not the lazy lesson that it teaches,  
For, as it stands, the musty maxim lies!

That luck is *something*, were a true story.—  
And in life's mingled game of skill and luck,  
The cards that win the stake of wealth or glory  
Are Genius, Patience, Perseverance, Pluck!

To borrow still another illustration,  
A trifle more specific and precise,—  
Small chance has Luck to guide the operation,  
Where cunning Wit has loaded all the dice!

The real secret of the certain winner,  
Against the plottings of malicious Fate,  
Learn from the story of a gaming sinner  
Whose frank confession I will here relate:

"In this 'ere business, as in any other  
By which a chap an honest living earns,  
You don't get all the science from your mother,  
But, as you folier it, you lives and learns;

And I, from being much behind the curtain,  
And getting often very badly stuck,  
Finds out, at last, there's nothing so uncertain  
As trusting cards and everything to luck!—

So now, you see—which nat'rally enhances  
The faith in Fortune that I used to feel,—  
I takes good care to regulate the chances,  
And always has a finger in the deal!"

#### FAITHFULNESS.

Thou art changed—I know thee careless,  
Know thee silent, calm, and cold,  
Know thine eyes again will never  
Wear the loving light of old.  
Tears were nothing, and I weep not,  
Words of murmuring too were vain,  
And the stars nor storms have ever,  
Ever heard my lips complain.

True, my spirit was impassioned  
When the loves of long ago,  
With their new, delicious fragrance,  
O'er my ardent heart did blow.  
Weary now, alas, so weary,  
Through my life I wander on,  
And the fire that warmed my bosom,  
When I met thee, all is gone.

The soft South's bewildering sweetness,  
With old dreamy memories dim—  
With the gods of classic worship  
And the rose's lover's hymn—  
With its temples, groves and pictures,  
And its poetry and love—  
Could not win me for an instant  
From one thought, all thoughts above.

Oh, I know thy heart's a ruin—  
Stern and gloomy, wild and chill,  
But my spirit's ivy-clinging  
Clasps the desolation still—  
Clasps it with a fearful fondness,  
While the winds around it moan,  
Not to shrink through all the ages  
From the coldness of its stone.

#### I LOVE THE COUNTRY.

BY MYRA MYRTLE.

O, I love, I love the country,  
With its sweet refreshing air—  
With its green and pleasant meadows,  
And wild flowers fresh and fair.

I love its mountain scenery,  
And its healthful morning breeze,  
I love the verdant, fertile fields,  
And the noble forest trees.

I love sweet nature's choristers  
That warble merrily,  
Their joyous, blithe-some songs well up  
From hearts so light and free.

I love the sparkling brooklet  
That murmurs soft and low,  
And from its flower-gemmed banks I love  
To watch its gentle flow.

I love the glad approach of spring,  
Dispelling winter's gloom,  
When nature all around us  
Is bursting into bloom.

I love the gladsome summer time,  
With its bright and sunny days,  
And its gentle flower-perfumed breath  
That 'mong the leaflets plays.

I love the golden autumn,  
It cometh richly laden,  
To cheer and bless our grateful hearts  
When summer beauties fade.

O, I love, I love the country  
'Mid all its seasons change,  
But best in summer's flowery time,  
When fields and woods I range.

Phillips, June, 1853.

#### September.

[Original.]  
Sweet September, mild and lovely,  
Thou art to us ever dear;  
Thy Autumnal winds are only  
To subdue the coming fear.

We see the roses fast decaying,  
The forest dressed in colors bright;  
While many souls are sad and praying,  
To that Heavenly world of light.

When the moon's pale rays are beaming,  
The poor man sits in his low thatched cot,  
While his darling ones are near him dreaming,  
His head bows down in troubled thought.

He thinks of the rich who are seeking for gain,  
And pressing the laboring poor;  
They have no heart, they feel no pain,  
For 'tis money they love and adore.

Belfast, Sept. 24th, 1853.

C. G.

[Written for the Olive Branch.]  
LINES TO A MINIATURE.

BY EBENEZER KELLOGG.

It is before me! 'tis her counterpart!  
She, who in my affections stood alone!  
Who sweetly cheered my sad and lonely heart,  
As smiles of gladness on her fair face shone.

She once the source of all my comfort was,

Her ev'ry motion to my sight most dear,

And we were bound by Heaven's most sacred laws;

Our future prospects then were bright and clear.

For her I would have suffered racks and pain,  
Suffered all ills endured by mortal man;

But ah! my love and pleadings were in vain,

As scalding tears adown my cheeks have ran.

This Phototype is all I now have left,  
To cheer me through this world of sorrow—grief,  
Ah grief, has twined around my heart—beneft  
I am of all, even hope gives no relief.

Nought now I'll love, since she whom most of all  
I dearly, fondly hoped would prove a spring  
Of joy, has fled—grant ill may ne'er befall  
The lot of her, who could no comfort bring.

Nothing to love! O yes! this miniature  
I'll love, and keep and cherish as my life—  
On it'll pour my whole affections pure,  
The likeness of my loved—unloving wife.

#### LONG AGO.

Long ago, a dream of beauty  
Filled my heart with sweet delight;  
Till it seemed as if life's duty  
Came with visions of the night.

Long ago, Hope, like an angel,  
Furled her white wings in my breast,  
Singing there a sweet Evangel,  
Lulling me to perfect rest.

Long ago, the strains of pleasure  
Floated on the perfumed breeze;  
To a sweet, enchanting measure  
From the fairy land of ease.

Long ago, lips ope'd to greet me,  
With the gentleness of love;  
Loving eyes kept watch, to meet me,  
With the fondness of the dove.

Long ago. Alas! that ever  
I should sing the solemn strain;  
That the chords of love should sever,—  
That the hopes of years were vain!

Joy and pleasure left me lonely,  
Gentle love next left my side,  
And the dream of beauty only  
Brighter grew, and then—it died!

And I live in solemn sadness,  
Brooding at the shrine of wo;  
At the wreck of former gladness,  
At the tomb of LONG AGO.

#### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Dirge

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRIET C. REYNES.

When setting sunlight o'er the waters beaming,  
With dying splendor streaming far and wide,  
The days of one portraying to my dreamings,  
Gone down to slumber in death's waveless tide,

Grim Death, in his black chariot speeding by,  
Curbed his pale coursers, mortals to survey;

Thee, glorious seraph, from afar did spy,  
And hurried his flying shafts upon his guiltless prey.

His first, great choice, the gifted and the good—  
His care how to inflict the direst pangs

Of grief on mortals, in despiteful mood,

With bleeding hearts to stain his horrid fangs!

Now Summer's breath shall paint thy hills in green,  
And from the sunset flood blithe breezes pour,

Where thou in rapture oft didst view the scene,

Yet never there shall eye behold thee more!

From the lone bowers by inspiration borne,  
Over the loved scene thy spirit oft would burn;

Thy much loved haunts shall thy departure mourn,

That thou canst never, never more return!

Let sunshine never gild those fields again,  
But dark clouds wrap thy native hills in gloom,

Since now thy lyre breathes no enchanting strain,

But hushed and moulderin' on thy distant tomb!

Thus we behold thee, death, through sorrow's tears,

Her guardian angel dear, in dark disguise;

Last deed of love, that dark to us appears,

From this dear earth to bear her to the skies.

Heaven's windows open'd, and long beams of light  
Darted upon her through this dark abyss;

"Come up unto our chambers of delight,"

The angel voices cried, "and dwell in endless bliss."

Epping, N. H.

M. J. HARVEY.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him whate'er betide,  
Thou'll find Him in the evil days  
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;

Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,  
These never-ceasing means and sighs?

What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies?

Our cross and trials do but press

The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,

And wait in cheerful hope; content

To take whate'er His gracious will,

His all discerning love hath sent.

Doubt not our honest wants are known

To Him who chose us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,

He sends them as he sees it meet;

When thou hast borne the fiery test,

And art made free from all deceit,

He comes to thee all unaware,

And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,

Think God hath cast thee off unheard,

And that the man, whose prosperous life

Thou enviest, is of Him prefer'd.

Time passes and much change doth bring,

And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face;

"Tis easy to our God most High

To make the rich man poor and base,

To give the poor man wealth and joy.

True wonders still by Him are wrought,

Who setteh up and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,

But do thine own part faithfully,

Trust His rich promises of grace,

So shall they be fulfill'd in thee;

God never yet forsook at need

The soul that trusted Him indeed.

#### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Friendship.

The harvest being over, the golden corn in  
the crib; the juicy fruits gathered; the leaves fallen  
from the trees; the farmer's work done,  
and his time for rest fully come; then, when  
Winter is fast approaching, the birds fly to  
a more sunny climate. I say birds, but except  
the little snow bird still remains. The  
sweetly singing robin and the tiny blue-bird  
soar away, but the little snow bird lingers ever.  
The cold blasts may blow, but the more  
piercing the chilling wind, the nearer comes  
the wet thing to your door, and while seeking  
shelter, it cheers you by its presence.

Thus it is with friendship and love. Fortune  
smiling lavishly upon you; as you have an abundance of riches, and can be  
driven through the streets in a splendid carriage, then, when  
Winter is fast approaching, the birds fly to a more sunny climate.  
Seldon, indeed, and passing rare, to find  
Two souls, where the same touch, unlocks the same  
Warm founts, without a ripple or discordant jar.  
Yet thus it was with us. My soul was formed  
To thine with such nice skill, that it seemed but  
The same reflected—mirror'd nicely out!  
But thou wert taken hence, and I was left  
Alone, to meet the storms and ills of life—  
For such as woes, unaided by thy mild  
Advice, approving look, or meek remonstrance.

\* \* \* \* \*  
She's gone! And I am changed. The world has been  
Too reckless of this heart. It cared not how  
It suffered—how this bosom bled in secret,  
'Till I became a blighted, wayward thing,  
Braving whate'er might come, with stoic

## THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REPLY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times has whispered to me, in her syren tones, but now, alas! I feel the tide of life fast ebbing from my heart. I know that soon the green and flowery curtain of the grave will close as softly round my fading form as the calm shadows of the evening hour close o'er the fading stream.

Oh! there are times

When my heart's tears gush wildly at the thought that in the fresh, young morning tide of life, I must resign my breath. To me the earth is very beautiful. I love its flowers, its birds, its dews, its rainbows, its glad streams, its vales, its mountains, its green, woody woods, its moonlight clouds, its sunsets, and its soft and dewy twilights; and I needs must mourn to think that I shall pass away, And see them nevermore.

But thou, the loved and fondly cherished idol of my life, Thou dear twin-spirit of my deathless soul, 'twill be the keenest anguish of my heart to part from the. True we have never loved with that wild passion that fills heart and brain with flame and madness, yet my love for thee is my life's life. A deeper holier love has never sighed and wept beneath the stars, or glowed within the breasts of saints in heaven. It does not seem a passion of my heart; it is a portion of my soul. I feel that I am but a softened shade to thee, and that my spirit, parted from thine own, might fade and perish from the universe like a star-shadow when the star itself is hidden by the storm-cloud. Ay, I fear that heaven itself, though filled with love and God will be to me all desolate, if thou, dear spirit, art not there. I've often prayed that I might die before thee, for I felt I could not dwell without thee on the earth. And now my heart is breaking at the thought of dying while thou livest, for I feel, my life's dear idol, that I cannot dwell without thee in the sky. Yet well I know that love like ours, so holy, pure and high, so far above the passions of the earth, can perish not with mortal life. In heaven 'twill brighten to a lovely star, and glow in the far ages of eternity,

More beautiful and radiant than when first 'twas kindled into glory. Oh! I love, I dearly love thee—these will be my last, my dying words upon the earth, and they will be my first when we shall meet in heaven; and when ten thousand myriads of years shall fade into the past eternity, my soul will breathe the same dear words to thine, I love thee, oh! I love thee!

Weak and low my pulse of life is fluttering at my heart, and soon 'twill cease forever. These faint words are the last echoes of the spirit's chords, stirred by the breath of memory. Bear me, love, I pray thee, to yon open window now, that I may look once more on nature's face and listen to her gentle music tone, her holy voice of love. How beautiful how very beautiful, are earth and sea, and the overarching sky to one whose eyes are soon to close upon the scenes of time. Yon blue lake sleeps beneath the flower-crowned hill with its sweet picture on her breast; the white and rosy clouds are floating through the air like ears of happy spirits; every leaf and flower are colored by the crimson hues of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged by thoughts of paradise; and the far trees seem as if leaning, like departed souls, upon the holy heavens. And look! oh look! Yon lovely star, the glorious evening star, is shining there, far, far above the mists and dews of earth, like the bright star of faith, above our mortal tears! I never before beheld the earth so green, the sky so blue, the sunset and the star of eve so bright, and soft and beautiful; I never felt the dewy twilight breeze so calm and fresh upon my cheek and brow; I never heard the melodies of wind, and bird and wave, fall with such sweetness on the ear. I know that heaven is full of glory, but a God of love and mercy will forgive the tears, wrung from the fountain of my frail young heart, by the sad thought of parting with the bright and lovely things of earth.

And, dear one, now I feel that my poor heart must bid farewell to thine. Oh! no, dearest! not farewell, for oft I will be with thee on the earth, although my home be heaven. At eventide, when thou art wandering by the silent stream to muse upon the sweet and mournful past, I will walk with thee, hand in hand, and share thy gentle thoughts and fancies; in thy grief, when all seems dark and desolate around bleak and lonely pathway, I will glide

Like a shadow o'er thy soul, and charm away thy sorrow; in the quiet hush of the deep night, when thy dear head is laid upon thy pillow, and thy spirit craves communion with my spirit, I will come to nerve thy heart with strength, and gently lay my lip upon thy forehead with a touch like the soft kisses of the southern breeze, stealing o'er bowers of roses; when the wild, dark storms of life beat fiercely on thy head, thou wilt behold my semblance on the cloud, a rainbow on thy spirit; I will bend at times above the fount within thy soul, and thou wilt see my image in its depths, gazing into thy dark eyes with a smile as I have gazed in life. And I will come to thee in dreams, my spirit-mate, and we, with clasping hands and intertwining wings, will nightly wander o'er the starry deep, and by the blessed streams of paradise, loving in heaven as we have loved on earth.

POETRY.  
[For the Jeffersonian.]  
All Things do not Change.

Some say this world is naught but a change, and that flowers, and thorns our path beset, though this be true, we'd ne'er forget, that all things do not change.

Some cherished friends are not the same in dark adversities' lone way, their ears are deaf to our sad lays, yet all things do not change.

Our hopes and fears are not the same, as time rolls on they come and go; first smiles of joy, then tears of woe—yet all things do not change.

The stars above shine forth the same, unchanged through life's most varied scenes, and when at morn we wake from dreams, the sun appears the same.

Long years have come and gone again, since a lone star with brilliant ray told wise men where an infant lay; that star still points the same.

While passing through this world of change, oppressed by cares and sorrows sore, look up! and view the heavens o'er, that star still points the same.

What though the scenes of life may change, and sorrows sore be thine to bear, look up and view the lovely star that ever points the same.

Bangor, June, 1859. L. B. H.

## MERIT WILL MAKE ITS WAY.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgement of the fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days, and in every assembly that man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. "What hath he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair in the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there never can be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings, when we seek the truth. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor built a Crystal Palace, nor established a great newspaper, nor drove Xerxes, nor Christianized the world.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## To Willie.

Think not that I'll forget thee, think not that time can tell the aching void without thee—oh, no, my dearest Willie!

I think of by-gone moments, and happy ones were they, which I passed with you, dear Willie, before you went away.

I think of thee when music fills the empty space of time, I think of thee when birds of spring are carolling in rhyme.

Though far apart, we still may be near ocean and the sea—then o'er the waves my words of love will gently float to thee! MARIE.

L. I. H.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## A Prayer.

That thou didst ever call for me to seek thy truths or learn thy ways, and teach me how to speak thy praise—i thank Thee, O, my Father!

That I, through life have been thy care—that blessings thou hast ever shed, from infancy upon my head—i thank Thee, O, my Father!

For every good desire or deed, or thought sincere, by Thee approved, that met thy smile in Heaven above—i thank Thee, O, my Father!

For all that's made my life so sweet—for all the bright and happy hours I've spent amid earth's fairest flowers—i thank Thee, O, my Father!

For home's best joys and loved ones all, that thou to me hast kindly given, to make this earth so much like Heaven—i thank Thee, O, my Father!

That I may ever, ever live a blameless life before Thee, Lord, and seeking, know thy way and word—I humbly pray, my Father!

That thou wilt hear my earnest prayer, and when on earth my work is done, wilt say, "Thou weary—one come home—i humbly trust, my Father!

ELFETTA.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Though I am but an occasional reader of the Cultivator, yet I always anticipate a rich treat when I unfold its pages. Many a gem have I found in its columns, that has given me new strength to toil on in the journey of life; and I often wish, that I too might contribute to the good of others. And now, as the dim twilight gathers around me, I see forms long since shrouded in the grave, and I hear voices that have long been enshrined with my heart's treasures. Yes,

"The heart will have its chamber, and guests will gather there."

Fortune may frown, and rude storms assail us, and the present may seem dark and dreary to our view; but amid the dim silence of the past, we see forms that we once loved, and think of the hearts into whose mysteries we have looked, and perchance touched some chord that vibrated in unison with our's; and the remembrance of their kind words, with the thought that there are others in the wide world like them, girds us anew for life's conflict.

I am thinking now of my birth-place among the Green Mountains; though I remember it not, yet I love it well, for it is the only place in which I have heard a father's voice. Although that voice was hushed during my infancy, yet his form seems ever like a guardian angel to hover around my path, and his voice ever bids me onward in the path of knowledge and of right. But other forms are crowding on my sight; friends that I loved with a sister's love, forms that I clasped in a parting embrace "long ago," on whose lips I pressed farewell kiss, with the cherished hope that we should soon meet again. But they are gone, I know not whither; the waves of life have parted us, and perhaps they are thinking like me—"where is the merry band that were gathered in a time-worn mansion we shall long remember?" Shall I meet them again? Not all of them in this world, for the death-damp has gathered on the brow of at least one of our number! She was a being of life and beauty; poetry and music were but a part of herself; but the fell destroyer came, and took from the parent's heart a darling child, and from a brother's watchful care, an only and cherished sister. And I remember another—a pale, sad one; but she was loved for her meek and unrepining spirit; and although long years of pain were allotted her, she had ever kind word and cheerful smile for those around her. She, too, has departed. And to-night, I have wandered to the vacant school-room, where I had been wont to meet a happy group; but they too are scattered.—

Some are searching for the hidden treasures of knowledge; others have for years been imparting that knowledge to other minds.—Another, with the same glad laugh that was her's in youth, is quietly employed with the busy cares of life. Some are in distant cities, toiling for the gold that perisheth, and others are delving for gold "on the banks of the Sacramento!" while I am sitting in my childhood's home, musing on the forms, now far away!

L. I. H.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

## Why the Unmarried are Unhappy.

It is not, because old maids suppose that to be married, have husbands and be accosted by the term, dearest, is the sum of human happiness—the true and only honor of woman—that they are unhappy. It is not, because they are less virtuous, worthy, amiable, or lovely; nor is it, because they are less qualified to appreciate and reciprocate the affections of a good husband. It is not, because they are less affectionate, esteemed, and respected, or are (by nature) more selfish, whimsical, and discontented than married ladies, that they are unhappy. And I think I may venture to say that, as a general thing, it is not, because they never had a chance to be married, or are afflicted with fears of a superannuated state. But it is, because that, possessing the same traits of character, which exist in married ladies, old maids are usually, (I had almost said necessarily) less beloved than the generality of married females, and a conviction of this truth renders them less happy.

J. S.

Love has a transforming power. The simple consciousness that my husband, my children love me, has borne many a suffering female above the gathering ills of life, and enabled her to tread beneath her feet the thorns which beset her pathway. But take away this consciousness, and substitute even respect and esteem, and a lovely disposition may be transformed into restlessness, yea, even fretfulness and discontent. A heartless woman would be a monster. Such is the strength and tenderness of virtuous woman's affections that nothing in the wide world can compensate her for the absence of a tender and acknowledged reciprocation from the objects of her solicitude; and objects of heart-felt regard and solicitude gentle women must have, whether married or unmarried.

The girl of eighteen, surrounded by family friends, and happy in the endearments of instinctive affection, seldom anticipates a change. But when, for reasons best known to herself, she remains for any considerable time single, and the providence of God removes one family relation to the grave and another to a family of her own, where she forms new and more endearing associations; by and by this unsuspecting girl begins to feel the cold and cheerless want of reciprocated attachment, and as the objects of her affection decrease, the strength of that affection increases, even though but one distant relative be the object, and he, perhaps, (though he esteems and respects his warm-hearted friend,) has his heart engrossed by more tender ties, and this lonely, disheartened creature, finds herself compelled, as it were, to build a dam at the outlet of her heart, to prevent the affections thereof from flowing out upon objects who do not realize their value; and she piles one board of forced indifference upon another till her best earthly affections are left to recoil back upon her single self for want of a proper object on which to repose. She is necessarily unhappy; and by and by, seeks a parrot or a puppy, or a kitten, perhaps, on which to lavish her love, and learns to place too high a value upon little, unimportant things, and becomes, (I had almost said, by compulsion in course of time,) that whimsical, discontented, not to say selfish and singular creature, denominated an old maid.

What has been said is equally applicable to the male as to the female sex; and if it be true, we infer, that the instinctive affections are a blessing, and marriage, rightly understood, is a blessing, and should be considered as such; for if an old maid be an oddity, by what name shall we call a frozen-hearted bachelor, who, with elbow bare, has climbed the barren hill of single life almost to its summit, fretting and sorrowing at every ascent, that he had none to inherit his substance, or garnish his sepulchre. So long as we inhabit these tenements of clay, the best of us must or will have, some earthly object upon which to place, at least, the subordinate affections of our hearts. The immortal Cowper evinced this truth, in his pathetic address to his Hare.

"If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave, and when I place thee in it, sighing say, I knew at least one Hare that had a friend."

And if it be true, as a respectable writer has remarked, that "the human heart is just as large as the objects of its affections."

"Happy the virtuous man who finds a bride, whose soul is to his own allied, the sweetest joy of life."

And infinitely more happy that heart which is daily enlarged by the pure and holy love of God, "which passeth knowledge!"

After all that has been said, it matters little what our fare is in this short life, only as the things of time have a bearing upon our immortal destiny. "The time is short. It remaineth that they that have wives be as though they had none."

Forgive, Mr. Editor, this long soliloquy upon a little subject, from your superannuated correspondent. You have so many interesting young writers, that I seldom dare take up my pen, but I dislike to hear the young, who know as little of themselves, as they do of the sober realities of life, talk of being independent of others for their happiness and support. Let them wait a little and see. The slender vine may need the sturdy oak on which to lean, when the roughening storms of life beat stoutly.

J. S.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

## Another Bachelor.

Mr. Editor:—Having recently enjoyed the privilege of perusing the pages of the "Cultivator," which comes to us weekly, fraught with knowledge of the most interesting kind to the husbandman, views of the most exalted character for the moralist, a rich repast for those fond of augmentative reasoning, soul-stirring poetry, gushing forth in concert with some joyous heart, or the deep, plaintive music of a spirit, bending in sweet submission to Heaven's will; here is one portion of your paper, in which I feel a deep and growing interest—it is the Ladies' Department; and the animated discussions now going forward upon the duties and advantages of entering the marriage state, against the pleasures and freedom of single blessedness, being in the full enjoyment of the latter state, and, a little on the shady side of thirty, I am deliberating, whether it is right or proper for me to deprive one of those fair and lovely ones of the opposite sex, of their liberty, and place them under the chain of this lawful bondage, even should I be so fortunate at this late day, as to obtain their consent. Permit me to congratulate my brother bachelors, however, that there is quite a loop-hole for us. If this question is to be decided on the principles of duty, and the right of freedom is established, for which Miss Pry and others have constitutional ground, I think we can claim to be a most conscientious portion of the community. I truly hope the discussion may continue in the spirit, which is ever the characteristic of my fair friends.

HEART WHOLE.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

## MARRIAGE.

Mr. Editor:—I would beg the indulgence of a short space in the columns of your paper, that I may add a few words to the discussion upon marriage. I would notice first, the communication of the "Highland Girl," who declares, that she "would rather go single and die than be married." But when, for reasons best known to herself, she remains for any considerable time single, and the providence of God removes one family relation to the grave, and another to a family of her own, where she forms new and more endearing associations; by and by this unsuspecting girl begins to feel the cold and cheerless want of reciprocated attachment, and as the objects of her affection decrease, the strength of that affection increases, even though but one distant relative be the object, and he, perhaps, (though he esteems and respects his warm-hearted friend,) has his heart engrossed by more tender ties, and this lonely, disheartened creature, finds herself compelled, as it were, to build a dam at the outlet of her heart, to prevent the affections thereof from flowing out upon objects who do not realize their value; and she piles one board of forced indifference upon another till her best earthly affections are left to recoil back upon her single self for want of a proper object on which to repose. She is necessarily unhappy; and by and by, seeks a parrot or a puppy, or a kitten, perhaps, on which to lavish her love, and learns to place too high a value upon little, unimportant things, and becomes, (I had almost said, by compulsion in course of time,) that whimsical, discontented, not to say selfish and singular creature, denominated an old maid.

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"Happy the virtuous man who finds a bride, whose soul is to his own allied, the sweetest joy of life."

ture, the strongest tie of life, the principle that elevates us to a companionship with all that is pure and holy, both in the visible and invisible world, and in no place is it seen in such perfection, as at the domestic fireside—in the family circle, there, sorrow is soothed, and joy met with joy; deceit gentry not; the heart feels that it has something to live, and is loved. The same note in music, if continually sounded, would become insupportable; differing notes make harmony; so it is with people—the same tastes, feelings, thoughts, brought continually together, would make life so monotonous, as to be burden; not that I advocate dissension, but where strict justice holds the balance, people of very opposite inclinations live harmoniously, and are capable of doing more good to themselves and others, than where there is such uniformity; that there is nothing to bear, or forbear. Unless you be possessed of such a bickering spirit, that the more close connections are formed, the more will there be to be rendered unhappy, I think it best for all to marry; but unless you can love and respect, deeply, truly, constantly—unless you can, in spite of self, give others all the credit they deserve, do not venture on so important a matter; live single, rather than intrude an uncontrolled spirit of differing upon another. JULIET.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

## CELIBACY.

&lt;p

## OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.



[Written for the True Flag.]

## NEVER DESPAIR.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There's gold for the man that will dig it,  
And peace for the soul of the seeker—  
There's Love's wine for him that will drink it,  
Overflowing the golden-lipped beaker—  
There's Fame for the brows of the thinker,  
If he'll work and struggle to win it—  
Every care-cloud that folds o'er the future  
May prison rich blessings within it.  
There's a home for the son of gaunt sorrow,  
A rest for the worn out and weary,  
A hope for the pallid despairing,  
A light o'er each path that is dreary;  
There's no wave so dark but the summit  
Will break into snowy-like whiteness—  
There's no cloud so black in the heavens  
But has some rich, folded up brightness.  
Tis hard to wade through the deep waters  
Unseeing the shore that we covet;  
Tis dismal to look for Hope's rainbow  
When black veils of doubt hang above it;  
But Faith's hand can lift up the mountains  
And give us riches supernal—  
She points to the land of the prophets,  
The land of the blessed Eternal.

## DO RIGHT.

Awake, my soul, thy hours are fleeting,  
Thy life is rapidly completing,  
Time with eternity is meeting,  
Soon comes the night;  
Thy retribution, too, will come,  
According to thy state thy doom—  
Do right, do right.  
Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,  
And tempests burst around thy head,  
Though life its greenest foliage shed,  
In sorrow's blight;  
And though thy holy hopes and fears  
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years—  
Do right, do right.  
The warring element's worst wrath,  
The earthquake and the whirlwind's breath,  
The valley and the shade of death,  
Need not affright;  
For Duty's calm, commanding form,  
With rainbow arms shall clasp the storm—  
Do right, do right.

Faint not in all the weary strife,  
Though every day with toil be rife,  
Work is the element of life,  
Action is light;

For man is made to toil and strive,  
And only those who labor live—

Do right, do right.

Life is not all a fleeting dream,  
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,  
A bubble on the floating stream,  
Soon lost to sight;

For there's a work for every hour—  
In every passing word a power—

Do right, do right.

Oh! life is full of solemn thought,  
And noble deeds if nobly wrought—  
With fearful consequences fraught;  
And there is might—

If gathered in each passing hour,  
That gives the soul unearthly power—  
Do right, do right.

## Poetry.

For the Republican Journal.  
TO MY EARLY FRIENDS.

BY C. C. C.

'Tis sad—yet sweet to listen  
To the soft winds gentle swell,  
And think we hear the music  
Our childhood knew so well;  
To gaze out on the even,  
And the boundless fields of air,  
And feel again our boyhood's wish,  
To roam like angels there.  
There are many dreams of gladness  
That cling around the past—  
And from the tomb of feeling  
Old thoughts come thronging fast—  
The forms we loved so dearly  
In the happy days now gone  
The beautiful and lovely,  
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and lovely maidens  
Who seemed so formed for bliss,  
Too glorious and too heavenly  
For such a world as this!  
Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming  
In a sea of liquid light,  
And whose locks of gold were streaming  
O'er sunny brows and bright.  
Whose smiles were like the sunshine  
In the spring-time of the year—  
Like the changing gleams of April,  
They followed every tear!  
They have passed, like hope away—  
All their loveliness has fled—  
Oh! many a heart is mourning  
That they are with the dead.  
Like the bright buds of Summer  
They have fallen from the stem—  
Yet oh, it is a lovely death  
To fade from earth like them!

And yet—the thought is saddening—  
To muse on such as they,  
And feel that all the beautiful  
Are passing fast away!  
The fair ones whom we love  
Grow to each loving breast,  
Like tendrils of the clinging vine,  
Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of these  
In the soft and gentle Spring,  
When the trees are waving o'er us,  
And the flowers are blossoming?  
For we know that Winter's coming,  
With his cold and stormy sky—  
And the glorious beauty round us  
Is blooming but to die!

## My Home.

'Tis a sacred spot, my early home;  
Where my childhood's days were past;  
I'll cherish its scenes where'er I roam,  
As long as my life shall last.

'Tis a quiet spot, in a lowly vale,  
Encircled by towering hills,  
From whose sides the wave-like murmur came,  
Of the music-making rills.

That old elm-tree, 'neath whose spreading boughs,  
When Spring's bright zephyrs played,  
I waited away the morning hours,  
Or through the garden strayed.

That gurgling stream o'er which I passed,  
As I wended my way to school,  
Or gazed on its crystal face I drank  
From its bubbling waters cool!

That school-room, too, is a favorite spot,  
Though my school-days now are o'er;  
Its scenes will ever be cherished, I wot,  
In memory's hoarded store.

How oft within those walls at even,  
I've heard the fervent prayer,  
From voices since attuned in Heaven,  
To sing 'mid Angel's there.

Those prayers! they linger round me yet,  
With holy, healing spell;  
Impressive words, as oft we met,  
Rest deep in Memory's cell.

Greenwich, Mass. SOPHONIA.

A Mother's Prayer while watching  
over her sick and dying son.

O, God of mercy! how a gracious ear,  
And hear thy suppliant offer up a prayer!  
Withdraw the dart that's sheathed in my breast,  
And grant me hope, and joy, and peace and rest.  
Send some kind ray to cheer my aching heart,  
To bid my sorrows and my tears depart!  
O, calm my mind, and bid me be resigned.  
To thy decrees—for my own good designed.  
Lord! now in mercy hear my fervent prayer,  
Stretch forth thine arm, and shield my son so dear.  
'Twas thou that sent him—I to thee resign  
My darling—all forever to be thine.  
Myself I give thee! take me when thou will,  
To thine abode above, some humble place to fill.

L. J. P.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Poetry.

For the Republican Journal.  
TO MY EARLY FRIENDS.

BY C. C. C.

Early Friends! since last we parted,  
Life with hand and aim sublime,  
Golden sheaves of years hath gathered,  
In the harvest-field of Time.  
We have wandered from each other,  
Toiling in a field so wide;  
But our hearts, e'en as in childhood,  
Still are walking side by side.

Ah! I see, as from my labor,  
Back a lingering look I cast,  
Pictures (drawn by Memory's pencil)  
On the canvass of the past;

And my eyes with tears are filling  
As I gaze upon the scene,  
Tracing there the joys and sorrows  
Of the years which intervene.

There is a train of passing moments,  
Robed in perfect happiness,  
Bear each pleasure's golden chalice,  
Laughter-loving youth to bless.  
Happy scenes 'mid woods and waters,  
Happy hearts, smiled back his glee,—  
Gone—as ships with sails trimmed outward  
Sink into the sombre sea.

They are gone) and on the door-stone  
Where I've laughed in thoughtless play,  
Tears have dropped as from the threshold,  
Mourning steps have moved away.

Sons who used to sit upon it,  
Happy in each other's vows,  
Mourn in loneliness, while sorrow  
Presses with cold lips their brows.

For while Life bound up these moments  
Into golden sheaf'd years,

Death has thrust his fatal sickle  
Dimmed with blood and washed with tears.

And the ears all fully ripened,  
And the tender shooting blade  
Mingle with the falling moments  
In the swath which he has laid.

When the summer smiles upon me,  
As it smiled in days of yore,  
While the sun steps o'er the threshold  
Of the breeze-inviting door,

And I see the silvery ripples,  
Which the lazy zephyr lends,

Curl the lake, above whose waters,  
Still the birch in beauty bends;

When the billowy fields of harvest  
Wave their riches manifold;

When the orchard on the hill-side,  
Shows its fruitage red and gold;

When the winds that sweetly wander  
With September's golden ray,

Whisper, till the maple blushes,  
As her garments drop away;

Oft-returning memories echo  
From the chambers of my soul,

Like the wind-harp's many voices,  
Garbed in music's angel stole.

Breathing, oft, out into silence,  
As life hushes into death—

Voicing oft, a glad'ning chorus  
With a full, triumphant breath.

Ever thus are ye remembered,  
When the earliest roses bloom,—

When the Autumn-leaves arieghted  
Fly before the Winter's gloom.

When, upon the snow-fringed house-top,  
Howls the wind-voice, high, and higher,  
Dreamily I seem to see you,  
As I gaze into the fire.

Early Friends! will you recall me.

Round the hearth-stone of your hearts  
Where th' unfading fires of friendship  
Warmer and cheerfulness imparts?

May we not a moment linger  
On the glimmering hills of toil,  
And though distant with our voices,  
Cheer each other's hearts awhile?

Mount Vernon, Ohio, Nov. 1853.

For the Boston Cultivator.

To L.

How oft the tenderest ties are broken—  
How oft the parting tear must flow;  
The words of friendship scarce are spoken,  
Ere those are gone we love below.  
Like suns they rose, and all was bright,  
Like suns they set, and all was night!  
Oh! may those suns forever shine,  
And virtue's friendship e'er be thine.

## Poetry.

Written for the Gospel Banner.  
Speak Kindly.

Speak kindly, oh! speak tenderly  
To the sick and sorrowing heart;

Let genial love and sympathy

A soothing power impart.

Speak kindly, and when years are flown,

And the crushed spirit's fled,

No cruel thorn, which you have sown,

Shall pierce you from the dead.

Speak kindly to the orphan, when

The young heart's wrapt in gloom,

For, though among the haunts of men,

The spirit's in the tomb.

Speak kindly to the children, you

May never know their grief;

For their care's sorrows, too,

Which never know relief.

Speak kindly to the aged, they

No youthful joy may share,

They long have toiled life's rugged way,

—Fraught with corroding care,

Speak kindly, then, sad gloomy hours

With ruddier light wil glow;

And life's regenerated powers

With healthier vigor flow.

## Poetry.

POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

(Hope on, and never Despair.)  
Though the sky above them with clouds be o'ercast,  
And vanished seems all that is fair,  
Wait patiently firm, till the storm is o'erpast—  
Hope on, and never despair.

If the friends desert thee, who once cared,  
And refuse of thy trials to share,  
Look up unto Heaven, the home of the blest—  
Hope on, and never despair.

Though grief and sorrow, and wave after wave,  
Fill thy bosom with sickening care,  
Oh! seek for a spirit, high and brave—  
Hope on, and never despair.

Thy God is near, he knoweth full well  
How hard are thy troubles to bear,  
And kindly speaks, tho' unheard and still—  
Hope on, and never despair.

EMILY.

## Live for Something

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Live for something, be not idle—  
Look about thee for employ!

Sit not down to useless dreaming—  
Labor is the sweetest joy,

Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay,

Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be, then while you may,

Seater blessings in thy pathway!  
Gentle words and cheering smiles

Better are than gold and silver,  
With their grief dispelling wiles.

As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful earth,

So let sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened earth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;  
Drop the tear of sympathy,

Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
Give, and thy reward shall be

Joy unto thy soul returning  
From this perfect fountain head,

Freely, as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

[For the Sunday Mercury.]

## For the Boston Cultivator.

(A Picture.)  
She sat upon a gray and mossy stone—

That youthful maiden with the saddest eye,  
And fell amid that Autumn scene alone,

As the sere leaves were hurrying swiftly by.  
This was her blest retreat in Summer hours,

Amid the shadows of the forest green;  
Where, with the notes of birds, the breath of flowers,

The fairy bracelet with its glancing sheen,  
She led a life of joyous, sweet romance,

And dreamed of voices ever true, sincere,  
Of kindred hearts that would her joys enhance,

And soothe to bliss the tender, troubled tear.

The poet-strain from her deep soul came up,  
She tuned her harp to dreamy, gladsome lays;

No bliter draught was in her young life's cup,  
Nought in her heart but glowing love and praise!

And then there came amid that forest shade,  
To share the beauties of the brook and flower,

One, whom that guileless heart an angel made,  
And dearest loved each swiftly passing hour.

Original.

### We Part to Meet Again.

WE have walked life's path together;  
We have called sweet flowers of joy;  
Now the death shades around us gather,  
Threatening to our hopes destroy!

Up the hills of youth we've clambered,  
Hand in hand, along the way;  
But two roads now lie before us,  
And we bid *farewell* to-day.

All the joys of precious memory  
Seem to fill our hearts with pain,  
As we take our different pathways;  
But we part to meet again.

\* \* \*

### We Meet to Part No More.

Once again, when trouble ceases,  
Far removed from Time's dark shore,  
We recount the sorrows over,  
As we meet to part no more!

Re-united, now eternal!  
Shall our paths forever be,  
Parallel with God Almighty's  
Full of joy eternally!

Joy of joys shall now employ us,  
As we over Heaven's hills soar,  
Singing, as we join together,  
"Now we meet to part no more!"

CLARENCE CARLETON.

Original.  
MEMORIES.—TO M. I. A.

HERE are memories sadly stealing  
O'er my weary heart to-night,  
Whose low murmurings are revealing  
All the olden days so bright,  
That lingered round me like a vesper  
Of a sabbath evening bell,  
Bearing prayers in saint-like whisper,  
To the land where angels dwell.

And silently the chastened beaming  
Of the hope I cherished well,  
Falls fair upon my heart's faint dreaming,  
Where a shadow darkly fell,  
That in each recess strangely lingers,  
Like a sorrow ever new,  
Still pointing with unwearied fingers  
To our heart's last sad adieu.

And again there comes the radiance  
Of thy smiles that beamed on me,  
And thy low voice in thrilling cadence  
Fills my heart with melody.

And once more the rapturous pressure  
Of thy hand within mine own,  
Thrills my lone soul, whose hallowed treasure  
Is the grave of what hath flown.

The whisper of thy sweet replying  
Lingers with its olden spell,  
Around the hopes that slowly dying,  
Murmur sadly their farewell.

And the passionate vows once spoken,  
In our heart's bright summer day,  
Are cherished still, though they were broken,  
Like a dying minstrel's lay.

And thy remembered tones are bringing  
Back again the blissful hours,  
While my heart worship still is clinging  
To the love that once was ours.

And all that gleaming love's bright glories,  
Fill my soul with joy to-night,  
Like carols from the Bible stories,  
Low sung at sabbath twilight.

For future scenes of life o'er shadowed,  
I may pray, and find their bliss;  
For the radiant dream that faded—  
No! I may not pray for this,  
For in thy heart there is no yearning,  
For the golden dream that fled,  
No lamp of hope, that's brightly burning  
O'er that blessed love now dead.

And so I must not speak the longing  
Of my dreaming heart to-night,  
But only weep o'er mem'ries thronging  
Round those olden days so bright.

INVIO.

..... A Temperance lecturer, descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked as a knock-down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

### The Mother's Faith.

"Hark how the wind is whistling, mother,  
List to the driving rain;  
And, alas, to think that my gentle brother  
Is tossed on the stormy main."

The mother raised her meek blue eye  
From the holy book to the stormy sky,  
And a moment's flush went over her brow  
As she thought of the boiling flood below.  
But she checked her human weakness well,  
And sighed for the heart that would rebel,  
And then she meekly spoke—"My love,  
I will not fear, there's a God above."

"But I have been to the garden, mother,  
And the vine is trailed and torn,  
One rose-tree crushed, and pale the other  
Droops like a thing forlorn;  
And oh! all night how the tall trees creaked,  
As if some fearful woe they shrieked."  
Again the mother's pale cheek burned,  
As she thought of him for whom she yearned;  
And she spoke again in holy trust,  
"The God I worship is good and just."

"But look at the tossing waves, mother,  
How they dash, and foam, and roar,  
And the wild wind's howling almost smother  
Their echoes ashore."

The mother looked to the ocean wild,  
And her heart grew sick for her absent child,  
And the strong prayer rose from that swelling heart,  
"My God, thy help and aid impart."

"Look, look to the path from the beach, mother;  
Some neighbor that must be—  
Oh, should he say mine only brother  
Is wrecked in that stormy sea?"

But the mother's brow grew deeper flushed,

And the very breath at her heart was flushed,

And the light in her meek and trustful eye

Grew bright as a star in the frosty sky;

Then over the cottage door she sprung,

And back the door on its hinges flung,

And round her wet and weary boy

She flung her arms in feverish joy.

The gallant ship is all a wreck,

But she hath fallen upon his neck;

His hard-earned wealth is lost and gone,

But the God of mercy hath spared her son.

Original.

### A Tear is Memory's Gift.

O! do not say I can forget  
My friends forever dear,  
My heart e'en now repels the thought  
And wakes to sudden fear.

A tie of sweet remembrance binds  
My heart to those I love,  
And each familiar face appears  
Within my memory wove.

And grieve and joy alike recall,  
At some lone quiet hour,  
The still enduring names again  
In all their charming power.

As dew-drops to the drooping flower,  
So fit they o'er the mind,  
And leave a trace of pure delight  
That may not be defined.

And then, at times, a sweet regret  
Around the Past may play.  
I think of hearts that beat with mine,  
But now far, far away.

But still a sadder tear will steal  
Along my glowing cheek,  
As sad presumption whispers low,  
"You meet no more to speak."

Then do not say I can forget  
The friends that now are dear;  
When they and I may meet no more  
I'll shed affection's tear.

ALVARIS.

Original.

### THE BETTER LAND.

HAVE ye heard, have ye heard of that better land,  
The region of the blest,  
Where by the breath of angels fanned,  
The weary, at last, shall rest?

Have ye heard of that stream which so gently glides  
By the foot of the great white throne;  
On whose ever blooming and fragrant sides  
The weary at last sit down?

With crowns of gold on each radiant brow,  
Bright palms in each victor hand,  
While a halo of light ineffable  
Encircles the earth-freed band?

Have ye heard of the lyres they there shall attune,  
Of the harps that to them shall be given;

And how all sorrow shall flee away

From the earth-crushed spirit, in Heaven?

Have ye heard all this? Then weep no more

For the pleasures of earth are gone,

Life, life's but a dream; ye shall soon reach that shore,

Soon that heavenly crown shall be won.

Your Father in Heaven has numbered each sigh,

Has treasured each scalding tear,

And the light of His smile through eternity

Shall repay for thy suffering here.

JEANNIE.

A CONTEMPLATED CHANGE—An acquaintance suggests the propriety of changing the popular name, needlework, to *needless work*. Let the ladies speak on the question.

Original.

### PASSING AWAY.

THE scar leaf rudely rustled  
By the north wind's cruel blast,  
Now is slowly, sadly, falling—  
To the cold, damp earth at last;

The beauteous stars just fading,  
As the eastern "rosy light";  
The sun's approach revealing,  
Chase away the starlit night.

The sun, so slowly sinking  
To his down western bed,  
The holy mellow twilight,  
Softly reigning in his stead;

The tiny wavelet, sighing,  
As it leaves the thirsty shore,  
Which drinks the little wavelet,  
To its home returns no more.

The youth is tasting, gaily,  
Life's cup of pleasures sweet,  
When Death steps in and dashes  
The goblet to his feet;

All scenes of earthly beauty,  
All things that dwell below,  
All things, both great and simple,  
All things, both high and low.

All things' aye, all but one thing!  
The word of God above,  
Which to this world it giveth,  
The story of Hailove;

All else is transitory,  
All else, though bright, shall fade;

But that shall last forever,

Nor know Oblivion's shade.

And in that blessed Heaven,

When all things here below

Have passed away forever,

Time's stream hath ceased to flow;

Then in that land of beauty,

She'll rest the souls forever,

Saved by that Book of Love.

CARRIE COMSTOCK.

### Poetry.

#### (The Love of Later Years.)

BY BERNARD BARTON.

They err who deem Love's brightest hour in blooming

youth is known;

Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is

shown.

When passions chastened and subdued to riper years

are given,

And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that

breaks from heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless

mirth,

We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted

worth;

Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in

sunshine bright,

And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling

light.

(Tis when the howling winds arise and life is like

the ocean,

Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by

the storms commotion;

When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thun-

derbolts astound us,

'Tis when we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness

around us.

Oh! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's

twinkling ray,

Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless

day.

E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's

darker years,

The gentle light true love imparts, 'mid sorrows,

cares, and fears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft their freshening

brightness fling,

And show that life has somewhat left to which their

hopes may cling:

It steals upon the sick in heart, the desolate in soul,

To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a

brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power o'er spirits

touched by time,

Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness

sublime?

In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam which dazzles

and sweeps by,

In after life its splendors seem linked with eternity.

### "Think of Me at My Best."

Dickens.—Steerforth to Copperfield.

By the warm friendship of life's early spring,  
The golden age that comes not back again,

Whatever lot the future years may bring,

(I charge thee to remember me as then.)

Youth's open brow will sadly change, I know,  
The lip forgot its old familiar smile,

And feelings that with honest fervor glow,

Assume, ere long, the hateful mark of guile.

A dark, mysterious destiny I feel,  
That bids my nobler promptings all be still;

Binding in stronger fetters than of steel

Each loftier aspiration of the will.

I go forth to the battle-field of life,  
Borne onward, weak and powerless to the fray;

Soon, 'mid the shock and tumult of the strife,

Must ill prevail, and virtue flee away.

(Then on thy memory be my portrait drawn,  
Not with the thoughts or features of the man,

But picture me as on youth's early morn,

When side by side our lives together ran.

As thou hast gazed on some far mountain height,  
Lit by the sinking sun's departing glow,

And the grave where it rests is far away!

Up in its might the broad flame flashes—

And there they lie, in what all our aims,

Seekings and strivings, hopes and schemes,

Must come to—dust and ashes!

—Frances Brown.

The young child Jesus had a garden,  
Full of roses, rare and red;

## TRIFLING WITH A HEART.

BY SYLVANUS COPE, JR.

"Louisa, who was that gentleman that came home with you?"  
"O—it was one of my friends."  
"It was not Henry Southron?"  
"No. It was not."  
"But I thought Henry waited upon you to the party."  
"So he did."  
"And did he not remain until the close?"  
"Yes—I believe so."

A cloud came over Mrs. Burnet's face, and she seemed troubled. She gazed upon her daughter for some moments without speaking further. Louisa was nineteen years of age; a bright-eyed, happy, merry-making girl, possessing a true and loving heart, but a little inclined to be thoughtless in her moments of social joy. She was an only child, and had been a pet in the family; but her love was not confined to the circle that met around her own hearthstone. More than a year before she had promised Henry Southron that she would be his wife as soon as time and circumstances rendered such a step proper. Henry was an orphan, and had just gone into business on his own account. He was a young man of whose friendship any sensible maiden might have been proud; a generous, upright, steady, industrious youth, fixed firmly in his moral course, and of a fair, manly personal appearance.

"My child," said the mother, after reflecting awhile, "what have you been doing? Why did not Henry come home with you?"

"Because he didn't choose to, I suppose," replied Louisa.

"That is not the reason," said Mrs. Burnet, with assurance. "Something that you have done has caused this. Now tell me what it is."

"You are too anxious altogether, mother. There is no damage done, I assure you."

"Still, my child, I should like to know what you have been doing."

"Well—I'll tell you," returned Louisa, giving herself a rock in her chair. "Henry is altogether too attentive. One would think, to see him at a party, that I was already his wife, and about the only female present."

"And you have become tired of so much attention?"

"Of course I have."

"And you have been throwing it off?"

"Yes. I took occasion this evening to show him that I didn't like quite so much overseeing. I talked with everybody else, and suffered Mr. Pingree to wait upon me down to supper. Poor Harry looked as though he had lost his last friend. It will give him a lesson, I guess; and in future I hope he will make a little less love in public."

"My child," said Mrs. Burnet, with much feeling, "you are trying a dangerous experiment. The time will come, if you ever marry with Henry Southron, when you will be proud of his undivided attention."

"It will be time enough for that when we are married," replied Louisa, with a toss of the head. "But don't give yourself any uneasiness. He will come around again all right."

"Did he offer to wait upon you home this evening?"

"No. He was rather shy of me after supper; and when the party broke up I ran off alone. Mr. Pingree overtook me on the way, and accompanied me to the door."

"I think, my child," remarked the man, after another season of reflection, "that I have been not only very foolish, but, to a certain extent, wicked. Stop—listen to me. You know that Henry loves you most truly—that his whole soul is devoted to you—and that his attention is but the result of his affection—a demonstration of which you should be proud; for, let me tell you, an undivided, unwavering love is something not always to be secured. Now you have been trifling with Henry's heart—you have both pained and mortified him; and it so happens that those hearts which love the most strongly and deeply are the ones which suffer the most from slight or neglect, and which shrink the most quickly from coldness and trifling. Believe me, Louisa, you are entering upon dangerous ground. If you care for Harry's love, I advise you to ask his pardon as soon as you have opportunity."

"Ask his pardon!" repeated the thoughtless girl, with an expression of surprise. "Mercy on me! what are you thinking of? You shall see him at my knees before the week is out."

"Ah, my dear one, you don't know so much about the human heart as you think you do. A heart may revolve steadily around its centre of affection for a long time—for so long a time that it seems fixed in its course like a planet around its sun—but a sudden strain may snap the cord in sunder, and the stricken heart fly off in a tangent, and never come back. If you must trifling, trifling with anything rather than with the heart. We are going to Mr. Winthrop's tomorrow, and I hope I may induce Poly to tell you a little story of her experience in life."

Louisa said she should be very glad to hear it; then she tried to laugh; and then, having told her mother once more that she was needlessly anxious, she went to her chamber.

On the following morning Mrs. Burnet met her daughter as usual, making no allusion to the circumstances of the previous evening. In the afternoon they walked out to call at Mrs. Winthrop's, having had an urgent invitation to visit there. They remained to tea, and spent

Polly, of whom Mrs. Burnet had spoken, was Mr. Winthrop's sister. She was a maiden lady, past three-score, and had for many years found a home with her brother. Her head was now silvered, and time had drawn deep marks upon her brow, but still there were traces of beauty left upon her face. During the evening she came and took a seat by the side of Louisa, and after some commonplace remarks, the old lady said, in a quiet way—

"Your mother told me that you would like to hear a little of my life history."

"If you would please to tell it, I certainly should, for anything which you deem worthy of telling must be interesting," replied Louisa.

"Then let us walk in the garden. The moon is up, and the air is warm and pleasant."

They went out, and when they had reached the grapevines they went into the arbor and sat down.

"There is no need that I should make any preliminary remarks," commenced Polly, "for I have come out on purpose to tell you a short story, and I shall tell it to you as plainly and simply as possible, and when I have done, you may know why your mother wished that you should hear it."

"When I was of your age people called me handsome; but still, with all my faults, I do not think I was ever proud or vain. I knew that I was good-looking, and I meant to be good. I tried to do right, as I understood it; and when I failed, it was from a lack of judgment, and a proneness to be thoughtless where I should have been directly the opposite. When I was eighteen years of age, George Ashmun asked me if I would be his wife. He was a noble-hearted, generous, upright man, and I never experienced a season of more blissful joy than when I became thus assured that his heart's best love was mine. I told him yes, and our vows were plighted. We were to wait a year, and then, if we continued to hold the same purpose, we were to be married. I don't know as any one envied me; but I do know that in all the country around there was not a better man than was he who loved me, nor was there one whose prospects in life were more promising.

"From my girlhood up I had been a sort of pet and favorite in our social circle, and considerable attention was shown me from all quarters. George was one of those honest-minded, practical men, who cannot appear different from what they really are, and who follow a true and just cause straightforwardly and frankly. When I had proposed for my hand, and I had promised to be his wife, he devoted his entire attention to me. It almost seemed as though he could not be devoted enough. In public, or in private, it was all the same. When out upon our social picnics and excursions he was constantly by my side, anticipating my every want, and ever ready to guard and assist me. I allowed myself to get tired of this; I allowed myself to feel that I would like a little more of my old liberty; I even went so far as to feel annoyed by his close, undivided attention. It was a thoughtless, reckless emotion on my part, but I was foolish enough to give it a place in my bosom. Some of my female friends joked me on the subject, and I finally determined that I would not be quite so closely tied to my lover. I did not stop to ask myself how I should feel if he were less attentive to me. I did not reflect that I might have been very unhappy had he bestowed his social favors upon others of my sex. In short, I did not reflect at all. I was only seized with a reckless determination to be a little more free and independent.

"We had a picnic in the grove near our village. I was buoyant and happy, and I laughed and chatted with all who came in my way. We had a dance before dinner, and George asked me if I intended to join in the amusement. I told him certainly. Then he took my hand, and said he would bear me company; but I broke from him with a laugh, telling him at the same time that I was engaged to dance with another. He was disappointed—I could see it at a glance—but he took it in good nature. Before the second dance he came again; but again I told him I was engaged. He betrayed no ill-feeling at all, only I could see the disappointment. In a little while I was among a company of laughing, joking, merry-making friends, of both sexes, who had been companions for years, and one of the gentlemen said I must go with him to dinner. I knew that George had made arrangements for me to take dinner with him; but what of that? Should I be tied to his skirts? No. I meant to be free,—and I told the man who had made the proposition that I would go with him. I must have been blind, as I know I was foolish and wicked; but I did not stop to think. When the dinner-hour arrived George came, with a happy, smiling, hopeful face, and offered me his arm.

"For what?" said I. "For dinner, my dear," he replied. Then I told him I was engaged with another; and, before his very face, I took the proffered arm of the man to whom I had given my promise, remarking to my lover, as I tripped away, that he would have to find somebody else.

I saw the look he gave me—a look of pain, of mortification, and of reproach—and as I called it to mind after I had reached the table I felt a little uneasy; but I said to myself—"He will come around all right," and thus I tried to pass it off. Towards the latter part of the afternoon George came to me again. He asked me what I meant by my treatment of him. He was earnest and anxious. I told him he must not question me in that manner.

"But," he urged, "only tell me if you mean anything by it."

"Yes," said I, "I do." "And he asked me what it was. I told him I meant to teach him a lesson."

"A lesson of what?" he asked. "Of good manners," said I. "I want to teach you not to be too attentive to me." And I added, very thoughtlessly—"you annoy me!"

"He did not answer me. I saw his lip quiver, and his manly bosom heave; and, as he turned away, the sunbeams that came through the branches of the trees rested upon the big tears rolling down his cheeks. The impulse of my heart then was to spring forward and detain him; to ask his forgiveness, and make him happy. But a foolish, whimsical pride restrained me. I let him go, and tried to comfort myself with the reflection that it would come out all right.

"When the party was breaking up, he came and asked me if he should see me home. He was very cool, and seemed only to mean that he had bound to make the offer, seeing that he had brought me there. I was not going to accept any such offer as that, and I told him I should not require his attention.

"Polly," he said, "you do not mean this. Do not make me think that I have mistaken you!" He trembled as he spoke, and I could see that he was fearfully agitated.

"But I had gone too far to give up then; and with a light laugh I turned from him. I went home one way—he went home another. All the next day I looked for him, but he did not come. And a second day I watched. And a third—and a fourth. On the fifth day I received a letter from him. It was from a distant town whither he had gone to see his widowed mother. He wrote to me that he feared he had been disappointed. If I could trifle with his heart then I might do it again. He said he was going out West, and might be gone some time. If I still loved him when he returned I might be sure of finding him unmarried, for he had no heart to give another. Still he would like to hear from me—he would like to see me if I wished it. He wrote as one who had been deeply wronged, and there were one or two sentences in the missive that touched me unpleasantly. A week passed away, and I did not answer it; but at the end of that time I made up my mind to call George to me, and confess my fault; for well I knew that I had been very wrong. I wrote, and my letter reached its destination just twelve hours after he had started on his journey.

"I never saw George Ashmun again. In less than a year he died in a mad-house! \* \* \*

\* \* \* He did wrong—he did wrong—

**ENERGY.**—The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make one man without it.

[For the Olive Branch.]

## THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His birthday,—Nay, we need not speak

The name each heart is beating,—

Each glistening eye and flushing cheek

In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide,—

One surge of wild emotion,—

As crowding through the Firth of Clyde

Rolls in the Western Ocean!

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon

Hangs o'er each storied river

The swelling breast of Ayr and Doon

With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll,—

The past becomes the present,—

And face to face, and soul to soul;

We greet the monarch peasant!

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights

With Corydon and Phyllis,

While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's heights

To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,—

The babe beneath the shieling,

Whose song tonight in every sky,

Will shake earth's starry ceiling,—

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends

And floats like incense o'er us,

Whose ringing lay of friendship blends

With Labor's anvil chorus?

We love him, not for sweetest song,—

Though never tone so tender,—

We love him, even in his wrong,—

His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him not for gifts divine,—

His muse was born of woman,—

His manhood breathes in every line,

Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this:

In every form and feature,

Through wealth and want, through wo and bliss,

He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love,—

Not even angel blasted;

No mortal power could soar above

The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man

Beyond the pedant's tether,—

His virtues, frailties, He may soan,

Who weighs them altogether!

I fling my pebble on the cairn

Of him, though dead, undying,

Sweet Nature's nurseling, bonniest bairn,

Beneath her daisies lying.

The wanng suns, the wasting globe

Shall spare the minstrel's story,—

The centuries weave his purple robe

The mountain-mist of glory!

[For the Olive Branch.]

## LINES WRITTEN IN A NEW YEAR'S GIFT

TO —

May this world bring thee no sorrow,

If the like was ever known;

Still if shadows come, tomorrow

Storms and clouds may all be gone.

Ev'ry rose to June-winds sighing,

Lives where some rude bramble rears;

Lilies bloom while they are dying,

Even smiles have sister tears.

Now, our hearts may be delighting,

Singing as the wild birds are,

Hardy dreaming joys are blighting

Round us as the lilies were.

Yes, sweet hopes have loved to dwell in

Once glad hearts, too soon their urn—

Clouds will frown, but brave them ELLEN!

Kindly till blue skies return. [WELBY.

# A PRETTY STORY.

"Well, I think it's likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbade him to marry, and I won't forgive him if they starve together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl scarcely eighteen, beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and consequently been disinherited. Mr. Wheatley was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat, good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm-chair from morning until night smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went on pleading:

"Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married, and—"

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent.

"Well," he went on, "Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at College, but I indulged him; and he was always good to his old father, for all, but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl; yet as my old friend and fellow-soldier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I have got, to know what ever became of him. If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant they are not suffering! This play girl smoky room, how my eyes water! It I did but know who this girl was that my Charles has married; but I have never heard her name. I'll find out and—"

"I think it's likely," said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his eyes,

"That—that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up in his face and panted out:

"I think it's likely," said the old man, "but don't tease me, and open the door a little, this plague room smokes so."

"Well," continued Ellen, "Won't you just see her now—she is so good, and the little boy, he looks so innocent."

"What did you say?" interrupted the father; "a boy! have I a grandchild?—Why Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think it's likely. Well, now give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson."

"Grandpa, what makes you cry so?"

The old man clasped the child to his bosom, kissed him again and again. After this emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatley," said the boy, "I am named after grandpa."

"What do I hear?" said the old man.

"Thomas Bonner your grandfather!"

"Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives with ma, at—"

"Get me my cane," said the old man, "and come Ellen; be quick child."

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodgings of his son.—There he betheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform his necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking employment to support his needy family.

"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man as he embraced his friend, who was petrified with amazement.

"Come," said Mr. Wheatley, "come all of you home with me, we will live together, there is plenty of room in my house for us all."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she exclaimed, "Ellen and her father will love our little Thomas so, and he'll be your pet, won't he father?"

"Ay," said the old man, "I think it's very likely."

Original.

## REPLY TO "I AM ALL ALONE."

WEEP not, mourn not, gentle maiden,  
Thou hast a friend who ne'er will roam;  
Is thy heart with sorrow laden?  
Go thou to Him! He bids you "come!"

Hope's light-winged angels disappear;

Fond loving ones have left thy home;

Life's pathway now seems dark and drear,

Yet, Nellie, thou art not alone.

For there is One who cares for thee,  
Who'll prove a true, unchanging friend,

And bear thee safe o'er life's rough sea,

To you light world, where spirits blend

In praises sweet around His throne,

Where household ties are never riv'n,

Where none shall say "I'm all alone!"

Happy with the loved in Heaven. JENNIE.

HATTIE.

Original.

## One Year Ago.

ONE year ago, how near death seemed to me,  
The wavering lamps of life burned faint and low;  
I calmly waited for the hour, when, spirit-free,  
To a home of rest might gladly go.

It passed—the love of friends now back

My soul to life, my heart again beat high,

And though I tread again life's busy track,

Yet death, as then, to me seems ever nigh.

I do not grieve to realize how fleeting

All the joys of life, the hopes of earth;

It is less hard to part, with hopes of meeting

With those we leave around the hastened hearth;

And, oh! how blest those hours of pain to me,

To prove the friendship and the worth of friends;

To meditate on Heaven, and that eternity

In which the deeds of this vain world must end.

Original.

## Evening Reflections.

SEATED in my cozy little chamber, away from all noise and cares of the day, I would sit down to commune once more with my thoughts, which flow so rapidly and confusedly across my mind.

Many thoughts, pleasant and sad, seem rushing before me now, more than I could now present. Here I am, seated before the little old-fashioned bureau, with a dim, flickering lamp, paper before me, and pen in hand, to write.

To-night I am thinking of absent and dear friends, some of which are many miles away. Would that friend Annie were with me to-night! I imagine, dear reader, I should not be seated here, writing thus. O, no! probably we should be chatting together on some light topic of the day, or mayhap looking forward to the future, planning some future proceedings.

Annie and I have as yet never met, yet we have long been friends, and many a kind missive has been interchanged. Years have rolled on since I first heard of this dear Annie. We were but as children then; she, the inhabitant of the "Old Granite State," while I, poor, humble Hattie, was in our much-loved Massachusetts. It is useless for me to acquaint my readers how Annie and myself became friends; suffice it to say, there was that congeniality of sentiment which inspired in us that trust of friendship. O, the letters I received from her, wishing me to visit her much-loved home! And how urgently did I wish her to behold my simple country residence. Yet fate seemed ordered our visits should not be interchanged. At last, one day, news came to me that the southern clime claimed her for a period. Yes, Annie went to the South, then, to "teach the young idea how to shoot." I wonder if we shall ever meet! Methinks we shall some time; but as my thoughts press upward, there are other dear friends who claim at least a part of my attention to-night. Yes, many dear ones are absent; perchance we may never meet again! Yet there is something within me which is ever bidding me "Hope on, hope ever, all will be well."

Where are the friends of my earlier days? Often does my mind revert to those sunny hours of childhood, when, with my little pail of dinner in hand, I walked beside my playmates, Martha and Lizzie, to our little country school-house. Where are those happy, laughing little ones I used to frolic with, under the shade of that old elm? Ah, where are they! Some, perhaps, have left the homes of their childhood for distant shores, others are married, and they, too, are absent, and many of that youthful band sleep the last peaceful sleep of death. The little white school-house is not there, O no! "times aint now as they used to be," and the inhabitants of our own town even, (who ever thought our town could boast such a fashionable and popular set!) aspire higher than a simple white house, with green blinds, for a place of learning. That dear little white house has been removed, and converted to other purposes, perhaps, while a more modern one stands but a short distance from the grounds where my school-house once stood. And those teachers, are they gone too? Echo answers "yes, all gone." Well do I remember that favorite teacher of mine, Miss S., but she, too, has gone; married, and away from all old associations, and perhaps even her most favored pupils are now blotted from her memory, mid her other and more important duties of life.

All the friends that once were with us seem to have left us, and we are in one sense alone. Alone! Oh no! we have a Father still. Yes, an heavenly parent, who is ever with us, caring ever for our welfare. Let us, then, when all seems dark before us—when our youthful friends pass by one away from us—when troubles arise before our view, and all is absence—let us, then, turn to our Father above, for He loveth us, and is never absent from us; and through perfect faith and trust in Him, we may be enabled, ere long, to see through our tears "that every cloud hath a silver lining." But 'tis late, and the hour for repose. Sadly do I lay by my pen, for I love to think and write of those dear absent ones on

earth; but life's changes teach us that all things must have an end. And lest my reader's patience may be too heavily taxed, I will cast my writing implements aside, and turn only in secret thought to such as I would wish to dwell upon.

HATTIE.

Original.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Pay the Printer.

"PAY THOU THE PRINTER!" is written on the face  
Of Nature and of Art; yet day by day  
Thou'll see the Printer toiling at his case,  
And read his paper, and refuse him pay!

This is not right: he works for thy good pleasure—  
For thee he gathers telegraphic news;

And when thy heart is longing after treasure,

He ascertains where thou canst gain or lose.

Think how he suffers evils without measure,  
By printing advertisements never paid for;

Not longer deem, that to amuse thy leisure,

Is all the Printer and the paper's made for.

No night's so dark, but, twinkling like a star,  
The Printer's light can penetrate its gloom;

And on the barren, desert waste afar

Of ignorance, bid sweeter flow'rets bloom!

And wilt thou strive to dampen such a fire?

No, no! it were injustice to creation!

"The Printer, of his honest compensation!

GEORGE H. COONER.

YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Reverses of Fortune.

Few of your readers will need a definition of the caption at the head of my article.—Their own sad experience has, perhaps, taught them its meaning; if not, I am sure, observation has.

How often do we see a young man of towering ambition, whose hopes of future happiness are of the most sanguine cast, pursuing a course exactly calculated to bring defeat to his ardent anticipations, and then, when clouds and darkness overcast his sky, with a doleful brow he regrets his ill-advised career.

But sometimes, calamities seem to hover over the pathway of the young or the old, that are not perceptibly connected with any wrong or ill design on the part of those who most severely suffer. Children often

sour the old age of parents, and by their evil deeds bring their "grey hairs with sorrow to the grave;" and this, too, when the intention of the parent was, to train the child properly.

We hope, however, that for the credit of human nature, few instances of filial ingratitude resemble the one, a part of which I will endeavor to sketch. Facts are often stranger than fiction, and my readers may rely upon the truth of my narrative.

Captain Ross was a wealthy farmer in one of the outer towns of Massachusetts, and the father of six children, three sons and three daughters. Never was there a more affectionate or indulgent parent. During the tender years of childhood, the wants of his children were promptly, and with a loving heart, fully supplied, and in after years, no want of his children ever appealed in vain to the sympathy of their father. Years passed on—the children grew up, and all save one, the youngest son, married. The eldest son settled at home with the parents, became dissipated, and left. Next came the oldest daughter, with her husband, and "settled at home."—After sucking the life-blood long enough for his own credit, the son-in-law left. In the decline of life, but still in affluence, the old gentleman leaned upon the second son for directing his affairs. Col. Ross, the son now mentioned, was the agent of a large manufacturing company in an adjoining town, and for many years bore the reputation of being an honest man. The confidence of the old gentleman in this son was almost boundless, and after trying to live happily by trusting his other children, he at length merged all his interests in the hands of Col. Ross. Meanwhile, the earthly companion of Capt. Ross, and the solace of his old age, was taken away by death; his wife died suddenly, of a violent fever, and left the husband lamenting her loss, but hoping for the comforts of his son's fireside and protection, to cheer the lonely hours of old age. Capt. Ross still lived for years upon his extensive farm, and raised cattle and marketable produce in abundance, nearly all of which was sent to Col. Ross, and, as the Capt. supposed, credited to him. More than this, Mr. Ross had given his son, the Col., a deed of his farm, upon certain conditions.—The Company for which Col. Ross was agent, were suddenly notified, that Col. Ross was among the missing. Of course, great excitement prevailed, and report said strange things of Col. Ross. Whether he did or did not embezzle the money of the Company to the amount of several thousand dollars, is not for me to say; but he proved himself a villain.—His creditors laid hands upon the farm of his father, and under the hammer of the auctioneer, it went to pay the debts of this rebel son; whilst upon the books of the Company, in whose service the produce of the old gentle-

# shall of Belfast Lying

## The Organ.

man's farm had been "worked up," not a cent could be found credited to him! News of the son's flight and the state of his pecuniary affairs, were soon brought to the old man, and never shall I forget his agonized expressions. "O, God, have mercy upon my grey hairs!—my children have been my ruin! Strangers have never wronged me—but my own children! I cannot trust one of them!" As he paced his room, wringing his hands, whilst the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks, I thought of the bitter regret of that parent whose "children have been ruin" to him, instead of comfort.

Time passed on, and Mr. Ross saw himself "a pauper" in his old age. His mind still strong, his affections still unblighted, this weeping man of eighty years turned his eyes very naturally towards his daughters for comfort; and, shall I say it?—looked in vain! Strange as it may seem, no sympathy seemed to move them, even when the whitened locks of parental tenderness itself pleaded for it! Grandchildren, too, looked with cold indifference upon the destitution of one who had often supplied their wants with liberal hand, in the days and years of their poverty and wretchedness.

At length, aid was sought from the town, and, I am happy to say, that the selectmen, whose duty it was to supply his wants, listened very courteously, and tenderly consulted the happiness of their aged townsman, touching his future abode. A home in pleasant family was provided in his "old neighborhood," where the few remaining sands of life rapidly ran out, and in the hope of a better and more ennobling portion hereafter, he died. His children could pass him unnoticed, but God comforted him with the consolations of His grace—a richer treasure than earth alone can yield. His grandchildren could ungratefully forget the food and clothing that their grandfather so cheerfully bestowed, when a brutal father, whose cash was expended for rum, refused to aid them! Many a time has the old sea-captain "weathered the gale" with a horse-load of eatables, on his way to the poverty-stricken abode of a daughter and her worse than fatherless children; but when asked to take charge of an own father, a most kind, father, too, and be liberally paid for it from the public coffers, an affectionate daughter, could, and did, roughly refuse! Such ingratitude we may forget, but God never will. Let me suffer bodily pain, poverty or persecution, if need be, but never may I bear the agony of a "wounded spirit," in view of my shameful neglect of a tender parent.

Blooming Dale. NEREUS.

### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### In Memory of my beloved Child.

Ah, so it is—the spirit's fled;  
The waves of death are o'er;  
Numbered thus early with the dead,  
She lives, to die no more.

Earth's chilling blasts have nipt the flower  
I cherished with care,  
But now, transplanted to heaven's bower,  
She blooms forever there.

Released from pain, from sorrow free,  
Although she smiles I lack,  
Dear as this loved-one was to me,  
I would not call her back.

When God afflicts he says to thee,  
"Lean not on aught below;  
Earth's fairest flowers belong to me—  
Resign what I bestow."

O. M. Windham, N. H.

### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Be Cheerful.

Be cheerful, friend, whatever may come;  
At work, at play, abroad, at home,  
Be cheerful, ay, wherever thou art,  
Despair is for the coward's heart.

### THE BLUES.

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

DRAWDE says: "Tis only the most lively, funny, and vivacious dispositions which are susceptible to the influence of blue devils, and the more naturally facetious the individual, the more keenly will he feel the horrors of mental depression at times." According to that idea, we must be the oddest, liveliest, queerest, most facetious and comical genius now a pensioner on this nether earth; for, for the last week our spirits have been sunk into the lowest depths of what is so sweetly termed "the blues." We have been converted into a very indigo mill, grinding out nothing but the most lugubrious sighs and groans, and filling the minds of our afflicted and sorrowing friends with pity and dismay. We have hardly dared to shave, lest we might convert our razors into a sacrificial knife, to be used by our vaandal hands in unholly labors. But in looking back upon that season, we smile grimly, we confess, to think of the peurle cause. Yet we are brought to contemplate the nature and origin of the complaint, and its general effect on man, physically and mentally—its uses and ev ls. Prussian blue is supposed to be a compound of iron and cyanogen, which latter is a gas having an odor resembling peach leaves. Now our blues must have been Prussian blues, for they were caused by peach brandy, which has also the odor of peach leaves; and as there is supposed to be a greater or less degree of iron in the human system, we may imagine the "gas" having the odor of crushed peach leaves or cyanogen uniting with it, and forming blue, and as men generally partake of the complexion of his "inner nature," he must of necessity become blue. Thus were we so, and thus by a chemical process we arrive at its solution and explanation.

All blues, however, do not revert to peach brandy as their origin, and therefore we are led to inquire, scientifically, whence they arise, and how they may be destroyed. Blues, though a pleasant color to the physical or outward eye, is death, or at least torture to the mental or inner eye, and therefore when it attains a place within the system, it must be forced outwardly, and inwardly dispensed with. In blues caused by peach brandy, allopathic treatment is essential and even in other kinds we may imagine homeopathy as at once distasteful and rather aggravating than otherwise.

Blues emanate from various causes, and are thus to be avoided by various remedies, differently applied. They may be caused by the demise of a dear friend, when the mind will naturally, and almost unavoidably, revert to his or her peculiar excellencies, to their necessary possession as incentives and retentives to and of our happiness. While dwelling on our loss, rebellious and refractory feelings will arise, our sorrow feed itself on our own wretched meditation, depressive thoughts will arise, and the mind reveal in its own sadness, causing discontent and "the blues." This may be avoided by remembering that our loss is far exceeded by the posthumous bliss attained by the rejection and abandonment of the "mortal coil" in which they had here been confined, and by looking forward in hope toward the delightful reunion beyond the grave.

This may be caused by business or pecuniary complexities; but such a state of feelings and being can only render the involution the more intricate and perplexing. Work them out, and thus in labor lose your sorrow, and render yourself more open to subsequent happiness and joy. Here are only two causes; but they are sufficient. Let all troubles and trials be looked in the face, and where the imbination of New Year's day is the fault, look an *emetic* in the face—or, rather, let it enter your face, and the blues are and must be dispelled.

Give us joy, give us happiness, or give us an entire oblivion in the grave! Man must be happy, or life loses its charm. "Strive for happiness, and you shall get it. Chain it about your neck, keep it ever near your heart, and you shall ever be dressed!" Thus says Drawde, and in re-echoing its sentiments, we close. *Vale!*

FASTING.—Fasting has been frequently recommended and practised as a means of removing insipient diseases, and of resetting the body to its customary healthful sensations. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin, for a period, did the same.—Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased—but why adduce authority in favor of the practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt whenever they are sick? Happily for them, they have no meddling prompters in the shape of well-meaning friends, to force a stomach already unfeasted and loathing its customary food, to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like. It would be a singular fashion, and yet fully as rational as the one just mentioned, if on eyes weakened by long exercise in a common light, we were to direct a stream of blue, or violet, or red, or even green light, through a prism, in place of keeping them carefully shaded and at rest.

MAJOR GENERAL FOR THE THIRD MILITARY DIVISION OF MAINE.—Hon. S. S. HEAGAN of the Senate, has been elected Major General of the third military division of Maine. As an evidence of his high standing and the appreciation of Gen. Heagan, we notice he received every vote but one in the Senate. The selection was fit to be made in every respect. General H. is a sound and consistent democrat, and the late election in Prospect showed that he acts in harmony with the great bulk of the democracy of his town.

### BOARDING-HOUSE CHARMs.

"Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home."

If Paine could sing these inspired lines as he "roamed 'mid pleasures and palaces" with what a deep weight must they fall into the hearts of we wretched bachelors, who are obliged to suffer the many inconveniences and nuisances of a modern boarding-house.

When we wake up in the morning with a bug in our ear, and discover another playing gentleman with our hat, two or three taking a morning bath in the water prepared for our toilet, and half a dozen trying to drag our pants and boots up the chimney flue, how heartily do we exclaim, as our mind wanders off to the little room where no such intrusive vermin dared enter, "There's no place like home."

When we sit down to the table, spread with numerous promoters of *indigestion*; lamb tough as a slice from the old Methuselah of the flock; beef about as tender as that of the stump-tailed steer which they hunt in the edge-patches of Virginia; "chicken" which was killed and sent to market because too old to lay eggs, the mind will fit back to the neat, plain fare of the family table, and we sigh, "There's no place like home."

Let the biscuits be ever so light and look "whiter than the driven snow," we can't help thinking of that great strapping leviathan, with greasy apron and gresier face and hands, whom we saw in the kitchen fisting the dough upon a table, at one end of which was a biped pounding beef, and at the other end the toilet-stand of the "help," and we have to say, as Burns says of the proud man's wine, it "so offends our palate that it chokes us in the gullet;" and, drawing a breath as long as the moral law, we affirm, "There's no place like home."

When we look around among the boarders for society, and discover Mr. Saphead, puffed up with what he thinks a profundity of erudition; Mr. Scaley, who is in great trouble because he is not able to make everybody in the house as *scaly* as himself; Mr. Meddlesome, who is always ready to give you some advice; Mr. Longyarn, who proceeds to give you a history of the character and standing of each person in the house, from purely disinterested motives, before you have been there a day; Miss Blabb and Miss Glibb, who exercise their ingenuity by inventing materials to keep their well-oiled tongues in running order; Mrs. Tattle, with her sharp tongue whitening up reputations; our hearts will turn to the circle of loved ones far away, and we think, "not loud, but deep," "There's no place like home."

"Good enough for you," exclaims a merry voice at my elbow; "wouldn't you like to have me tell you a remedy for these vexations?"

"Well, what would you prescribe?"

"Matrimony. Commit matrimony and make a home of your own!"

"Humph! What do you know about war, you little meddler?"

EGGS PRESERVED IN CORN MEAL.—Eggs, which are now so abundant, can, it is said, be better preserved in *corn meal* than in any other preparation yet known. Lay them with the small end down, and if undisturbed, they will be as good at the end of a year as when packed.

### SINGULAR CASE OF ELOPMENT.

We gather from a statement published in the Albany Evening Standard of the 28th ult., that two children, respectively aged fourteen and fifteen years, eloped from that city on the 26th of February—and all for love! The facts are as follows: The parties were attendants at a select school in a fashionable part of the city, under a female teacher. Their attachment to each other was noticed by the rest of the scholars, and particularly remarked by the school mistress, who had time and again spoken to the girl in relation to her folly, being too young for such conduct, &c. And also had more than once threatened to turn the boy out of school unless he put a stop to his proceedings. Yet all these remonstrances were of no avail. The young pair had evidently formed an attachment for each other that was not so easily broken. Everything had been neglected for each other's society. The girl's parents became acquainted with the facts, and informed her if she did not quit her room parents they would be compelled to send her away. She informed her young lover of the same. Arrangements were effected and both started off on the Central Railroad cars on Saturday. They went to Utica, where the boy had an uncle living, and stopped there, the boy representing the girl as his mother's sister's daughter. They were entertained. But before daylight Sunday morning the household were disturbed from their slumbers by the ringing of the door bell. The boy had stolen \$65 from his father and cleared out. On discovering his loss the father started in pursuit, and found him at Utica, as above described. But imagine his surprise when he found the daughter of his next door neighbor in company with his boy. He labored under the impression that the boy had been playing a game on his own account, but it turned out to be a real elopement between the two. However, both were taken back to Albany that morning and lodged in their respective homes. It is evident that each of these youths has been greatly given to romance reading, as this transaction fully illustrates. On searching the boy for the money, the father found a paper containing an arithmetical problem, showing conclusively that in case they were detected they premeditated suicide. The girl has since been locked up in a room, and the boy has received a good cowhiding.

### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### THE FAMILY BURYING GROUND.

How solemn and sacred the place! A few years ago, we followed the affectionate daughter and beloved sister, who had for many years cheered the numerous family at the old farm-house. But she is gone! Her grave, beside the hill, beneath a spreading pine, as if to guard her mouldering ashes, often reminds us of by-gone days—how pleasant and smiling her locks, how sweet her voice in song, and when her words of advice did not pass unheeded. In our childhood we were often together, and I was by her bed-side when she cast that long and deathly look towards us as the spirit took its final departure. But ah! she is not the only one that lies sleeping there, for in one year after, a beloved brother fell a victim to the destroyer! How short the time since he had followed his sister to her long home, ere this young man, in the vigor of youth, the bright hope of his parents, the confiding brother, the skillful musician—also departed. How often has he cheered us when life's cares hung heavy upon our hearts; but quickly did he depart; and as the hour drew near, he exclaimed, "It will soon be over. I bid you all farewell, for they are waiting in me in yonder bright world." Thus did he continue to console his weeping parents and friends, 'till the moment when he ceased to breathe.

In a few years more, and that spot will receive most of that large family. As they have long lived together at the old farm-house, so they will all sleep together beneath that evergreen, which may be seen from the door of that house where they spent so many pleasant hours together. Others will occupy their dwelling, and till their fields, and may be able to point you to the old family burying-ground; but of their lives, they will know little or nothing; a new generation will have come, and the old be forgotten—and such is frail man. While we behold this picture, our heart would sicken within us, but for that bright hope beyond the grave, where that loved family will, we trust, meet again unbroken.

Middleton. S.

HOME.—The pain that is felt when we are transplanted from our native tree, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after griefs, which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced; which bruise the spirit and sometimes break the heart; but we never feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desolation, as when we first leave the haven of home, and push off upon the stream of life.

#### FEMALE LIVELINESS.

Few things are more liable to be abused in society—especially by young ladies—than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration while it continues young and pretty, but if it leads to no esteem—produces no affection, if it be carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks—whose laugh is loudest—whose "met" is most piquant—who gathers a troupe of laughter around her—of whom *sly* and *quiet* people are afraid—this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties of which the general opposition is dullness—but this is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home. *Table Talker.*

#### BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Poverty came to me, and she said, "I must dwell with thee." And while I held the door of my room half open she was hideous and ragged and her voice was hoarse. But when I said to her, "Thou art my sister," her face looked divinely thoughtful, and there was that in her voice which went to my heart; and she was ragged no longer nor yet gray, but like the angels whom God so clothes. And through looking into her eyes, my sight was cleared. And so I first saw the majesty of duty, and that beauty in virtue which is the reflection of the countenance of God. For, before this, my eye, could see only what coarse worth there is in medals, and stars and crowns, and in such character as gets itself talked of and apparelled in purple and fine linen—*Euthanasia.*

#### A GOOD THOUGHT.

The whole secret in choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words, explore the character. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance—for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify a romantic love, though thousands inspire that gentle esteem which is infinitely better. A woman worshipper and a woman hater both derive their mistakes from an ignorance of the female world; for if the characters of women were generally understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

### denas Board H. R. W. Con.

For the Waverley Magazine.

#### GRACE.

BY "JENNIE."

THEY called her Grace. I scarce know how I could call her otherwise. The very creature was so suggestive of the word, with her slight sylph-figure, floating fairy-like about, and swaying and swelling at the touch of each breath from the turbulent moral world, as it swept over the delicate structure; and her sweet spiritual face, with its wealth of raven tresses, forming such a magnificent contrast with the lily whiteness of her complexion, and toying so caressingly with the soft rose tint upon her cheek: and her large hazel eyes that opened upon you, when addressed, with such bewitching wondrousness, as if the owner had just come up at your summons, from her dwelling-place amid the flowery regions of dream-land.

I do not wonder that they doated upon her so—those aged grandparents—for she was all that was left them of a numerous flock, the dying quest of their last and youngest born. They seemed to look upon her as an angel embodied in human form, which had been given them to shed sunshine upon their declining years. And, indeed, if anught of the angel is ever permitted to mingle in the composition of poor erring humanity, I think it must have been so.

I never knew a nature of such exquisite sweetness, so quick to feel, so free from the taint of selfishness, so gentle, so kind, so yielding, yet so divided, where duty, principle or self-respect demanded it, and yet so mild and gentle in her firmness, pursuing even while she resisted.

Generally when I see these soft, sweet creatures, I look for a still, turbid pool of stubbornness and darkness, as repellent and immovable as it is deep and hidden; but Grace had none of this. No undercut of sullenness ever sent up its bubbles to ruffle the placid serenity of her nature.

Her was perfectly transparent, yet with a vein of rich poetical feeling running through it, that placed her as far above the orbit of the common herd, as the angels' nature may be supposed to be above the highest order of human intellect.

She was never light, gay or trifling as others are, yet her appearance always brought light and goodness; there seemed to be a kind of holy spell in her presence, a halo seemed to hang around her that exhorting promise, that when he came again she would no longer withhold from him the right to call her his own. A few bright, joyous days passed, and a letter came from him full of love and affectionate concern, and bright pictures of the future. And then a long interval had followed, an interval of torture to the sensitive, loving Grace; and at length rumors came that he was shortly to wed a gay, beautiful votary of fashion.

I have often wondered what our darling Grace would do if the chill winds of adversity should ever sweep over her pathway, she was so sensitive, so fragile, and had been reared in such a genial atmosphere. I wondered if there was strength enough in that exquisitely wrought nature to sustain the storm-spirit, if the cold calumny or malice should assail it, or dark duplicity throw its withering blight around it, for I knew that an atmosphere of love was necessary to its very existence. And hitherto no shadow or blight had ever crossed her pathway. She had never known a mother's love, but the deating grandmother had more than supplied a mother's place; and we all loved her, and claimed her for our own, our darling Grace.

As the autumn leaflets wither,  
As the flowers close their eyes;  
As a strain of sweetest music  
On the breath of zephyr's dies.

But before the death-summons came, a desire seized her to see Herbert Clinton once more before she died; and so we sent for him, scarce knowing whether he would heed the summons. But sooner almost than we had deemed it possible, he stood within the cottage with pallid brow, asking where we had sent for him.

The poor grandmother could not endure to look upon her child's destroyer; but I led him in where Grace was dying, and told him to behold his work.

The proud man sank upon his knees before her, and groaned in agony of spirit. And then was revealed to us a tale that well might make angels weep. He told them how false rumors had reached him of Grace, and malicious, mischievous tongued had whispered of her insincerity and devotion to another in his absence; and at length his letters were returned unopened, and his proud heart would not seek an explanation; so he had steeled his heart against her, and sought, amid the tumult of business, and the society of the gay, to banish her love from his heart.

Some one has said there is something peculiarly touching in the tears of manhood. There was something extremely so in the great grief of Herbert Clinton, as he knelt there, his proud form heaving with convulsive sobs. When the tempest had passed he tenderly drew the faded, shrunken form to his bosom, and besought her not to die, to live—live for his sake, that he might make atonement for the cruel wrong he had done her.

its full height, with one arm thrown lightly around her, and holding in the other a bunch of grapes, just above the reach of Grace who was struggling to seize it with one hand, while with the other she clung to him with such confiding fondness, reminding me of the fragile ivy twining around the sturdy oak.

Could it be that the proud and stately oak should ever cast the frail and tender vine, that he had taught to live upon his strength, from his embrace, and crush it beneath his haughty tread, and leave it thus to wither, fade and die?

He toyed with her thus until she seemed exhausted, when relinquishing the cluster to her hand, she sank into his arms and pillow'd her head upon his bosom, with her radiant face upturned to his, while he bent over her, and thrusting the shining tresses from her marble brow, imprinted a kiss upon it that sent the bright carnation tinged in crimson billows over the sculptured face.

Then I heard him say, half panted, for a breath of air at that moment wafted the words to my ear,

"Now you have excited yourself and will take cold in this damp evening air. How careless in me to allow you to come out thus uncovered."

And throwing an arm around her, as if she were a petted infant, he bore her towards the cottage, and in a moment their forms were lost behind a clump of shrubbery.

The next day I left home on a visit, and it was three long months ere I returned. My first greeting was a message from the cottage to come to them.

"Our darling Grace is dying," said the message. I hurried thither and found it but too truly verified. I would have scarcely recognized the thin and wasted figure, bolstered up by pillows in an easy chair, with the pale, thin face, from which every vestige of color had departed, and the dark eyes looking larger and more spiritual from out the decay around them, with the radiant Grace of my evening's tableau.

A blight had indeed fallen upon the cottage.—The stricken grandmother walked about with tottering steps, and her head bowed almost to her breast, as though the wear of twenty years had been added to the already weighty number that had bleached the locks upon her wrinkled brow, since last I saw her.

"Who has done this?" I asked, vehemently, for I knew, intuitively, that rude, unfeeling fingers had been playing discordant notes upon that finely strung instrument. And then I learned that Herbert Clinton had left Glenwood a short time after the evening that I had seen them together, having first extorted a promise, that when he came again she would no longer withhold from him the right to call her his own. A few bright, joyous days passed, and a letter came from him full of love and affectionate concern, and bright pictures of the future.

It was fearful to witness the first agony when this harrowing intelligence came to her. But at length it passed away, and she calmly strove to sustain the storm-spirit, if the cold calumny or malice should assail it, or dark duplicity throw its withering blight around it, for I knew that an atmosphere of love was necessary to its very existence. And hitherto no shadow or blight had ever crossed her pathway. She had never known a mother's love, but the deating grandmother had more than supplied a mother's place; and we all loved her, and claimed her for our own, our darling Grace.

But the trial-hour came at last. She was just seventeen—a vision of graceful lowness. And report said that Herbert Clinton, a distant relative from the city, had won our Grace for his bride. I knew nothing of him, save that he was tall and finely formed, with a dignified bearing, a handsome, manly face, and a courteous, pleasing address, seeming fit object for our gentle, loving one to cling to. And, oh, how radiantly beautiful the passion made her; giving vivacity to the large beaming eyes, a deeper glow to the rich tint upon her cheek, and a lightness to

AMY HARTLY;  
OR,  
A ROMANCE OF LIFE.

In the heart of London is a dark, obscure street, which leads from the narrow avenues and filthy purlieus of Drury Lane. High, old, ruinous tenements give it a peculiar aspect, whilst numberless cages of singing birds, and boxes of pigeons, darken the broken windows, whose ledges are filled, too, with pots of homely, old-fashioned flowers, which drop on from season to season, in that close, city air; like the human plants within, withering yet existing.

It was on a fine summer's evening that a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in an old suit of black, worn at the elbows, and glazed with grease and dirt, was proceeding up the street in question. He held by the hand a little girl, about ten years old, whose bright hazel eyes, auburn curls, and fresh, blooming complexion contrasted pleasantly with the hard, thin faces of children of the same age who, engaged in play, nearly filled the narrow street. The man entered a long, dark passage, and ascended a flight of stairs, closely followed by the child, whom he told to hold fast a small bundle he carried. They entered a large room, which stood half open, at the top of the landing. A woman raised her head on their entrance; she was gaunt and careworn, and though still young was bent nearly double from her employment, which was weaving horse-hair chains, on a small iron pin stuck in a cushion before her.

The man sat down, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Well, John," said the woman, "is it true that they are both dead?"

"Aye—they were gone three days before I went. The fever has carried away half Evertham. William died first, and Annie an hour after."

"An' ye had to take the young un?" said the woman.

"Why, yes. I thought she'd be more use than to go to the workhouse. Not but folks offered to take Amy, for though they were only new-comers in the village it was said that every one liked them."

At the mention of her name the child raised her large, dark eyes, which looked heavy and swollen with weeping, and drew close to the man.

The woman, who was about to speak, stopped, and stared at her a moment.

"Did they leave anything after them?" she said.

"Well, William was not at work when he got the fever, but the minister gave me this pound for the child."

The woman clutched it eagerly, and secured it in her bosom.

"Supper is over," said she; "but there's some cheese left, an' I'll get ye a' mug of beer an' some bread now."

The bread was brought, and Amy Hartly sat down with her uncle. She liked him better than the woman, for though she had never seen him before, and he had said little to her on the road, he was her father's brother, and was like him. So the child clung to him with the mysterious instinct of kindred.

When he was done he got up, and said he thought it was time for him to be off. Amy learned after that he was a scene-shifter in the theater, and worked at making artificial flies for angling during the day.

The child, who seemed too tired and sorrowful to eat, gazed around her. All was noise, bustle, and confusion. A variety of trades seemed carrying on in the room. She had been used to flowers and gardens, and a poor but quiet home, and all seemed very strange to her. In one corner a boy was teaching white mice to dance; beside him a poor cripple was making colored paper toys. Two men were seated on a small table making sailors' clothes. By-and-by a boy with a hand organ and a little blind girl with a parcel of baskets and wicker birdcages came in. This last was Amy's cousin Ruth; the small-pox had carried off her uncle's two other children the previous winter; this one was spared, but with the loss of sight.

"I hope, child, ye havn't brought the fever in yer clothes," said her aunt, as she pointed out her sleeping-place—a pallet stretched on the floor of a little cell-like passage, at one side of the room.

Amy said that all her clothes had been burned, and a kind lady had given her what she had on, and what was in the bundle.

"I thought they were over fine for poor folks' children," muttered the woman.

Amy's bed-fellow was Ruth. She was two years older than herself, but the child thought she was not as good as some blind people. She had known old Ralph, the carrier, who used often to give her a ride upon his donkey, Dobbins, and little Tina, that sang in the choir, and used to string necklaces of daisies for her. Ruth was sullen, and kicked her when she came near her in the bed. But little Amy was gentleness itself, and now the shadow of a great sorrow was too heavy on her heart to heed even unkindness. She knelt meekly down

and said her evening prayer, as she was wont, then crept to the edge of the pallet, and worn out with fatigue, fell asleep.

The child was awakened at dawn by a confused noise and din of voices. Ruth was gone. She looked out and saw that the inmates of the apartment were already at work. She dressed herself quickly; but there was no water or any other appliance of the toilet to be seen, and Amy had been reared by parents who, though poor, were respectable in their habits and feelings.

She asked Ruth where she could get some water, and she was told at the pump in the yard. After a scanty breakfast she asked her aunt what she would do, and was answered gruffly to go and learn to make baskets or cages from Ruth, who was not going out that day. But the blind girl would give her little or no instruction, and laughed maliciously at each awkward attempt she made to shape the stiff osiers, which in her own supple fingers grew swiftly into graceful forms.

"I fear I can never make one," said the poor child, with a deep sigh, after the twentieth attempt. "Oh! I wish I had died, too, with dear father and mother," and she burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Hartly looked up from some chain that had become tangled, and called out, in an ill-tempered tone:

"Come, have done with that ere sniveling. I'll have none of it. What ails the girl? Can't she make a basket?"

"She's crying 'cause she ain't dead, like her father and mother."

The woman, though hardened by poverty and grief, was not hard-hearted, or she would not have let her husband go a long journey, when they heard the rumor of his brother's and sister-in-law's death, to take upon them another helpless burden. She remained silent a moment, then called Amy to her in a softer voice.

The stranger looked earnestly into Amy's face, and said—

"So this is not your own child, you say?"

"No, ma'am. She is my husband's brother's. Her mother was a decent body, quite above the common, John says. She was companion to the minister's lady at Fairfield, but she took a fancy to William, and they got married, which so spited my lady—for she always wanted to keep her with her—that she turned every one against them. They both died of the typhus fever, which was going a couple of months ago."

"Poor child!" said the young lady, passing her hand caressingly over Amy's silken curls. "I will take this little girl to sew for me, and will pay her so much a week, so that she can assist you better, if you would like it."

The woman mused some moments at this proposal. Amy's keep, as she called it, was not much, and she was very useful. Ruth worked better beside her, the people bought readily from her, too. But, though a hard, worldly woman, she was not so bad, but she could feel what a world of good might accrue to the poor orphan by the change. The thought occurred, too, that it might be better for themselves. So she said that she would ask her husband.

John consented; and it was better for them all. Amy's loving heart swelled. She bent over—for they were sitting on the ground—and kissed the blind girl's pale cheek. But she seemed little used to such demonstrations of love, for she pushed her away and laughed. But, nevertheless, she taught her, by some intuitive process, to make both a basket and a cage; and though she had ridiculed all her former attempts—such is the magic power of love and kindness, that she now straightened and bent the basket, and, giving it a few artistic touches, got up, and, guiding herself to her mother's chair, exhibited it as Amy's work.

"It ain't bad," said the woman; "but I hope ye did not lose much time in teaching her."

But instead of making them, Amy now sold the baskets and cages. This was a very successful move. The fresh, innocent face of the child, and the soft, humble expression of her beautiful eyes, interested the passers-by, and secured her customers.

One day she came in after having sold four cages and several baskets—an unwonted occurrence.

"The folks buy sooner from you than me," said Ruth, enviously.

Amy inherited from her own gentle mother what cannot be taught—forbearance, and she said—

"No, dear, it is because your work is so beautiful. One gentleman, when I told him that it was a blind girl did them all, gave me half a crown for you, and I have bought you such a lovely pot of mignonette out of it."

Ruth looked sullen, then laughed—the old, malicious laugh, as she said—

"I don't care for flowers. What good are they to me, when I can't see them."

"But smell this, dear, how lovely it is."

Amy stooped down to where Ruth was sitting, and put the plant close to her face. The girl dropped her twigs, and smelt the delicious fragrance. She next felt the leaves and tiny blossoms, and smelt them again. A softer, sadder expression stole over her face. Even that trifling kindness awoke the sweet, benign spirit of humanity that lingers in the hardest heart; and the blind one, unused to ought but hard words and ceaseless toil, gradually changed into a new being.

The pot of mignonette was carefully tended, and sometimes in the evenings Amy and Ruth, with their arms twined around each other's necks, would bend over to inhale its perfume. And another and another flower was added, and they blossomed well, though in that crowded street, so darkened by the black, overhanging roofs, as scarcely to admit more than a narrow strip of the bright, blue sky above.

One day there was a gentle tap at the door. Amy rose up to open it, for the invitation to enter seemed not to have been heard. A pale, delicate looking young lady, very plainly dressed, timidly entered the room. The tailors were singing; but they stopped when she entered the room, and Mrs. Hartly rose up and brought the lady a chair, but she sulkily resumed her seat, and muttered something about not wanting Methodist folk, when the stranger said that she had called with some tracts.

"People often want bread more than tracts," said Mrs. Hartly. "Besides, I can't read, and John's too tired when he comes home."

The young lady's pale cheek flushed; but at that moment the tailors came forward and asked for some. She opened a little basket and gave them a couple, with a smile of such sweetness, that Amy, who had been gazing wistfully at her, now glided up and said, in a low voice—

"I can read, ma'am."

"Can you, dear?" said the lady. "Then you can read for your mother."

"She's not my daughter. I have only that poor blind thing that's a making the baskets."

The young lady murmured, in a low, sweet voice, some compassionate expression. It won Mrs. Hartly, and she poured out her tale of woe.

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John consented; and it was better for them all. Miss Warrington, the young lady, lived with her brother, a wealthy clerk in the East India Company's service; and by his interest John got a place as light porter, with a salary of pound a week. Ruth had a taste for music, and Miss Warrington got her into the Institute for the Blind, the physician of which declared that the recovery of her sight was quite probable, when her constitution had sufficiently recovered from the effects of early and protracted toil, to permit an operation to be performed. Amy saw her, months after, looking fat and rosy, and better, gentler, and kinder, speaking with gratitude of her instructors, and "dear, blessed Amy," as she called her when she kissed her.

Mr. Warrington and his sister lived in a fine house—not in the fashionable part of London, but in a large back square, so quiet and still, that the people seemed always asleep in it.

Miss Warrington was an invalid. She did not complain or take medicine, but Amy Hartly, who learned to love her with all the warmth and devotion of her affectionate nature, soon became sensible that she was not strong like other people. She moved so gently and languidly through those beautiful rooms, and then Mr. Warrington asked her how she felt when he came in, and his voice was always soft and tender when he spoke to her. The servants, too, moved quieter when near her, and spoke of her as poor Miss Edith.

Sitting in that lovely room with those spacious windows, looking down on cool, green grass and large trees, that even in summer never looked dusty, the child's heart expanded with delight and happiness. Exquisitely susceptible of outward influence, her fine taste appropriated naturally all that was refined and elegant, and thoroughly enjoyed it, so much so that, at times, like a bird, she would forget herself, and burst into a glad snatch of some old song or psalm tune, then stop confused, or, flinging down her work, would fling her arms round Miss Warrington and kiss her again and again.

Amy learned to write, sing, and play, for Miss Warrington was one of those true Christians who would diffuse the priceless gift of knowledge even among the most lowly. A child of quick perception, she made rapid progress, unconsciously imitating even the refined language and elegant manners of her beautiful instructor.

Oh! how happy her days flitted by in the calm regularity of that household. Never tired, yet always busy, she worked in the little patch of garden, tended the geraniums, mended the house linen, and on set days, Mrs. Upton, the old Scotch housekeeper, instructed her in house duties. Mr. Warrington—a grave, earnest business man—came home to dinner precisely at four o'clock, except on Thursdays, when he dined at his club. Every summer they spent at Lakelands, Mr. Warrington's family seat, in Essex. Amy was fond of flowers, and she revelled here in a perfect paradise of a garden.

Five years had glided on. The promise of Amy's childhood had been fulfilled in a face and form of exceeding loveliness. Few ever beheld her without admiration, and strangers rarely passed her without turning again to look upon that faultless countenance. That the fair girl was unconscious of her beauty, we will not say; she loved all that was beautiful herself, and she said she was glad that she was pretty, because dear Miss Warrington would love her better.

But grief came at last. For some time Amy had perceived that some deep sorrow was slowly consuming the existence of this beloved friend. Her early life had made her prematurely thoughtful. She had seen Edith poring over letters and a miniature in tears. Woman's heart is early precocious in such matters, and, surmising the cause of that deep grief, pity, tenderness and sympathy was added to her love. She who in her innocence had always thought so happy, had been grieving for some loved one all these long years.

The young lady had, indeed, long been fading. Interest in Amy had probably kept the feeble spark of life alive so long. Physicians came, and she was ordered to Italy. They went. But even the balmy breezes of that delightful land could not restore her, and she prayed to be taken back to her own home.

It has been declared, after long and careful enquiry into the habits of many persons who attained to extraordinary length of life, that they resembled each other in only one thing, and that was early rising.

MORNING WALKS WITH CHILDREN.

They are more delightful at the time, more favorable opportunities for giving instruction, more agreeable to the recollection and more useful in their results, than all the luxuries, amusements and conveniences which can be purchased by the most abundant stores of wealth. The scenes of nature then present their interest appearance, the powers and faculties of the soul and body are refreshed by rest, the cares and troubles of the previous day have been laid by or forgotten, by the interruption caused by the night, the mind is active, the feelings are tranquilized, the affections warm. How important that the parent or elder friend should be up and out early with the young, and mingle his smiles with the beauties of the morning,—the beauties of God, as it were, shining in the beauties of creation, which are displayed in their highest perfection, by the beams of the rising sun.

How little do you think what you lose, fathers, mothers, friends, older brothers and sisters, who spend your mornings in bed, and deny the little ones around you the rich banquet of pure and useful enjoyments, which the Almighty prepares without and around you, in the fine mornings of every successive season, expressly for the pleasure and benefit of you all!

And all will partake in the benefits, as well as in the enjoyments. These are not confined to the young. By no means. The habit of early rising is invaluable. Only those who have long practised it can well appreciate it, although we sometimes hear great admiration expressed of the beauties of a single morning, by a person who seldom enjoys them.

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FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY.

Sir William Watson first fired gunpowder with electricity, and first applied tin foil to both sides of a Leyden jar. The French and English Academies, about the same time, made very brilliant experiments with electricity. In 1747, Benjamin Franklin raised it to a science, by his well known discoveries. He formed plans to bring electricity from the clouds some time before he put them in practice. His first successful experiment for this purpose was performed thus: Having made a kite, he raised a short wire on its top, and attached a long one for a string; and, on the approach of a thunder storm, his son raised it in the air. To secure his hand from the electricity, he tied a short silken cord to the wire, which he held. He thus succeeded in charging a Leyden jar from the cloud.

Franklin's experiments were repeated in Europe, after they had been published. Professor Reichman, of St. Petersburg, was killed, by drawing down a heavy charge of electricity into an iron bar, and incautiously bringing his head too near it, that is, within about the distance of a foot.

The Electro-magnet, by which the telegraphs are worked, was discovered in 1820, by Oersted. It is a curious, and unaccountable fact, that while steel is rendered permanently a magnet by a charge of electricity, iron ceases to be a magnet as soon as the current of electricity is stopped passing through it. The magnetizing of steel and iron was also discovered by Crapo, Davys and Liebeck, at the same time as by Oersted, but without communication with him or with each other.

FAREWELL TO THE GROVES.

The summer came—it went—it tale is told. A few more days and I shall see my beautiful trees—my friends—no more. My friends, the trees! how I shall miss them; how I shall long to walk again under their still shade; how, amid the city's brick walls, I shall dream of the sweet aisles of these groves. What a mighty thing one's mind must be when in it can be carried temples, and cities, and forests, and floods; to say nothing of the men, women, and children, living and dead, that are always there. These groves shall go with me to the noisy town; and sometimes I will shut my eyes, and stop my ears, and go in, and stand, as now, under my glorious trees, and listen to the voice of nature, and smell the sweet breath of the pine, and the fresh odor of the earth, and rest. Every season has its own experiences, and to the one just past have been given some which it must ever be a joy to remember. Oh! ye trees, who opened your green arms over me as ye loved me, ye have been witnesses of what is ever to remain cause for unspoken, yet most deep and abiding gratitude. Ye tall, dark pines, I have made ye my confidants, and my companions; and it is with real sorrow that I bid you farewell. With trees for one's protectors, and with the little creatures that peep and play in their shade to protect, one need not be very lonely, even if one have little human companionship; but, alas for the lonely heart that must beat between the walls, and bleed against the stones, of the hard city.

C. B.

"Look up," thundered the captain of a vessel, as his boy grew giddy while gazing from the topmast, "look up!" The boy looked up, and returned in safety. Young man, look up, and you will succeed. Never look down and despair. Look up.

LITTLE GRAVES.

There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely bosom,  
Whose joy and light is fled;  
For thick in every graveyard  
The little hillocks lie—  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky.

A. H.

## MY SISTER KATE. An Old Man's Yarn.

Fifty years ago, there was a romping, racketty, madcap of a thing, that used to get into more mischief, receive more scoldings and pettings, and make more noise in the old house than all the rest of the folks in it put together. This was our Kate. Ah, Kate! she was always a sad lass; and yet her heart was like the kingdom of heaven, which shuts its gate against every bad feeling. The worst that could be said against her was that she was a romp; and yet, bless her noisy tongue! we should have got up in a gloomy spirit, if the young plague had ever omitted to rouse the house with her pestering rattle. She used to say that she couldn't understand how people could or ought to lie abed after the larks had turned out. Nothing but laudanum could keep her there; and I have threatened to dose her many a time.

I think I can now hear her first morning salute: "Now then, lazy folks! now then, lazy folks!" And then the young hussy would almost drive me wild with her incorrigible rattan; and she kept at it, too, till I made a rush to the door, with a spongeful of water. I cheated her once, though, for three mornings running. I tied a piece of string to my soap-pot, and, on the first rat-tat-tat gave it a rattle and said. "Yes, yes; I'm up, I'm up." But she found me out, and never gave me the shadow of a chance ever after. "The artful, good-for-nothing fellow!" said she to the old folks; "but I'll be up to him for the future." And so she was, the young pest. However, I really don't think that I'm any the worse now for all this coercive early rising.

And she was handsome, too. But where was ever the racket of a household that wasn't the handsomest girl about—at all events, in the eyes of those whom she tormented! I'm not going to talk about ringlets, and lips, and necks, and cheeks, and eyes, and eyelashes; she looked honest and happy, and if that won't make women handsome after a very short acquaintance, why then you can't manufacture one out of an animated Venus.

An awful coquet she was though. I believe she did more towards getting the boys to school than any amount of canes and "keeping in," could possibly have accomplished. There were three fine looking lads who I knew used to come nearly an hour earlier every morning, and at least a mile out of their way, to see Kate to school, and carry her little slate and bag. When first they began this, didn't they look at one another like young bulldogs? and, although one of them had been "jolly well cuffed," it was ineffectual; he fears for his own black eyes couldn't keep him away from Kate's. So they formed a "loving" alliance. The smile of Kate was a coveted, yet a dreadful thing. The happy receiver knew "what he'd get" when they caught him "by himself." Ah, Kate, Kate, but you used to play the deuce with these poor boys? If they had but heard what she said about them over the supper-table, almost making us choke ourselves with the young minx's cold bloodedness—why, murder and suicide might have followed.

She managed somehow—from my own experience, I can't conceive how—to escape any severe attack of the common contagion in her school days; but she was caught at last, our Kate was her turn came to blush and look foolish, and to distinguish one particular foot-step and knock from all others. I fancied there was something in the wind when, one morning, instead of the old clatter, which she still kept up from habit, I simply heard a single rap at my door, with, "Come, get up," and then she passed on. I felt so wroth, at not being fairly forced out of bed as usual, that I took an extra turn over, and didn't turn back for an hour and a half.

"Well? Why, yes; I never felt better in my life," was the answer, at breakfast, to our father, who fancied she was sick, or something. And then she sweetened my coffee twice over.

"Why, what on earth ails you, girl?" I heard the old lady say a couple of days after. "How clumsy you've got lately! I declare, I shall get quite angry with you."

Kate pouted, and went to have a secret conference with Mary, the housemaid. I noticed that she'd had a wonderful deal to say to Mary lately. A luminous thought flashed across my brain.—"Kate's in love, or I'm a Dutchman."

What a regular joke! Kate in for it. What a jolly idea! Wouldn't I pay her off with full interest for the way she used to banter when I was a "spooney" on the little girl at the cakeshop? But it was a serious idea, too. Kate was now seventeen. Never was a brother prouder of a sister. She was the pride and benefactress of the village, and the joy of the old home. I never contemplated such a thing as Kate ever leaving us till that moment. A new page in her career suddenly opened before me—that of the future welfare of that dear girl, whom I had carried in my arms when I was a boy, and whose praises I now daily listened to with pride.

But was Kate really in love? I wasn't going to put my foot in it; for Kate was an awful hand at talking, and she would have worried the soul out of me if I'd got on the wrong scent. So I kept my weather eye open. But it was of no use; and I came to the conclusion that I might possibly be mistaken after all. I one day tried to pump Mary; but she didn't know anything about it. Of course not. But this had a wonderful effect. The next time I saw Kate after that, she looked remarkably sheepish; and, when I asked her to come out for a short walk, she had one of mother's caps to attend to, which must be finished. It's my firm opinion that that particular cap was never commenced. I believe that was the only story Kate ever told in her life.

"O, young lady," said I, as she left the room and bolted down stairs for another confidential confab with Mary, "very cunning you think yourself, don't you?"

I roared with laughter; I couldn't keep it in. They saw the game was up, and owned to it like martyrs, but felt highly disgusted with my powers of perfection and unpardonable duplicity. However, that was soon forgiven, and I left them alone, and went to hint to mother that she'd better broach the subject to father—which she did with a vengeance, dilating much (poor blind old soul!) on his dullness and her own clear sightedness.

Father was as much pleased as I was at such a match. So the time was named when we were to lose our old pet. Tony was almost continually at our house; and Kate and mother never missed a day going to have a long chat with Mrs. Hastings. It was a busy, bustling time for the old ladies. The fat venerable pony saw more of the town that week than he had ever seen in any three months before, quite sufficient to elicit his disapprobation of matrimonial enterprises. When I say that it took five distinct trips to decide upon the pattern of a carpet, I consider that I have said quite enough to justify the old fellow's opinion.

So Kate married—and a happy alliance it proved. But she and her husband are both gone now—gone to another world!—and I never think of them without tears—aye, that I should have survived them.

I was in an awful state of curiosity all the day. I felt, I couldn't explain very clearly why, that Kate was over head and ears, and this confounded Mary was in the secret, and that she'd told Kate about my attempt to pump her. I experienced a strong inclination to throttle Mary.

However, love is no easy thing to keep hidden long, even when there is a strong motive to do so. My old chum, Tony Hastings, began to drop in oftener than usual—always bringing a scolding from his mother for Kate, because she didn't go and see her as frequently as she used to do. Tony seemed to have been suddenly struck with the idea that bunches of flowers and the last new novel were indispensable requisites for young ladies in general, Kate in particular: and one day, as I went suddenly into the parlor, I noticed Kate out of the corner of my eye, hastily push something or other under the sofa cushion. I didn't get a chance to have a peep; but Tony was swaggering, a few days after that with a new gimcrack bead purse; he'd "bought in town." Oh, yes, of course. Cunning dog, how I could have staggered him!

However, I pretended to see nothing. My mind was now perfectly at ease. But I registered a vow to be down upon them one of these odd days. I had never, as I said, till then, contemplated the idea of losing Kate; but, if I ever had thought about her marrying, I would, if I had any say in the matter, have picked out Tony for her husband from among all the men I had ever known. He was a fine fellow, Tony was; a noble looking fellow, frank, and true as steel. He was comfortable off, too, and that was no bad thing in a future brother-in-law. I do not mean this in a selfish point of view, but as regards the influence it exercises over a woman's happiness; and one feels the more particularly interested when that woman is our pet sister.

Well, to make a short story of it, the old lady's eyes began gradually to open, and she tried to open my father's, too; but he said:—"Pooh, pooh! nothing of the kind, or I should have noticed it." [Depend upon it, that fathers and mothers are not half so sharp as they fancy they are.] But mother was not to be "pooh-poohed" out of a notion when it had once managed to work its way into her good old noddle. Once filled with the idea that something more than myself brought Tony there so very regularly, she saw, as she might have seen a couple of months

before, sufficient to confirm her tardy idea. She spoke to me about it in great confidence, and I replied, "Why, I thought you knew all about that ever so long ago." Wasn't the old lady astonished, and didn't I feel like one in authority?

I bolted off to Kate instanter. "It's all found out," said I.

"What's found out?" said she, looking as innocent as a sheep.

"Why," says I, plump, and looking as saucy as I could, "Tony."

Just at that moment and there was only one thing, and that wasn't vermillion, that could have deepened the color on Kate's cheek; and that thing popped in in the shape of Tony.

Tony saw that something was up. I said nothing; but maliciously sat and looked at the pair of them. Kate looked at the carpet; Tony at the ceiling.

"By the way," said I, breaking the silence, "by the way, Tony, I'm going to town to-morrow; just tell me where you bought that bead purse of yours; I want to get one as near like it as I can. It's a very nice purse, Tony."

Kate raised her head like a flash of lightning; and I am sure there never will be a telegraph invented which will say half as much in twice the time as two pair of eyes did then in half a second.

I roared with laughter; I couldn't keep it in. They saw the game was up, and owned to it like martyrs, but felt highly disgusted with my powers of perfection and unpardonable duplicity. However, that was soon forgiven, and I left them alone, and went to hint to mother that she'd better broach the subject to father—which she did with a vengeance, dilating much (poor blind old soul!) on his dullness and her own clear sightedness.

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## Poetry.

### I LOVE IN VAIN!

BY CHARLES L. JONES.

I love, but oh! I love in vain!  
Her heart has from me coldly turned,  
And left me like a barren plain  
Where no oasis is discerned,  
Where I might quench this ardent pain,  
That in my breast for years hath burned.

I love in vain! but did she know  
How I have loved her with devotion,  
She would have ne'er reproved me so,  
Or bade me quell this wild emotion,  
That but for her did only glow,  
And now I'm sad like troubled ocean.

I love in vain! but love shall be  
The beacon light to guide me on,  
And when I'm tossed upon the sea  
Of life, I'll hail it as the one,  
The only one that unto me  
Can cheer my heart, so sad and lone.

I love in vain! but may she ne'er,  
And since I cannot move her breast,  
May some one else her blessings share,  
And make her heart the happiest,  
I still will hold her ever dear,  
With love the purest and the best.

New York, March 20, 1852.

## Lines to a Mother at her Infant's Grave.

BY D. P.

FORBEAR, fond mother, thus to rave,  
Nor weep thus o'er that lonely grave,  
Where now thy slumbering infant lies,  
Thy only, dearest earthly prize;  
Remember 'tis the will and right  
Of Him who caused its early flight,  
To reap the harvest he has sown  
And gather up again his own;  
'Twas He who gave, 'tis He who takes  
That gift away, and now awakes  
Within thy breast that spell of grief:  
Yet he again can give relief:  
What purer off ring could be made,  
Or at the gates of heaven laid  
Than that sweet babe that now from thee  
Is called into eternity,  
Where spirits bright as this alone  
Attend around his sacred throne,  
In constant chant by day and night  
Amidst the blaze of hallored light;  
'Tis true we all are loth to part  
With those we hold thus dear at heart,  
Yet 'tis a debt we all must pay  
When summoned from this earth away.

## Scandal.

### A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

BY REV. GEO. MONTGOMERY.

'Scandal ruins more characters than guilt or indiscretion.'

'Surely Almira, you are mistaken—it was not Ellen Merkle you saw with Colonel Stapleton?'

'I wish I was mistaken, Emma; but it is impossible; I saw both as plainly as I do you.'

'At eleven o'clock at night in the grave yard, with Col. Stapleton! I will never visit her again—I will never speak to her again if it is so.'

'Indeed, Emma, you know I would not repeat a thing that was not true; Sally Ann saw them, as well as myself. When we first saw them they were sitting down on a tombstone, and I'm sure he had his arm around her waist; they then got up and came down to the fence, right opposite the window, and he got over first and she clambered over after him. It was light as day, you know, last night; and as she stood by the fence, I saw her as plain as could be.'

'Well, I always thought her a strange girl, and noticed her intimacy with Col. Stapleton, but I never thought it would come to this. I wonder if she will be at Henry's on Monday night?'

'No. I told Anne this morning, and, as she was going to Merkle's she said she would not invite her, but go home and ask her mother what to do about it; and I saw her since, and she told me her mother said she must not invite Ellen, because every one was talking of her behavior at Russell's last night.'

'Well, I am right glad of that; for if she was to be there, I would not go a step.'

'The friends separated, each intent upon circulating, with hypocritic regret and real satisfaction, the tale which was to blast the reputation of one of the fairest and best girls of the village of Greenhaven.'

Ellen Merkle was the youngest daughter of a rich farmer. She had been carefully educated, and was not less remarkable for intelligence than the unobtrusive, yet ever active virtues that adorned her character, and the beauty that won her the admiration her meekness shunned. What had she done to deserve the penalty with which detraction was about to visit her reputed improprieties? Nothing. She had received the attentions of Col. Stapleton, the unimportant and meaningless courtesies of the ball-room, upon several occasions, without a frown, and had even danced three sets with him at Russell's party, although the gossips said he was a libertine. In manners the Colonel was a gentleman; his conversation showed him to be a man of reading and reflection. He visited her father frequently, and that was all she knew of him, and more than most of the town (that is, the gossips of the place) knew. They said that Col. Stapleton was a stranger, he dressed in the height of fashion, took long walks at night, was proud, supercilious and overbearing;

his behavior was unaccountable; he was too attentive to the ladies; he had been seen walking with a female after dark on the outskirts of the village, and was, of course, all that was evil; and for Ellen to dance with him, was a deadly sin in the eye of those who envied her the opportunity.

The scandal flew every where—one exclusion led to another, until Ellen Merkle stood alone, a social Pariah, with whom no one dared associate under the penalty of sharing her fate. In the mean time, Col. Stapleton had left the village, and, when the invidious tale reached her family, her simple denial was all that could be opposed to it; and who beyond the walls of home believed that? No one. She lingered on in wretchedness—Hope had no smiles for her, and Affection no solace. Consumption, too, often the disease of despair, came in mercy and bore her to the grave. \* \* \* \* \*

A few years sped on, and, except by the grief strengthened memories of her family, Ellen Merkle was forgotten.

Col. Stapleton re-visited Greenhaven. He had been in Europe, and was ignorant equally of the tale which had wrought the destruction of Ellen's peace and her death. He called at her father's and was received with mournful satisfaction. That Ellen's memory should be released from the imputations on it, and her innocence be acknowledged by those whose busy whispers had withered up her heart, would be a sad pleasure to them, as it would justify their affection for her memory. An explanation was demanded. Col. Stapleton heard the story with astonishment and denied it with warmth. With Ellen Merkle his acquaintance had been slight, and, excepting at her father's house, and two or three parties, he had never exchanged a word with her. It was true that he was in the grave-yard one night with a female; he was passing by, when he heard some person within sobbing and mourning; he looked over the fence, and saw a woman sitting by a grave, weeping; it was late at night, and he crossed the fence and went to her, and, after considerable persuasion, induced her to go home. It was a young girl with whom he was well acquainted; and who left the village with him a few days after, his wife, who had gone into the yard that hour to see, for the last time, her mother's grave. Their marriage had been private, as she had few acquaintances in the village, where she had resided but a short time.

Man was formed for labor; his daily wants prompt him to exertion, and the spirit of acquisition so universally diffused amongst the race of man, is the parent of that laudable enterprise, which has transformed the earth, from an uncultivated wilderness into a fruitful field. Of the different pursuits of men, that of the farmer is by no means the least attractive and honorable. It is attractive, from the intimacy into which it brings them with Nature in all her varied forms, through the several seasons of the year. It is honorable, as it leads to sentiments of independence, freedom and happiness. Yet the farmer cannot duly estimate the privileges which he enjoys, nor properly discharge the responsibilities which devolve upon him, without the acquisition of general knowledge, and the cultivation of his moral powers. There are some, who are narrow-minded enough to suppose that there is no learning but that which is to be obtained in schools; that in order to get an education, one must devote his whole time to books and study for many years, but it is not so; the pursuits of the farmer, with proper management and economy, are as consistent with the prosecution of science, the cultivation of taste, and the acquisition of knowledge, as that knowledge, too, which will enable him to discharge all the duties of life with prudence and fidelity—as that of him whose only pursuit is study. To the farmer, with the ample volume of Nature constantly before him unfolding her mysteries, and spreading out her allurements, the deep fountains of knowledge will stand open; all will combine, to inspire him with a love for the sublime and beautiful. The glory of a morning sunbeam—that emblem of hope and gladness—the flowers that smile around him, and the rejoicings of animated Nature, tend to fill him with sentiments of love and admiration, and to elevate and refine his heart. Attention to agricultural pursuits and its science, has been much neglected. Not the most nor the best has yet been made of the powers of the soil; but the time is not far distant when agriculture will receive its share of men's interest and will command its deserved eminence.

## Improve the Soil and the Mind.

Mr. Editor:—I live on the fertile banks of the beautiful Connecticut, and have a fair opportunity to witness the operations of the farmers. Dearly I love a country life, and would not exchange it for any costly residence in the city. The works of Nature always had a charm for me, the four seasons in their annual round have each their peculiar beauties; Spring has its profusion of bright, gorgeous wild-flowers, and its choristers, the gay happy birds and busy streams, ever murmuring soul-stirring music. It is also the season of hope to the farmer. And then comes sultry, glowing Summer, with its blue skies, refreshing showers and waving fields of grain. Next, Autumn comes with slow and stealthy steps, laden with rewards for the laborers, when he who has been diligent, receives a rich compensation for all his toil. The golden fruits of Autumn! who does not love to ramble in the orchard and gather the ripe, luscious fruit which is there showered in abundance upon us, or ramble in the woods with a few friends in search of wild fruits! The woods now lighted up with Autumn fires present a beautiful appearance.

"The early breath of Autumn  
Has touched the maple bough,

And left amid the emerald,  
The gold and ruby hue."

A ride or walk through the forests, at this season of the year is perfectly enchanting; here God is seen, and a solemn lesson may be learnt of our frailty, of the certainty of death and the decay of all temporal things, which we should do well to lay to heart. But I have wandered from my subject, which was "the improvement of the soil and mind." In contemplating Nature, we see that God designed happiness for man, and has set before him in boundless profusion the necessary elements for a high state of enjoyment; blessings in countless numbers cluster around him, science unfolds its treasures and bids him welcome to partake, literally, "without money and without price."

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For the Boston Cultivator.  
**Away from Home.**

I sit by my window, the breezes play lightly  
Among the long leaves of the tall, waving corn,  
And across the green tree-tops the sunbeams glance  
brightly,  
Released from the mists that enveloped their morn—  
The thrush and the red-breasted robin are singing,  
As through the deep forest they cheerfully roam;  
But the strain that comes back from my split-harp  
ringing,  
But gives for its answer—"I am not at home!"

The light, fleecy clouds in the sky are careering,  
Like steeds of vermillion in chariots of gold,  
Without 't or bide their proud cons steerings,  
Till wearied they rest in a dark mantle rolled.  
Then anon they come forth as black waves of an  
ocean,

Their edges all tipped with the white-crested foam;  
My spirit's dimmed mirror reflects but their motion,  
Their tints are all tarnished—"I am not at home."

O, home on the hill-side, blest home of my childhood!  
How oft have I roved o'er thy fair fields at will;  
Or, pushing my way through the deep tangled wild-  
wood,

Sat down by the side of the clear sparkling rill  
In the shade of the maple, its branches low bending.  
How oft I've gazed up to the blue arching dome;  
Would the picture but stay, in reality blending—  
But it may not, it cannot—"I am not at home!"

Though the sun's rays gleam out, not for me is their  
gleaming;  
The birds singing merrily, sing not for me—  
Though the moon's light beams soft, not for me is its  
beamings,

And the clouds in their splendor, I care not to see,  
For I miss the dear voices the home-circle gladdening,  
I listen in vain for loved footsteps to come,  
Till I wake from my dream, and the stern truth so  
saddening,  
Comes anew to my fond heart—"I am not at home!"

For the Boston Cultivator.  
**COUSIN GRACE.**

BY BESSIE BELL.

Sweet Cousin Grace! As I sit here alone  
this summer evening my thoughts wander  
back "through memory's mazes" to times  
when we were happy, happy as the butterflies  
we chased, or the yellowbirds that sang by the  
warm garden wall. We always loved each  
other—Cousin Grace and I—but I often wonder  
how natures so dissimilar could have sym-  
pathized so perfectly. She, with her gentle,  
winning ways and sweet temper, presented a  
striking contrast to my haughty carriage and  
unbending will. And outwardly too we were  
as much unlike. Grace's eyes were blue, a  
dark, dreamy blue, and it seemed as if her  
soul shone through them, while her hair al-  
ways hung in short, careless curls, and her  
lips and teeth were marvels of beauty. My  
hair never would curl, "no more'n an Indian's,"  
as my old nurse used to say; my eyes are  
black, and my mouth—but I must not speak  
too much about myself. Enough that Cousin  
Grace loved me, and I loved her truly, ten-  
derly and fervently.

The first year in our lives that we spent  
wholly together was when we went to school  
at Appleton. Grace was eleven then, and I  
was two years younger. We studied the same  
books, played with the same dolls, and occu-  
pied the same play-house. I had no one else to  
share my sports, but it was not so with her,  
for every one at school was drawn towards  
Grace Arlington by some strange spiritual  
magnetism, while I repelled them by my un-  
genial ways. Yet I was not jealous of Grace's  
popularity, oh, no! I was proud of it. And  
it was through all our school-days. Many  
a puzzled little face looked up to hers with:—

"Please, dear Gracie, explain this sum to  
me; you do it so much better than any one  
else."

And Grace never refused, but in her sweet,  
low voice did what was asked of her, throug'h  
and well. I would often watch her with tear  
dimmed eyes and say within myself again and  
again:

"Oh, if I were half as good as Cousin  
Grace, half as patient, half as beautiful!"

I remember asking her in one of these fits  
of enthusiasm:

"Grace, what makes you so kind and  
patient?"

"I don't know," she said, innocently. "Am  
I?"

"Yes, you are the best and sweetest girl I  
ever saw. How could you sit for a whole hour  
this morning and teach that naughty little  
boy his Bible lesson while he was laughing at  
you all the while? Tell me."

Grace suddenly grew grave. She took both  
my hands in hers and said slowly:

"Dear Bessie, our Savior has said, 'Inasmuch  
as ye do it unto one of the least of  
these, ye do it unto me; and 'Blessed are the  
merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Poor  
little Jemmy is very ignorant, and no one will  
teach him if I do not try."

Her face beamed with a holy light, and her  
shining hair wreathed it like a halo. I said  
no more, but her words sank down into my  
heart.

It was a mild October day, and a soft, bright  
haze had spread itself over all the country.

Forest trees gleamed out from the hills arrayed  
in all the beauty of their autumn dress, and  
the grass upon the upland pastures showed in  
alternate patches of green and yellow.

It was yet early morning when we stood on  
the summit of Blue Hill, and gazed down at  
the brilliant landscape stretching far, far  
away, and bounded to the eastward by a line  
of deep blue sea.

"I could look at such beauty as this all my  
lifetime and yet find something new to admire  
and interest," said a deep, manly voice at my  
side.

It was Harry Bell who spoke, and Cousin  
Grace was leaning on his arm with parted  
lips, flushed cheeks, and eyes that were bent  
upon him with a look of mingled reverence,  
admiration and—what else? I could not pre-  
tend to analyze it, for Cousin Grace was a  
woman then, and I only a child. Yes, Cousin  
Grace was a woman—I could hardly realize it  
—for we had come out on the hills that day  
to celebrate the commencement of her seven-  
teenth year.

I must tell you about Harry Bell. He was  
the only son of Uncle John's dearest friend,  
(Uncle John was Grace's father) and had al-  
ways been one of his prodigies. Everything  
that Harry Bell did was right and proper and  
graceful and manlike. No one blamed Uncle  
John for his preferences, for nearly all  
the country people cherished the same opin-  
ion. They thought him nearly as perfect as  
Miss Grace, and this was high praise with  
them. And I was no exception to the general  
rule, for I could not help liking Harry Bell.  
I remember many a time at school when I  
was all by myself and feeling very weary and  
heart-sick, that I see his bright face coming  
towards me, and hear his voice say gaily:]

"Come, little fairy, (this was always his  
pet name for me) what are you doing here  
alone? I thought fairies were the merriest  
beings in existence! Come, Grace is wonder-  
ing where you are; besides we want you to  
play 'What is my thought like?' You know  
your thoughts are always best."

And then he would take my hand and lead  
me away with him. I used to tell Grace of it  
afterwards, and say:

"Harry is very good, don't you think so?  
How kind it is of him, when he is so tall and  
strong, to notice a poor little thing like me!"

And Grace would blush and laugh, but never  
say anything in his praise. I thought she did  
not like him, but I resembled the girl in the  
song, for

"My sisters looked at each other and smiled,  
Yet I didn't know what it meant."

But I am forgetting all about the nutting  
on Blue Hill. All Grace's friends and Harry's  
were there, and a gay time we had of it un-  
der the fine old hickories. Chestnut trees too  
reared their great yellow heads here and there  
on the hill-side with

"Some of their burs still shut up tight,  
Some open with chestnuts three,  
And some nuts fell with no burs at all,  
Smooth, shiny, as nuts should be."

But all happy days will end, much to our  
sorrow, and so did this one. It was near sun-  
set when we stood at the head of the little  
path that wound down the hill. And a splen-  
did sunset it was, an autumn sunset. The  
trees and clouds were at rivalry with each  
other, red and gold, red and gold in endless  
variety. The eye turned from one bright ob-  
ject to another until it was fairly bewildered,  
and then wandered off to the blue sky and  
sea and rested there. These only seemed  
changeless, while all things else in nature  
seemed "ripe for the harvest." I was looking  
around on all this beauty and musing soberly  
to myself, when I was aroused by a lady's  
voice close beside me:

"Oh, dear! I have left my nut basket. I  
laid it down when we went to look at that  
view way up yonder, and in coming back  
never thought to get it. Bessie," she said, put-  
ting her hand on my shoulder, "will you go  
and find it, if you please? It is under that  
great chestnut where we ate our dinner."

So she turned away, and I, with one hand  
depending from either string of my sun-bon-  
net, went back towards the nut tree. My only  
thought was, Harry and Grace are neither of  
them there; if they were I should not have to  
go. But it makes no difference. And so I  
took up my musings again. I found the basket,  
and was coming slowly down the path in  
the same sober mood when I heard Harry  
Bell's voice speaking low and earnestly:

"Your father has given me his free consent  
and blessing, dear Grace," he said, "and now  
one little word of yours will make me happy  
or miserable."

I could not think what he meant at first, but  
the tone, the attitude, the look were not to be  
mistaken. It all dawned upon me at once,  
and my dull eyes opened. Harry and Grace  
were lovers! There they sat on a huge pine  
tree that had fallen years before, and was no  
longer standing.

Her face beamed with a holy light, and her  
shining hair wreathed it like a halo. I said  
no more, but her words sank down into my  
heart.

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haze had spread itself over all the country.

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the brilliant landscape stretching far, far  
away, and bounded to the eastward by a line  
of deep blue sea.

"I could look at such beauty as this all my  
lifetime and yet find something new to admire  
and interest," said a deep, manly voice at my  
side.

"Well, Harry, if I live two years and you  
come home again, perhaps—"

She did not finish it, and it did not need  
finishing. Harry had his promise. I waited  
to hear no more, but stole quietly away and  
ran down towards the winding path, for it  
was getting dark already. My musing mood  
had left me. I was very glad. I thought  
that Harry and Grace were happy, for I loved  
them better than any one else, unless the two  
or three at home, and yet I was half sorry, I  
knew not why.

That night Uncle John told us that Harry  
was going abroad. Old Mr. Bell had business  
in England that required immediate attention,  
and as Harry wished to visit the mother  
country he had embraced this as a favorable  
opportunity. I was greatly surprised when I  
heard this, so much so that I made no reply.  
I looked at Grace. She held a book in her  
hand, but I knew she was not reading.

"Why, Grace," said Uncle John, "you don't  
seem half as much surprised as I thought you  
would."

"I am not surprised," she said.

"Have you heard of this before?"

"Yes, papa."

"How?"

"Harry told me."

Her color mounted higher and higher till it  
reached her very temples. Uncle John said  
no more, but looked at her sharply for a moment  
and then with a little bit of a smile went  
away.

It was the third spring after Harry's depur-  
ture and the bright leaves had begun to flutter  
on the tree tops. The fields were looking  
softly green, and ever and anon the wind  
brought us sweet tidings that blossoms had  
come again. Grace and I sat by the window  
one evening of this spring; it was the last of  
April. We had been silent for a long time,  
and with clasped hands were watching the  
bright moon and the hills and fields she looked  
down upon, but we did not think of them, oh,  
no! we were far too sad for that. At length  
Grace spoke. She repeated slowly and softly  
what we had known since morning:

"Harry Bell is coming home again."

I heard the words with a start. Yes, Harry  
was coming home, and my heart sank down,  
down. Well, I have something very painful  
to say, and must say it now. Cousin Grace  
was changed, oh, so sadly! Not in the smile  
that wreathed her mouth so sweetly, her low,  
musical voice, or winning ways. No, in these  
she was the same; but she had grown so weak  
and thin and the bright hectic flush glowed  
and burned on her cheeks. Oh, it was sad,  
very sad to see her in her fresh young woman-  
hood dying like a crushed blossom.

Well, as I said, we were sitting in the April  
moonlight thinking of Harry, Harry who was  
coming home. He had probably sailed a week  
before, for his letter was written on his last  
day in London.

"Dear Grace," said I, when the silence had  
lasted again for a long time, "I am glad we  
shall see Harry again, are not you?"

"Yes and no," she said, with a faint smile  
"I am very glad for myself, but I am sorry  
for him."

I sighed—a sigh that was half a sob—and  
I could hardly repress the tears that came  
welling up into my eyes. The uppermost  
thought in my heart was, Poor Harry, poor  
Grace!

He came. It was a sweet May twilight, and  
the clouds were still golden in the west. Grace  
went on the veranda to meet him, but my  
eyes were so dimmed with tears I could not  
see. Only when they passed the window she  
was saying:

"Oh, Harry, you must not speak so! God's  
ways are not as our ways, and it His will!"

This was all.

It seemed to me that Harry was changed as  
much as Grace, but oh, how differently! He  
had grown taller I think; at least he was  
much more graceful, and his eyes and hair  
were darker. He had lost too something of  
his old sprightliness of manner, and the  
expression about his mouth was very grave. Oh,  
how well I knew the cause! He said she needed  
change of air and scene, and when he took  
her away with him she would soon be better.  
But I could see through all this that great  
Harry was struggling for the mastery.

It was not in accordance with Grace's wish,  
although she made no remonstrance, that the  
wedding-day was appointed for the last of  
June. Harry told us that he knew a cool lit-  
tle town, close by the sea, where she would be  
far more comfortable during the summer heat  
than at home, and who would take her there  
but he himself? Aunt Mary and Uncle John  
were of the same opinion, and so it was set-  
tled.

"I am not very sorry," said Grace to me,  
"for my life is nearly spent now, and I wish  
to employ its remaining days in pleasing  
those I love."

Sweet Cousin Grace! She did not seem to  
know that she had been doing that always!

Time passed slowly on and the wedding-day  
drew near. We were very busy with muslins  
and laces and finery which seemed to mock  
our weary heads and hearts and Grace's lan-  
guid footsteps. She was growing weaker and  
weaker, thinner and thinner, but never com-  
plained, and I think Harry did not notice it.  
At last the day came. It was yet very early,  
for the dew had not yet begun to dry, when I  
twined the wreath for Grace's fair head and  
adjusted her bridal drapery. They were to be  
married then, and that afternoon were going  
to the sea-side town that Harry had spoken of.

And I thought as she leaned upon his arm  
while the old minister pronounced the solemn  
benediction, with those golden curls of hers  
drooping over her white dress, her cheeks  
flushed with excitement, and a holy expres-  
sion of love and reverence upon her sweet  
face, that she was very like an angel. And  
how soon she will be one in truth I said to  
myself. Oh, how well I knew it!

They, Harry, Grace and Aunt Mary, went  
away, and two long, lonely months followed.  
I was tired and heart-sick, and the old house  
seemed very lonely without Cousin Grace's  
musical laugh and bright countenance. Yet  
it was only a little foretaste of the longer and  
lonelier months which followed, when we  
knew that she would gladden us no more on  
earth by her sweet presence. We heard from  
them often, but Grace seldom wrote much,  
and Auntie's letters and Harry's grew less and  
less hopeful. At last in September they came  
home. But oh! I cannot tell what followed;  
how we watched, and prayed, and wept, while  
Cousin Grace's clear, calm voice would repeat  
that sweet passage, "It is the Lord, let Him  
do what seemeth Him good." And we would  
hush our longings for her sake, and try to  
carry a cheerful face while our hearts were  
breaking.

Grace was happy. She said she would like  
to live a few more years for Harry's sake, but  
as "her summons had come" she was ready to  
go to Him who loved her "with an everlasting  
love." And on a bright, still day, three years  
after her betrothal, she fell asleep. Harry  
shed no tears, for his grief was too far down  
in his heart to show itself outwardly.

"Again he went his household ways,  
Again he knelt in prayer;  
And only asked of heaven its aid  
His heavy lot to bear."

Five years have gone and Harry Bell is  
again a husband. He came home a year ago  
from another long wandering in foreign coun-  
tries a heart-sick and disappointed man. He  
told me of this one night, and said too that I  
had always been dear to him because Grace  
loved me. I hardly know what other words  
were spoken, but in the end I promised to be  
his wife. We are happy now; quietly and  
soberly happy. We have not forgotten Cousin  
Grace, but are waiting to join her where  
there shall be no night, and they need no candle,  
neither light of the sun, for the Lord  
God giveth them light; and where all tears  
shall be wiped from all eyes.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
**To Andrew Hartwell.**

There are enough to love you, friend,  
Whate'er may yet your path betide;  
Some kind hands will a blessing bring,  
Some music voices sweetly sing,  
Forever at your side!

Where are the graves where dead men slept  
A hundred years ago?

Who were they that living wept  
A hundred years ago?

By other men,  
That knew not them,  
Their lands are tilled;  
Their graves are filled—

Yet Nature then was just as gay,  
And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
A hundred years ago!

He who gives pleasure, meets with it  
Kindness is the bond of friendship, and  
the book of love; he who sows not, reaps  
not.

**F**

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Evening.

How sweet when evening shadows close,  
To list the pause of earth's repose.  
While from the fields and gardens fair,  
There comes a breeze of balmy air,  
Which seeks my open window now,  
And softly fans my burning brow.

From the deep azure Heaven above,  
The full moon sheds her depth of love;  
Once more I feast my raptured sight,  
On you fair, glorious orb of night;  
Calm sleep has left my wakeful eye,  
Such pure effulgence fills the sky!

How calmly through the Heavens she glides,  
A barque on placid waters rides;  
Fair queen, with crown of silver hue,  
She sails the depths of liquid blue;  
While her pure, peaceful, holy eye,  
Looks down bountiful from the sky.

Shine on, calm, holy empress, shine!  
Oh! would my course might be like thine!  
Still travelling on in virtue's way,  
Up to the realms of endless day;  
Blessing the world with light divine,  
Won from a glorious Saviour's shrine.

Then as thou seekst thy own loved west,  
I'd pass to scenes of Heavenly rest,  
Where angels tune their harps and sing,  
Eternal praises to their King;  
While there, all radiance is onshore  
By light from the Almighty one.

LILLIE THORNTON.

## POETRY.

## "House and Home."

What's a House? You may buy it, or build it, or  
rent;  
It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent;  
Its furniture costly, or humble and mean;  
High walls may surround it, or meadows of green.  
Tall servants in livery stand in the hall,  
Or but one little maiden may wait on you all;  
The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,  
Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare.

The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,  
Or the raiment be homely and tattered and old;  
'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may  
buy;  
It may ring with a laugh, or but echo a sigh.

But a Home must be warmed with the embers of  
love,  
Which none from its hearthstone may ever remove;  
And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,  
Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may be  
guile.

A home must be "Home," for no words can express  
it,—

Unless you have known it, you never can guess it;  
'Tis in vain to describe what it means to a heart  
Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.

It may be a palace, it may be a cot,  
It matters not which, and it matters not what;  
'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,  
From which to its owner 'tis death remove.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

## NAPOLEON AS A POET.

W. H. Ireland, Esq., in his Life of Bonaparte, which is written with much candor, gives the following lines, as composed by Napoleon at St. Helena. We know not on what authority he rests their authenticity.

## AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

De mon fils bien aimé délicieuse image!  
Ce sont bien les sa traits, sa beauté, sa candeur,  
Je ne le verrai plus; sur un plus doux rivage  
Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur?  
O mon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence  
A l'autour de tes jours épargnerait d'ennui!  
Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;  
Plus tard, demes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.  
Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;  
Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieux;  
Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire  
Avait placé ton père au rang des demi-dieux.

(Signé) NAPOLEON.  
(Translation.)

## TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

Oh! cherished image of my infant heir!  
Thy surface doth his lineaments impart;—  
But, ah! thou livest not. On this rock so bare,  
His living form shall never glad my heart.

My second self! how would thy presence cheer  
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!  
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,  
And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful fire.

In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find;  
With thee, upon this rock a heaven should own;

Thy kiss would chase past conquest from my mind,  
Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne."

Prof. Stowe and Mrs. H. B. Stowe sailed for Europe on Wednesday, in the Africa. Mrs. Stowe will spend a year in traveling. Her twin daughters are in Paris, and her son Frederick sailed last Saturday in company with Mr. Scoville of Andover, the two intending to make a pedestrian tour in Europe.



[Written for the American Union.]

## WELCOME HOME.

BY ARTHUR A. CLOYES.

Thrice welcome to the forest paths  
We once together trod!  
'Tis joy to know you press again  
The consecrated sod!  
And as beneath the forest wide,  
At eventide you roam,  
The whispering trees shall seem to speak,  
And bid you "Welcome Home!"  
Your feet now tread the well known paths,  
That oft you trod of yore,  
But many an old familiar voice  
Shall greet you—nevermore!

But should you pause upon the bridge,  
To watch the flashing foam,  
A dream of long past hours shall come,  
And bid you "Welcome Home!"  
And one, whose star of life thou art,  
E'en now is by thy side,  
Oh! pleasant be his future voyage,  
Over life's treacherous tide.

The poet, in his quiet nook  
Has closed the classic tome,  
And wakened the long-silent lyre,  
To bid you "Welcome Home!"  
There's one, a friend of earlier years,  
Whom you shall meet no more,  
He roams upon a foreign strand,—  
Upon a distant shore.

The stars are brighter than of old,  
And bluer heaven's dome,  
And many a human heart shall thrill,  
To bid you "Welcome Home!"

## A TRUE LOVER'S WISH.

BY ALICE CARY.

O that I had a chamber built of sod,  
Smelling of earth, and cool as it could be,  
Fronted by verdurous fields where only trod,  
The harmless cattle that were friends to me.  
Hard by, a well, digged deep, and all my own,  
Where never any prying, insolent light,  
Should dare to let itself from stone to stone,  
Or sunburnt rustics going home at night,  
Would stop their empty pitchers to refill,  
And weary out the tender silences—  
Low-leaving toward the old blind midnight still,  
From the dim leafy windows of the trees.  
A quiet chamber in a quiet wood,  
Trailed over by green boughs, with ivy far  
Out-jutting from the lowly door, that stood  
Securely open toward the evening star.

One dusky corner piled up with a bed  
Of meadow-clovers, mosses, crimson hued,  
Fashioned to greet moist pillows at the head,  
Where I might sink and honeyedly be wooed

By memories that with murmurous winds should  
creep,

Over the casement at the daylight's close,  
And make me dream of kisses in my sleep,  
Sweet as the red mouth of the morning rose.

In such a shady place my trembling heart  
Might keep from fading its attire of faith,  
Till love and I should drowse, no more to part,  
Into the white and heavy sleep of death.

She who makes her husband happy, and re-  
claims him from vice, is a much greater char-  
acter than ladies described in a romance, whose  
whole occupa- n is to murder mankind with  
shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

It often happens that those are the best  
people whose characters have been, injured  
most by slanderers—as we usually find that  
to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have  
been pickin

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Evening.

How sweet when evening shadows close,  
To list the pause of earth's repose,  
While from the fields and gardens fair,  
There comes a breeze of balmy air,  
Which seeks my open window now,  
And softly fans my burning brow.

From the deep azure Heaven above,  
The full moon sheds her depth of love;  
Once more I feast my raptured sight,  
On you fair, glorious orb of night;  
Calm sleep has left my wakeful eye,  
Such pure effulgence fills the sky!

How calmly through the Heavens she glides,  
A barque on placid waters rides;  
Fair queen, with crown of silver hue,  
She sails the depths of liquid blue;  
While her pure, peaceful, holy eye,  
Looks down bountiful from the sky.

Shine on, calm, holy empress, shine!  
Oh! would my course might be like thine!  
Still travelling on in virtue's way,  
Up to the realms of endless day;  
Blessing the world with light divine,  
Won from a glorious Saviour's shrine.

Then as thou seekst thy own loved west,  
I'd pass to scenes of Heavenly rest,  
Where angels tune their harps and sing,  
Eternal praises to their King;  
While there, all radiance is onshore  
By light from the Almighty one.

LILLIE THORNTON.

## POETRY.

## "House and Home."

What's a House? You may buy it, or build it, or  
rent;  
It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent;  
Its furniture costly, or humble and mean;  
High walls may surround it, or meadows of green.  
Tall servants in livery stand in the hall,  
Or but one little maiden may wait on you all;  
The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,  
Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare.

The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,  
Or the raiment be homely and tattered and old;  
'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may  
buy;  
It may ring with a laugh, or but echo a sigh.

But a Home must be warmed with the embers of  
love,  
Which none from its hearthstone may ever remove;  
And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,  
Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may be  
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A home must be "Home," for no words can express  
it,—

Unless you have known it, you never can guess it;  
'Tis in vain to describe what it means to a heart  
Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.

It may be a palace, it may be a cot,  
It matters not which, and it matters not what;  
'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,  
From which to its owner 'tis death remove.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

A Sigh from the Invalid, on the return  
of Spring.

of Spring.

And now the vernal wind's low sigh,

Comes breathing from the southern shore,

In gentle zephyrs wafting by,

All Nature wakes to life once more.

I hear the freed, rejoicing streams,

Glad bursting from their icy chains;

I see the sun's returning beams,

Fresh gilding o'er the sombre plains.

How sweet the songsters of the grove

Tun their blithe lays for all around;

Now youth delights abroad to rove,

And catch each joy-inspiring sound;

For Spring begins anew her reign,

The dreary cold now hastens away,

And now sweet hope revives again,

As daily decked in gorgeous flowers

As that where fancy loves to stray.

But ah! to me they come not so!

Have I not had to strive with pain?

In me, the heart's exulting glow,

Is what they ne'er may wake again.

The balmy hours must bring the tear,

Contrasting so with what I've known,

Of grief and pain, of hate and fear,

More hard to bear, when borne alone.

It must be so! I feel it now,

This earth is not for me to tread;

Beneath a stern decree I how,

To rest me with the early dead.

Then chide me not, nor call me sad,

Since days so bright can bring but p

To thrill each nerve a charm they have

With joy, but now they glow in v

Yes, more congenial to my soul

Were Autumn's sad, low-moaning breath;

Methinks I hear its whispers roll,

That speak so calm, so plain of death.

The rustling of the falling leaves,

The swelling torrent's melody—

All things that show how Nature grieves

Are mine—but Spring is not for me!

Is not for me the budding rose,

Or flow'ring gem by mountain stream;

The gorgeous light, that brightly throws

On rock and hill reflecting gleam.

Ah, no! these things are far too bright

For him who feels his days are few,

They lovely shine, but mock the sight

Of one to pass like morning dew!

Cornwall, March 24th, 1849. LEWELLYN.

ASS.

B.

E.

A woman was burned to death in

York, on Monday night, by the explosion

a fluid lamp. She attempted to fill the

lamp while it was lighted.

Prof. Stowe and Mrs. H. B. Stowe sailed

for Europe on Wednesday, in the Africa.

Mrs. Stowe will spend a year in traveling.

Her twin daughters are in Paris, and her

son Frederick sailed last Saturday in com-

pany with Mr. Scoville of Andover, the two

intending to make a pedestrian tour in Eu-

rope.

JENNIE.

Jericho Centre, Vt.

Original.

THE ADVENTURER.

BY JAMES CRUICKSHAKES JR.

Original.

THE PAST.

BY JAMES CRUICKSHAKES JR.

Original.

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THE PAST.

BY JAMES CRUICKSHAKES JR.

# The Story Teller.

## THE SECOND WIFE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER I.

I was married. The final vows had been spoken, and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agnes Fleming. I was the wife of a widower, of thirty-eight, and the stepmother of three children! Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young and ardent lover, such as my girlish dreams had pictured! only a second wife!

The reflection was not sweet; nevertheless, it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to my new home. The short wedding tour was ended, and we were "homeward bound." A long ride was still before us, for the village in which Captain Fleming resided was twenty miles from the last railway station; but he had caused his own carriage to meet us there, so I began fully to realize that we were nearing home.

The road over which we journeyed was level and smooth and, for a long time, wound close by the bank of a broad river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farmhouse stood, looking cheerful and almost gay in the afternoon sunshine. The whole prospect was rural and very beautiful.

My gloom began to pass away, soothed by the sweet influences of the Summer landscape, and visions of future usefulness began already to float through my brain. I had ample opportunity to indulge in these day dreams, for Capt. Fleming, tired with the long ride, was half asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and concluded to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine. After weaving for myself a very profitable future, I looked, for a little, upon the past.

Oh that past! Mine had been no gay and pampered childhood; but looking back, I saw, on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness, and of sorrow. Four years I had watched a young, beautiful, and gifted brother, as, stricken with consumption, he had wasted gradually away. We two were orphans, the last of our race, and all in all to each other.

But, at last, I saw him laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him. Not that I became sad and misanthropic. No; life and duty were not dead; and, looking forward, I saw that there was yet much for me to do, perhaps suffer; so I planted sweetbrier and violets on Harry's grave, and then went out to act and strive with the rest of the striving world.

About a year after my brother's death, I met Arthur Fleming. I had been so shut out from the world by Harry's sickness that I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I hardly believed I could ever again feel an interest in any one; but Arthur Fleming's kind, genial manner and delicate attentions warmed my heart to a new life. Unconsciously, my whole heart, all the more ardent for its long stillness, was given to this new friend. It was with bitter disappointment that I learned he had already been once married, for I could not bear the thought of a rival, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he asked me to be

me a mother to his motherless children, I accepted his hand, feeling sure that I would win from him in time an affection as deep and steadfast as my own. His house was lonely, his children poorly protected, and he needed a wife. I had been recommended to him as one who would keep his house in order, and be a suitable companion for his children; after a brief acquaintance he had proposed in due form.

"Almost home!" exclaimed Captain Fleming, rousing himself to look out of the carriage window. The words sent a thrill through me and I looked eagerly out, through the twilight shadows, to the house we were approaching. It was large, and stood at a distance from the village street, so it seemed to me in rather a desolate situa-

tion. Great trees swung their branches over the gateway, and, as we rode between them, the wind made a sighing sound among the leaves. But the lighted lower windows shone cheerfully in the darkness, seeming by their brightness to welcome me home.

Jane Fleming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's death, came to the door to meet us. The moment her cold fingers touched mine, I felt that there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had entered the lighted parlor, and I had scrutinized her face, I was sure of it. Without a word she stood beside me, while I took off my bonnet and gloves; she carried them away, then as silently walked into the room again, leading the three children. I feel now the chill of her presence upon me.

The three ran into their father's arms, and embraced him affectionately, and, as he caressed them in return, I perceived that there was a fountain of warmth in his heart which, could I reach it, would be enough to shield me from cold and darkness forever. This show of passionate fondness made me glad, and, going to his side, I tried to win the notice of the children to myself.

"It is your new mother," said he. "She has come to take care of you when I'm gone to sea again. Ellen and May, go to your mother."

May, a pretty, blue-eyed child of ten, came shyly toward me, and kissed my cheek; but Ellen, the eldest, merely gave me her hand. Ellen seemed to have imbibed somewhat of her aunt's icy manner, for she sat aloof and watched me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head from his father's shoulder, and, seeing that May stood by me unharmed, ventured to approach me.

"Come to me, Harry!" said Miss Fleming, with a frown.

Was his name Harry? I caught him to my arms and held him closely, so that he could not escape to his jealous aunt, and I thought in my secret heart, that I would make him like the Harry I had lost. In an instant, the feeling that I was a stranger had vanished, my heart had warmed so toward the little one whose auburn head nestled in my arms. My husband looked pleased and smiled, giving his sister a gratified look; and I observed the shadow of a smile on her lips, but it faded again as she glanced at Ellen. When the clock struck nine, Miss Jane rose and led the children to their chambers. I bade them good night as they went out, but I noticed that Ellen made no answer.

The next morning I made a business of going over the house, and examining its conveniences. The first step upon the broad, gloomy staircase chilled me; but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor again—I was almost discouraged. Such a dreary disordered house I never saw. In every chamber the curtains hung over the windows like shrouds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows, and the furniture; there was gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been a delightful room, seemed like a sepulchre. The furniture, as well as the pictures, were covered with canvass. A locked bookcase stood in a recess, and a locked piano was by the opposite wall. I asked little May, who had kept close by me all the morning, why this was so.

"Aunt Jane doesn't like music," she said; "and she keeps the bookcase locked, because she says we must not read books until we are older." "And why is the furniture all covered?" "The parlor is scarcely ever opened," answered May. "Aunt Jane wants to keep it nice."

"Well, May," I said "go now and ask Aunt Jane for the key of the bookcase. I want to see the books."

She ran quickly, and returned, followed by Miss Jane, who delivered up the key to me with a dubious kind of grace.

"I hope you will lock the bookcase when you have examined the books, ma'am," said she. "I don't allow the children to spend their time in light reading."

"What are they now reading?" I asked.

"They learn their lessons," she replied, shortly.

She disappeared, and I opened the bookcase,

which I found to contain a most excellent selection of books. The best poets, the best historians, the best novelists and biographers, were there, making a library small, but of rich value. It was the first really pleasant thing I had found in my new home, and I sat an hour or two, glancing over one volume after another, and rearranging them on the shelves.

Suddenly Miss Jane looked in, and in a moment her face was pale with indignation, for there sat little May on the carpet, buried in a charming old English annual. Miss Jane took two steps forward, and snatching the book out of the child's hand, threw it on the table, then led her by the shoulder out of the room. I was mute with amazement at this rough government at first; then I sprang up and would have followed her, had not the fear of an outbreak restrained me.

"Selfish creature!" I exclaimed, "you are trying to make these children like yourself; ruining them for all good or happiness in life. In Ellen's sullenness and coldness I see the fruit of your labor. Was Arthur Fleming blind when he left his children to your keeping?"

I saw no more of the children until dinner, when, by questioning, I learned that they had been studying all the morning with Miss Fleming. I informed her that I should sit with them in the afternoon, as I wished to see what progress they were making.

The look with which she received this announcement plainly indicated that I should be an unwelcome listener to her lessons, and for a few minutes my heart so failed me, perplexed by her contemptuous glances, that I half determined to have nothing to do with the children, but leave them to her, since she was so jealous of them. But my better spirit prevailed over me. "They are mine now," I thought, "for I am their father's wife, and all his are mine. Their interests must be mine."

After dinner, Miss Jane and the children repaired immediately to the chamber which was used as a school-room. In a few minutes I followed them, and quietly took a seat at the desk. She was drilling them in arithmetic, sending one after another to the blackboard and talking all the time in a loud, petulant tone.

"Ellen, if you make such awkward figures I'll put you back to the beginning of the book. May, will you stand straight, or be sent to bed? Decide now!"

"I cannot understand this sum, Aunt Jane," sighed May.

"Sit down, then, until you can."

"Do you not explain what they cannot understand?" I asked.

"All that is necessary," she replied. "May could understand her sums if she attended to me."

An hour passed, during which May silently hung her head over her slate, and played with her pencil, Miss Jane offering no explanation. Harry alternately counted, with his fingers, the buttons on his jacket and marks of a knife upon his desk. Ellen, whose strong mind received knowledge almost intuitively, studied her lesson quietly and without difficulty. Presently she gave her book to her aunt, and recited her lesson perfectly.

"Very well, Ellen, said Miss Jane. "You may go into the garden, and amuse yourself."

"Do they not play together?" I inquired, with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitary, mirthless exercise.

"Not unless they learn their lessons equally well," she answered. "Harry! if I live, the boy is going to sleep! Stand in the corner, Harry, until you are awake."

Harry colored, and went to the corner, rubbing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the fatal lack of system, order, and justice, which prevailed in this mock school. I was growing frightened at the work before me, fearful that Jane Fleming had sown more tares than my weak hands could ever root out.

Seeing that Harry was crying, I went to him in his corner.

"Go away!" he sobbed, when I laid my hands on his head. "Go away. You are not my mother!"

"Is this the way that you preserve your mother's portrait?" I asked.

I made no reply to this, but asked him why he

cried.

"Because I am tired," he answered, "and you and Aunt Jane won't let me sit down."

"I and Aunt Jane, Harry?"

"Yes," he sobbed out. "Aunt Jane says you are come here to live always, and will make me mind you."

"It is not true, Harry," I whispered. "I love you, and want you to love me. Won't you love me, darling?"

But he only thrust out his little hand sullenly, and turned his face away from me. Jane now came forward, and I turned from the child with a sigh of disappointment.

"But I will be patient," I said to myself. "They have been taught to fear and dread me; I cannot at once make them love me."

The next morning Captain Fleming left for a six months' voyage in his new barque, the May Fleming. His parting with the children was most tender and affectionate, even tearful—with me it was kind. After he was gone, I stole up to my room, and spent the morning in bitter weeping and sadness. What would become of me, if I should fail in trying to make myself beloved by his children—if their hearts were irrevocably steeled against me? Would not his own grow gradually colder and colder toward me? Fearful prospect!

### CHAPTER II.

I heard a soft tap at my door, and little May entered. She, too, had been crying; when she saw traces of tears on my face, she came gently up to me, and crept into my lap.

"Do you love father, too?" she asked, in her frank, simple manner.

"Yes, darling, I love him," I answered, "and I want to love you all, and be loved by you. Now he is gone, I am very sad and lonely. Will you not love me, May?"

The child kissed me gravely; but did not reply to the question.

"Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner," she said, slipping from my arms.

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When we had finished this lonely meal, and the children and Jane had gone up stairs to the afternoon lessons, I visited one or two rooms which had attracted my observation the day before. One was the attic chamber, where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine. In one corner stood a pile of old pictures, some soiled, some with broken frames, but which, on examination, I found worthy to be rubbed up and newly framed. One especially won my admiration. It was a portrait of a young and beautiful woman. The soft auburn hair and hazel eyes were very lovely, and the features though not expressive of any great energy or depth of character, were faultlessly regular.

I turned from the piano and sat by the fire, after having lighted the lamp. May and Harry were dancing about in the middle of the room, and even Ellen smiled at their playful rudeness. Jane, seeing that they took no heed of her dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left the room. I took quick advantage of her absence.

Going to the bookcase, I selected an interesting volume, and sat down with it near the lamp. "You have heard of Joan of Arc, have you not, Ellen?" I asked.

"I do not remember that I have," she answered. "Who was she?"

"Her story was a very wonderful one. I will read it, if you would like to hear it," I answered.

"Is it true?" cried Harry, leaving his play.

"Yes, Harry. It happened many years ago, in France. Shall I read it?"

Harry and May were already eager to hear it, and Ellen looked interested, though she said nothing. I took Harry in my lap, and began to read the strange, thrilling story. All listened with the deepest attention.

By and by Ellen interrupted me, saying—

"If you are tired, let me read it awhile, mother."

I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly; she had called me "mother!"

At nine, Aunt Jane came and called them to bed.

"No, no, aunty; we'll come as soon as we find out what became of poor Joan!" cried May. "Shall we stay, mother?"

"Let them stay a little longer," I said, to Miss Jane. The door closed, and Ellen proceeded with the story.

"Sing us one little song!" said May, when the story was ended. I complied willingly, and sang "Let us love one another." When I had finished, May sprang up and gave me a good night kiss. Harry followed her example.

"Is this the way that you preserve your mother's portrait?" I asked.

"I want one more," I said, turning to Ellen, and with a grave smile, she kissed me and bade

me good night. That night my pillow was haunted with happy dreams.

Much of the ensuing week was spent in rearranging the rooms, in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of the first Mrs. Fleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantel in the parlor.

I reframed the beautiful landscape, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bed-room, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the fields to hunt for early May flowers, with which to fill the vases and make the rooms bright and fragrant.

May took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing "Let us love one another," on Christmas Day, at which time her father would be at home. Ellen had so far descended from her cold heights of reserve as to ask me to learn her crayon drawing, and I was astonished at the artist talent she already exhibited.

One morning, when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast table in her traveling dress. We were all surprised—I most of all, for I had hoped the happiness of the children would win her kindness also; but I was mistaken. "Where are you going, aunty?" asked May, her blue eyes expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence, then, turning to me, announced her decision.

"Mrs. Fleming, you cannot expect me to stay here content, when I see you daily undoing with all your might what I have been laboring so hard to accomplish. These girls were growing up, in my care, discreet, sober, and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and follies of the world from their knowledge. I reared them in prudence and soberness. But Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who, in two short weeks, could, by her wily softness of manner, win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend, and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my teachings are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and bouquet making. I am not penniless, as you probably suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thanklessly from this one."

My eyes filled with tears at these scornful words. The children looked wonderingly at me and at her.

"Don't go, aunty! Mother doesn't want you to go," whispered May, the sweet little peacemaker.

"I don't know who drives you from here!" said Ellen, sarcastically.

"Jane, I wish you to stay with us," I said. "It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife, should be a mother to his children, and take their care and education into my own hands. I mean to make them happy in their home, in their studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives. You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?"

"No, Mrs. Fleming. I will not stay where I am a mere cipher. But, children, I do not deserve you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have your home with me again."

The stage coach, which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door, and she took her seat in it. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, and a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove away.

I was alone with home, children, and peace.

### CHAPTER III.

Six months passed rapidly, and how pleasantly my vivid recollections of them testify. As the village school taught but little, and I was fully competent to instruct the children myself, I spent three hours of every morning in study with them. Two afternoons in a week I devoted to May's music and Ellen's drawing; on the other afternoons they were free to practice at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading, and in the three months of that Summer they gained more intelligence than in years before. Their interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever

they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in comprehend my bewildering anguish. She put their memories, and training their minds to habit her young strong arm about me, and led me, units of active thought. Ellen adored the walls of resisting, to my chamber; there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless.

But my brain was busy. "Is it to this, an untimely death?" I thought, "that all I love are fated to come? My heart was wrapt in my beautiful Henry, and he laid down to die in the glory of his youth. My love rose out of his grave and gathered itself, strong as life, about my husband; and now, in so little while, he is gone also.— Was it for this that I gave my mind, my heart, my soul, to his children, only that they should look up to me with their pitiful faces, and cry, 'We are orphans!' Where was he, when we, his wife and his children, were making Christmas garlands? We were singing and weaving the holly and cedar by the warm firelight, while he, now struggling, now failing and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves!"

Such thoughts as these filled my brain with ceaseless horror and all day I lay as one benumbed. But suddenly as it grew dark, and Ellen brought a lamp into my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. I gathered them about me, and we all wept together. Then and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.

The next morning our paper came, and its long account of the wreck confirmed the sad tidings. Days passed—slowly, tearfully. I was beginning to realize that we, of late such a joyful group, were now "the widow and the fatherless." It was evening, and we all sat in the little library. The door of the parlor behind us was ajar, but there was no light in there; only one lamp burned on the pianoforte, which had been moved into the little room.

Harry lay in my arms asleep, his soft curls falling over his forehead, and half veiling his fresh, fair face. Ellen and May, one on each side of me sat at work on mourning dresses; Jane, too, in the corner was sewing black thibet. How different our labor from that with which we had expected to usher in the Christmas Eve!

By and by, Ellen looked up with an anxious expression. "Mother, are we poor?" she said.

I was glad that I could answer in the negative. "But," I added, "we know not how soon we may be. This great misfortune has taught us nothing is sure. We must not lean idly on what we possess, but prepare ourselves for labor, if need be. To-morrow, I wish you all to begin again your studies."

Jane dropped her needle and thread. "I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me," she said. "Perhaps you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you to take care of the children."

This announcement startled me; but there was no need. May threw her arms round my neck and whispered, "I will not leave you mother;" while Ellen, her fine eyes glowing with excitement, answered, quietly and firmly—

"Our mother has the best claim on us, Aunt Jane, and until she sends us, we will never leave her. We have never been so happy as in this past half year. We love her better than all other friends, and now that our father is gone we will not leave her alone."

My heart thrilled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Ellen a look of thankfulness, and say—

"I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me, Ellen."

"Hush!" said May, starting from her seat. "What was that sound?" She went to the window and looked out. "It was only the wind," she added, and sat down by me again.

Jane shot indignant glances at the children.

"I little thought, when I came here to work and wear myself for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger."

"Aunt Jane," said Ellen, quickly, "remember it is our mother of whom you speak—our second

mother to whom we owe so much."

Miss Fleming was evidently annoyed, but was silent.

"I do hear a footstep," said May, and again she peeped from the window, but all was dark and silent.

My heart ached with weary dissension, and I made a last attempt at peace.

"Sister Jane—you shake your head, but you were his sister, and must, therefore, be mine—for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's hearts against me, but for ever after let there be silence on this theme. I am no stranger in this house, but hold a mother's place to the children my beloved husband left in my care. For them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my success. Trust them to me, and let there be no more harshness between us—for his sake."

Jane Fleming burst into tears. She wept for a few moments, and her heart was softened.

"Agnes, forgive me!" she said, to my astonishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but, indeed, I am not, though I have been harsh. It was my love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mourner with you and them. For his sake, forgive me."

There was a moment of silent, pleased surprise, and then I clasped her hand warmly, and called her "sister." Ellen gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little May, rejoiced, sprang to the pianoforte, and sang with her whole heart, "Let us love one another."

As she ceased and turned her smiling face toward us, there was a sound behind, a quick footstep toward the hall, the door was flung open, and—

Had one risen from the dead?

"My wife, my children, my blessed Agnes!" said Captain Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion, and before we could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong, living arms. The rapture of that hour who could seek to portray?

"Forgive me, Agnes, for playing the listener," he said. "It was not premeditated, but as I came in I heard your voices, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for your love to my children and me?"

These words and many more fell from his lips, as he clasped me again with warm affection. I was repaid for all my labor, all my sorrow.

Then followed questions, explanations, words of joy and welcome. His good ship, indeed, had been lost in the fearful storm, but the account of the loss of the men had been exaggerated in the excitement of the news. Many were lost, but not all. There were other homes of mourning made glad that night as well as mine.

And what a merry, joyful Christmas we had! How the Christmas tree sparkled under its many tapers, loaded not only with the gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them from their delighted father!

How proudly did Ellen lead her father to the pictures her industry had wrought, and say, in answer to his surprise, "Mother taught me!" How sweetly did little May sing her favorite song, and, throwing her arms about her smiling father's neck, say also, "Mother taught me!"

Very sacred, and full of peculiar trials, is the position of the second wife, where the children of the buried mother claim her care and love; but if, with a true heart and zeal, she enters into the work before her, rich is her reward and its pleasure endure forever.

July 22, 1860 plus

Mar 81

My

## MY MOTHER'S SMILE.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

The rosy blush has left their cheek,  
Her voice is soft and low,  
Her step is trembling now and weak,  
Her locks are like the snow.  
Penned by a cherisher hand.  
Will you go and bring them sister,  
And read them o'er to-night?  
I have often tried, but could not,  
For the tears that dimmed my sight.

Come up closer to me, sister;  
Let me lean upon thy breast,  
For my tide of life is ebbing,  
And I faint would be at rest.  
Read the letters he has written—  
He whose voice I've often heard—  
For there affection ever gleams,  
And love that knows no guile  
Read them over, love, distinctly,  
That I lose not e'en a word.

Tell him, sister, when you meet him,  
That I never ceased to love;  
That I, dying, prayed to meet him  
In a better home above;  
Tell him that I never upbraided,  
Not a word of censure spoke,  
Though his silence and his absence  
My heart had well-nigh broke.

Tell him that I watched his coming,  
When the noon-tide sun was high,  
And when at eve the angels  
Lit their star-lamps in the sky;  
And when I saw he came not,  
Tell him that I did not chide,  
But that I ever loved him—  
That I blessed him when I died.

When in the grave's white garments  
You have wrapped my form around,  
And have laid me down to slumber  
In the quiet church-yard ground,  
Place the pictures and the letters  
Close against my pulseless heart;  
We for years have been together,  
And in death we may not part.

I am ready now, dear sister;

You may read the letters o'er,

I will listen to the words of him

Whom I shall see no more;

And ere you shall have finished

Should I calmly fall asleep—

Fall asleep in death—and wake not,

Gentle sister, do not weep.

—J. W. Welch.

## [For the Christian Mirror.]

### LINES,

On presenting a Bible to a youth, bound to

A teacher's gift—remember, boy,  
When sailing on the deep—

In sunshine and when threatening waves

O'er thy frail vessel sweep—

This holy book consult, and bind

Its truth unto thy heart—

And let it be thy counsellor—

Thy pilot and thy chart.

Then let the storm arise and rage  
In terror and in night—

'Mid the hoarse howling of the winds

And blackness of the night—

Sweet peace shall smile upon thy brow

And calm shall be thy breast,

If thou, upon this blessed book,

Confiding faith can rest.

When far away, no teacher's voice

Will warn of dangers nigh—

Nor will thou meet a sister's smile,

Nor mother's watchful eye;—

No faithful friend will shew thy feet

The way to truth and heaven—

Nor in thy presence lift the prayer

To have thy sins forgiven.

Thy teacher's gift remember thes,

And as thou read'st it, pray

That He who there invites to heaven,

Will teach thy heart the way;—

Then while we miss thee from our side,

This thought will give us joy,

Thy Bible is thy constant guide—

Farewell—farewell—dear boy.

C.

## A Funeral in Rome.

A PLEASANT correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, writing from Rome, gives the following account of a funeral in the Eternal City.

"I have seen nothing in Europe which has impressed me more than a Roman funeral. They always take place at night, and are conducted in such a way as to awe and solemnize the mind in a most remarkable manner. When I had been in Rome but a few days, I heard one evening in the street a prolonged wailful sound, unlike anything to which my ear had ever before been accustomed. On flinging open the window, I discovered that it came from a procession of priests and monks bearing a body to burial. There must have been several hundred, for the train extended nearly the length of the street. The priests led the way with uncovered heads, and wearing their long, black gowns, over which, at the shoulders, was thrown a jacket of lace. A long line of monks of different orders followed, with the strange looking habiliments of coarse brown cloth, cowled heads and sandaled feet. Every tenth man carried a great candle of wax, the light of which falling on the dark vestments of the priests, and casting shifting shadows before and behind, like another procession of spirits, gave the whole an aspect of inexpressible mystery and gloom. Add to this the voices of the monks chanting in deep, solemn tones the funeral dirge, and it is not easy to imagine anything more mournful or impressive.

The body was carried at the end of the procession upon a bier covered with a superb pall of cloth of gold. This was followed by two men bearing upon their shoulders what looked like long wood-

en boxes upon which the bier was to rest. Each priest who carried a torch was attended by a man holding a small paper screen attached to the end of a stick, which served to keep the wind from the flame. Other men and boys ran along at the sides with shovels of tin to collect from the pavements the drops of melted wax continually falling. Evidently the deceased was a person of consideration, for the retinue of priestly attendants was large even for Rome, where it is easy at the shortest notice to get together hundreds of ecclesiastics or religious brothers of one or another order. As soon as I saw this novel spectacle, I obeyed my first impulse, and ran out and followed to see what the end might be. There was in the sound of the dirge a strange charm, and in the whole dark pageant a fascination quite unearthly. A certain sort of romance, inspired long ago by I know not what wild poetical and prose recitals, was roused again. Slowly the mournful cortege wound through several narrow, dark streets, until it reached a heavy looking church near the Fountain of Trevi. I contrived, with several others not of the procession, to steal in, expecting to witness in the funeral ceremonies something surpassing in dreadful gloom what I had already beheld. But that was the end, for the time, of the matter, for the bier was deposited in the centre of the church, the chant ceased, the torches, which were the only lights in the building, were extinguished, one by one, and the crowd of monks and priests hurrying out, the doors were closed. I went home with a light step and a light heart, for all this melancholy show, which had really impressed me so much, had not produced a permanent effect of gloom, but, on the contrary, I felt gay, hopeful and happy. Thus does the spiritual principle within us carry on its mysterious and inexplicable processes."

## Madame Sontag.

THE following letter, addressed by the Count de Rossi, husband of the late celebrated vocalist, to a friend in Paris, is translated, by the London *Musical World*.

"It is now nearly five months since I left her tomb, and I am still as broken-hearted and miserable as on the day of her death. The generous but useless endeavors of my relations to alleviate my loss, and even the presence of my beloved childrenadden rather than console me, particularly when I think of the happiness their dear mother would have felt in witnessing the great success of her favorite daughter, whom all find so charming in those qualities of education, heart, and musical feeling, which my lamented Henriette made such efforts to develop under her own direction. All now is lost forever, to me, to my children, and to the world, which she knew how to charm as much as she did her own domestic circle, by a talent which was never more perfect than when the decree of Providence arrested it in its career. It is impossible for me to tell you what myself and my poor children suffer from a wound that will scarcely heal; more especially my little Marie, who is only beginning to recover somewhat from the terrible blow given to her dearest and best affections. Pious as she is, (and permit me to add as I am myself,) we have appreciated in the highest degree the proof of affection, shown by Mlle. Alphonsine Lemit (in the services at La Madeleine) in favor of one who had vowed to bestow upon her a mother's interest, and would have kept the vow if the Almighty had permitted her to realize the project of fixing her residence in Paris, as we had decided. Alas! it only remains for us now to honor her memory in our prayers, and to endeavor to stifle the bitter feelings which all of us experience in thinking of the fate of that unhappy mother who, as the price of her noble and indefatigable devotion, died, and died even at the moment when she was counting the days and the hours that would bring her back to her beloved children, and recompense her for all her troubles and anxieties. Let us hope, my dear and good friend, that Heaven, in its just mercy, has reserved for her the reward of her good works, in the enjoyment of a happiness of which we cannot measure the extent; and in truth it is not she, but ourselves, who are the most to be pitied.

"I am waiting for the arrival at Hamburg of her dear mortal remains, in order to go there and meet them; I shall then accompany them to their last resting place, in the Convent of Maria Jhal, near Dresden, where her sister is a nun, and where, in consequence, the holy prayers of those who loved her most will not be wanting. I am having a small chapel built there, with two tombs, and, after satisfying this wish of my heart, I return to my family.

"I shall meet you, no doubt, in the spring, but will not promise you that the pleasure of seeing you will be exempt from all sadness. It will be impossible for me to separate your presence from the remembrance of my dear Henriette; the idea of being able to talk of the angel whom I have lost with those who feel as you do, has, however, its consolation. Besides, it will be delightful to renew the friendship of Mlle. Alphonsine and my dear Marie, by bringing them together again for a short time.

## "SHALL I BE BELOVED."

A SK yonder planets as they roll  
Their wondrous round in space,  
If she can dim their silvery sheen,  
So darkness fill the place.

Ask Cynosure if her light  
Shall dimly burn and die,  
If she shall hide her smiling face  
From hope's expectant eye.

Aye, ask that countless starry host  
If they shall shine no more;  
If all their glorious beams shall fade,  
And life with them be o'er.

Ask that pale matron of the skies,  
Her changes to partake;  
And while she travels Heaven's disc  
Another course to take.

Ask that majestic orb of day,  
Whose every step is grace,  
To stay his chariot wheels of fire,  
And seek a resting-place.

When these give answer thou shalt hear  
A low impassioned voice:  
A truthful language it shall speak,  
And thou shalt know my choice.

I'll tell thee then if love's pure flame,  
Expire without a sigh,  
Or if it burned with fiercer glow,  
And scorched with life to die.

It is the woman's soul  
That burns with pure desire;  
It is her heart of hearts,  
It is the unchanging fire.

A. R. C. MATHERSON.

## A LESSON IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY MAY LA MARK.

"I FEAR, Charles, that we are neglecting the most important part of our daughter Emma's education."

"To what do you refer, Mary?"

"To her domestic education."

"I supposed that was receiving especial attention. She is being educated almost altogether under the influences of home; I do not know how she can fail to form domestic tastes and habits."

"Too much under the influence of home, I think; while it is no better, I fear she will not form correct habits. I do so much want her to avoid the difficulties in house-keeping which I have experienced arising from a want of order. You are aware that this faculty was never very well developed in my character. I am willing to instruct her as far as I am able, but I cannot impart that knowledge which I do not possess."

"You, doubtless, experience many difficulties in house-keeping; but no more, I think, than any woman would who tries to accomplish so much with so little help and so many inconveniences. I blame myself for not insisting upon teaching Emma in Mathematics. This would have left you more than you ought to do to look to her other lessons and perform your household duties."

"You have assisted me considerably. There are so many calls upon your time that, when you can be with your family, you ought to have the privilege of resting."

"I hope you will be as just to yourself as you are generous to me. You will, then, cease to blame yourself for not doing the impossible. Our home is very happy, is it not, Mary? I think this would be the united testimony of your husband, children, and friends generally. That system (or want of system, as you are pleased to call it) of domestic management cannot be very bad which is so happy in its results."

"Your affection makes you blind to my faults, Charles. But I shall feel that it is a culpable neglect if I fail to try to take means to supply the deficiency I mentioned in Emma's education. I will tell you of a plan that has been proposed to me, and which I shall be pleased to carry out, should it meet with your approval. You have heard me speak of Mrs. Dunn's house-keeping. You may have observed, as we have visited there, that her house is always so perfectly neat and orderly, and her children so very quiet and obedient. Miss Haven called here this morning; she wished to procure Emma's services as a teacher of French in the Seminary at Clinton. She said that Emma could have a home in Mr. Dunn's family. This arrangement will give Emma an opportunity to be useful, and, at the same time, to take lessons in house-keeping."

"What does Emma say?"  
"She says she is willing to go."  
"We will miss her."  
"Very much."  
"Our evenings will seem dull, I fear, when she is not here to read and sing and play for us. You will miss her light and willing steps in the morning, too, assisting you in your housework. And the younger children—who will instruct them?"

"I can look to their lessons, and Nettie can help me with my work a great deal; she is very fond of working. She has learned to play several of our favorite evening games, and she sings them very prettily. I know I shall miss Emma, but it

would be so selfish not to let her interest. We must learn to do with what we have promised to let Henry claim her in little more than a year. I am so very anxious that she should be a systematic house-keeper."

"I shall certainly not interfere with your plans, Mary."

"But do you approve them?"

"I hope the result will meet your expectations. You and Emma can arrange the matter to please yourselves, and I shall not fail to be satisfied."

So saying, Mr. Gibson arose and went to his study. Though he could not clearly see the necessity of his daughter being sent from home to take lessons in house-keeping, he did not wish to oppose his wife's wishes.

Mrs. Gibson was a very amiable and intelligent woman. She felt her responsibility as a wife and a mother. She realized that the happiness of her husband and children depended greatly upon her efforts to make home pleasant. She labored unceasingly to prepare her children for lives of usefulness. Nor did she neglect her duties to society. Though not wealthy, her benevolence was unbounded, for she could give kind words and sympathy where it was not in her power to offer material aid. She possessed a finely cultivated mind and pleasing manners, and no one could be long in her society without feeling benefitted by the association. Her influence was felt for good throughout the parish of which her husband had the charge. Mr. Gibson may be pardoned, then, for thinking her a pattern woman.

But she was not satisfied with herself. Her standard of excellence was so high that it was often impossible for her to attain to it. She was of rather nervous temperament, and her strength was not always equal to her will. She was necessarily governed very much by her varying state of feeling. She could not, therefore, be as systematic in the arrangement of her business, or the performance of her duties, as one of a more even temperament. She was in the habit of speaking of this as a fault, instead of a misfortune. As it is natural for us to highly value that which we do not possess, she was greatly in love with an imaginary "systematic order of house-keeping," but she found that, practically, with her, it would not work. Though she was industrious, neat and economical, and was considered, by her family and her friends generally, as a very good, if not an excellent house-keeper, she was never satisfied with her qualifications in this respect. She did not allow this to disturb her greatly, but, like many other parents, she sought to cultivate in her daughter what she felt that she most lacked herself.

Mr. Dunn was a merchant in Clinton, a kind-hearted, intelligent man, generally respected by the community where he resided. He often attended divine worship at Salem, attracted there by Mr. Gibson's eloquent speech. Thus a casual acquaintance had been formed between the families.

On the next Monday morning Emma took an affectionate leave of her friends and started for her new field of duties. The village of Clinton was but five miles from her home in Salem. She thought that while she was so near home, and with such kind friends, she could not be homesick; indeed, she anticipated enjoying herself very much in helping Miss Haven teach and Mrs. Dunn work, for her mother recommended that she should assist Mrs. Dunn, in order to acquire both the theory and practice of house-keeping.

Emma arrived at Clinton before the school was opened, and was kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Dunn. Their eldest daughter, Letitia, or Lettie, as she was called, a grave-looking girl, of about eleven years of age, manifested a silent pleasure at seeing her. Even little Ella looked pleased, though she was too much engaged with her knitting to take an active part in the reception.

Emma found her classes very pleasant. Her time was occupied in school only two hours a day—from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven. The remainder of the day she could spend with Mrs. Dunn.

During the first week, Emma remained very quiet, apparently much engaged with her needle-work, while she was silently making observations on Mrs. Dunn's system of house-keeping. Mrs. Dunn had but one female servant, who seemed always to be moving with an even pace, never resting and never appearing to be tired; she did not seem to accomplish much, but she did her work very neatly and very orderly. She scarce ever smiled or spoke. She seemed to take no interest in anything she was doing, or in anything that was being said in her presence. One would scarcely have thought she possessed a living soul. But she seemed perfectly to understand her niche in the family machinery, and resignedly to fall into it.

The children seemed to know their places as well. The eldest daughter's appearance was not unlike that of the servant's. She, too, knew her duties. She had them by heart, and took them by rote. Her morning exercises were to rise at six o'clock—arrange her toilet—make her bed—sweep and dust her room—comb and braid Ella's hair—eat breakfast—wash the dishes, and then take

her sewing until time to go to school. She did this, never doing more or less or varying order of exercises in the least. She, too, silent and grave as a soldier on duty.

Little Ella's morning duties were not so numerous. She had only to place the chairs to the table—call her papa to breakfast, and, after breakfast sit quietly down to her knitting, which often ended in napping.

Mrs. Dunn's servant and children evidently thought her a very wise and consequential person, and endeavored to meet her wishes as nearly as possible. They seemed to have no wills, tastes or opinions of their own, but always waited for her to speak before they essayed to act. Lettie would occasionally seem to awaken to a realizing sense of her individuality, and appear disposed to do or say something from a natural impulse of feeling, but at such times her eyes invariably glanced at the grave face of her mother, and she desisted.

Mrs. Dunn was almost always busy about the house. She worked with an energy and a will. Everything, from a brass kettle to a tin dipper, that could be improved in its appearance by scouring, did not fail to pass through that process daily. Her kitchen floor was of white pine. She would not have it painted—it could not then be scoured. It was her greatest pride that it should appear without spot or blemish; and woe to the cat, dog or child that left a track thereon. The dining-room served the double purpose of dining-room and family sitting-room. This was also scrupulously neat and orderly. The chairs were always primly placed back against the wall, each in its proper place. Each member of the family had a specified seat. Lettie seldom sat down without her sewing; she always occupied a chair near a side window. Ella sat at the other side of this window with her knitting. Mrs. Dunn's small easy-chair stood by one of the front windows, usually unoccupied, and a similar one was stationed by the other front window, which Emma soon observed she was expected to use.

The parlor was very neatly furnished, and the furniture carefully arranged about the room. Here stood the sofa, piano, centre-table, chairs, ottomans, all in their places. But Emma did not extend her observations here during the first week of her stay, for the door was not opened. Neither a person nor a fly once sat his intrusive foot within this room. The front room in the second story was also very pleasant, very neatly and comfortably furnished, and very carefully locked. Indeed, the main part of the house was never used, except on the event of their having some very good company. Mrs. Dunn sometimes looked in at these rooms to assure herself that all was right; but the repose of the furniture was seldom disturbed except by an occasional dusting with a clean, soft, red silk bandanna in the hands of Mrs. Dunn.

"No wonder," thought Emma, "they are always in order!"

Mrs. Dunn occupied a small back bed-room, opening from the dining-room. One end of the piazza, which fronted the dining-room, had been enclosed to form a small bed-room. This Emma occupied; and the children slept in a small bedroom opening from the kitchen. The beds in each of these must be carefully made before breakfast; no time could be given to air them—they would look disorderly while airing—and opening the windows and doors would let in flies and dust. So Mrs. Dunn daily looked to it that the beds were duly made after her most approved plan, the window shades drawn and the doors closed.

Mrs. Dunn was very fond of cooking and proportionately fond of eating. She dined, with evident satisfaction, on the superior merits of her pies, puddings, preserves and pickles. She had her own method of preparing every article for the table; and she did not relish her food unless prepared in her own peculiar way. This subjected her to numerous annoyances. Indeed, she had a most unfortunate propensity for being annoyed. The most slight variation from the accustomed method, in any department of her housework, which no other eye or taste but her own could discover, did not fail to disturb her exceedingly. The table did not stand precisely square—the cloth was not spread smoothly—her husband did not come to dinner until one minute past the time—her children were sometimes almost as dilatory—the hem on the apron which Lettie had just finished was nearly the eighth of an inch wider at one end than the other—Ella did not narrow her stocking in the right place, and so on, *ad finitum*.

Some of these annoyances would invariably occur every morning. Mrs. Dunn would not scold; she would only mention them in a very stern manner and then lapse into silence, while a dark shadow of despair would settle upon her features. Her evenings were usually spent in recounting the various trials, sufferings and victories of the day. She evidently considered herself a model woman, and thought that she possessed the spirit of a martyr.

Emma did look and learn. She soon concluded not to offer her assistance to Mrs. Dunn, as she felt quite sure she would not be able to do anything exactly right. So she worked away very diligently

at her sewing, and faithfully kept her seat by the window. She sometimes went to a retired grove, a little way from the village, to listen to the warbling of the birds; it seemed so pleasant to see them free and happy. Mrs. Dunn would occasionally permit her to take the children with her. At such times she would read to them, sing for them, talk and laugh with them, and make them quite happy. When they returned to the house Ella's spirit of freedom did not always forsake her at once, and she would skip across the floor like a lamb. Mrs. Dunn invariably reproved her at such times for her rudeness, called her back and made her walk in a more proper manner.

Emma remained with Mrs. Dunn during the term. Her parents observed that she was less happy and spirited than usual, and that the roses were fading from her cheeks. But she never complained, as she wished to save her friends from unnecessary solicitude on her account.

The term for which Emma engaged finally expired, and she was at liberty to return to her home. On the day of her arrival there she appeared quite overjoyed. She danced about the house with her little brother and sister like a wild girl—upset a chair—overturned her mother's work-box, and did every other rude thing she could think of. Her mother did not have it in her heart to check her merriment or to say a reproving word; she was so glad to have her sunny face once more included in the family picture.

As they were seated at the tea-table, Mr. Gibson said—

"You have not yet told us what you have learned, my daughter."

"O!" said Emma, "it would take me more than a week to tell you all I have learned."

"I am glad you have learned so much," said Mrs. Gibson; "you can surely tell us something about it this evening. We are anxious to have the benefit of your experience."

"You are well enough now, mamma," said Emma; "I can see that you need improving. I only wish that Mrs. Dunn would come and live with us a few weeks. Would not she be horrified, though, to see me romping with the children and you laughing at us!"

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"You would not be so rude in the presence of company, I hope," said Mrs. Gibson.

"I surely would," said Emma, "if Mrs. Dunn would only come and stay long enough for me to show her the spirit I am possessed of. I ought to undeceive her, for she now thinks me the 'pink of propriety'."

"I am glad if you have behaved with becoming propriety, and observed order," said Mrs. Gibson.

"O! mother," said Emma, "I wish I need never again hear that word. I am so tired of 'order,' 'system,' 'method,' and all that class of words. I like an easy and agreeable order in confusion, such as we have at home, and such as we see in Nature's works. The Lord did not plant the forest trees all in rows, or make both banks of a river exactly alike, or make the face of the country a monotonous plain. I do so like an easy variety. May Providence preserve me from ever making a 'systematic house-keeper,' if I must be such at the sacrifice of taste, and comfort, and health, and happiness, and have every nobler quality of mind and heart swallowed up in this one idea of 'systematic house-keeping.'"

Mr. Gibson smiled, and Mrs. Gibson looked puzzled. After a pause the latter said,

"I fear that your insinuations are unjust, Emma, and that you are prejudiced."

"I think," said Emma, "that if I could give you a correct idea of Mrs. Dunn's management at home you would not think me uncharitable or hasty in my judgment. It is one thing to be an occasional visitor and honored guest at a house, and quite another thing to live there. Mr. Dunn's family, with every means of happiness, seldom see a really happy hour. Their handsomely furnished rooms are kept only to exhibit to strangers; their piano remains unopened; their books all seem to know their places so well that no one dare disturb them; if, by chance, one of them is removed the eighth of an inch from its accustomed place, the disorder is immediately detected and mentioned.

"As there are no home enjoyments to attract Mr. Dunn, he seldom spends an hour with his family. The culture of the children is neglected, except such as they receive from strangers; and there is such an oppressive air of stiffness, order and stillness throughout the house that one constantly feels as though in the presence of the dead. It seems worse than a boarding-school, worse than a convent—it seems more like a sepulchre. All this sacrifice of happiness and family comfort to gratify this one passion for excessive order! Mrs. Dunn does not mean to be unkind, and she, doubtless, thinks she is performing her duties well. But I do most earnestly hope that she may some day be brought to see her mistake. If I am ever a house-keeper I shall invite her and her children to spend some time with me, when I will try if I cannot make them happy."

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
They start—soul is wanting there,  
and turn from the mournful scene, whilst  
the cold earth falling on the coffins, strikes  
the death knell of their cherished hopes, and  
they wander on the lambent wings of fancy,  
to the portals of yon blue, ethereal home,  
and bathe their stricken spirits in the purple  
glory that curtains the evening day."

Time's chariot, loaded with hopes crushed  
under its unrelenting wheels, rolls rapidly on  
towards the goal of eternity, and again 'tis  
autumn. The rose has blossomed and with-

Twas September; the bright hue of summer was just changing to the sober livery of autumn. The spirit of decay had breathed upon the tender grasses that clothed the earth with beauty, and they were withering from its blasting touch; the crimson and orange had tinged the drapery of the forest, and the silent eloquence of the leaves, as they dropped from their fragrant boughs, was echoed in the sad and unusual throbings of the heart; while the resplendent beams of the great red sun, as he wheeled in his fiery splendor towards the vapory west, was glowing on the silver bosom of Cassabaga, nestled in emerald slopes and hills of hemlock and pine that stretch forth their sprawling limbs like hoary sentinels set to shield their protege from the terrors of elemental strife and the fury of the striving storm. The sweet-voiced breeze was stealing softly down the sloping brink, kissing the lilies which stud the borders of that miniature lake, while a party were wending their way to its romantic shore, where they soon stand gazing on the enchanting scenery, while fancy is busy twining garlands to wreath the fairy idols to their hearts. They have started on a pleasure excursion, and seated in their boats push quietly from the shore, and as they bathe the dripping oars in the placid water the ripples glisten in the sunbeams, while their merry laugh and happy voices are borne in notes of touching sweetness o'er the diamond sheet, blending with the peans of the heaven-taught songsters, which softened by distance, harmonize with the quiet autumnal beauty, as they glide cheerily towards yonder island, around which the idle wind and rippling waves gently play, viewing with the energy of youthful fancy beyond the veil of the present, the future mirrored with lovely visions which bring streams of happiness to their hearts.

As they were seated at the tea-table, Mr. Gibson said—

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### THE ROCK OF LIBERTY.

BY JAMES G. CLARKE.

A song for the rock, the stern old rock,  
That braved the blast and the billows' shock;  
It was born with Time on a barren shore,  
And laughed with scorn at the breakers' roar!  
'Twas here that first the pilgrim band  
Came weary up to the foaming strand;  
And the tree they reared in those days gone by,  
It lives, it lives—and ne'er shall die!

Written for the Waverley Magazine.

#### A DREAM.

ON the field of classic story,  
On the Marathon of strife,  
Where the Grecian's boasted glory  
Triumphed o'er his mortal life;

Here, when buried in sweet slumbers—  
When the pulse had ceased to beat,  
I have wandered to the numbers  
Of a thousand fairy feet!

With the nymphs around the fountains,  
I have quaffed the mystic stream;  
With them I have crossed the mountains  
On the pinions of a dream!

Often by dark Lethe's river,  
Marching with an angel band,  
I have watched its ebb, and ever  
Seen it wash along the strand.

And when gazing on its billows,  
Breaking on the pebbled shore;  
Restless from my dreamy pillow,  
I have waked to sleep no more.

CLARENCE CARLETON.

Original.

#### The Man of Business.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE

THE man of business rises early in the morning, hurries through his toilet, answers his wife in monosyllables, and dispatches his breakfast in an absent manner, inwardly wondering if the steamer has arrived from Europe, and what her intelligence is respecting the markets; after which, seizing his umbrella (its quite from habit that he takes his umbrella, the sky may be clear, but that's neither here nor there,) he proceeds to his counting-room, and is soon deep in the mysteries of huge piles of letters and bills. He is punctually home at the dinner hour; sits at the table with an abstracted air; gazes vacantly at the children, and begs his wife's pardon when she says, "Edward will you take a little more gravy? this is the fourth time I have asked you."

He then returns to his office, sits down for a second perusal of bills, etc., making long and careful calculations respecting his speculations, writes numerous letters, and then strolls out on change; meets with his usual friends and business acquaintances, buys or sells, as the case may be, talks about the state of the money market, the rise and fall of stocks, etc.

By this time it is near the supper hour, and our man of business hurries home; he hangs up his coat and hat, thrusts his feet into his slippers which his wife's careful hand had placed near the fire, and then proceeds to swallow his evening meal.

"My dear," says the lady, "I think little Charlie has the measles."

"Very likely, love. I'm glad of it."

"Really, Edward, you are surely not glad that the child is sick?"

"Ah! indeed—hope you enjoyed yourself—very fine day," mutters her husband as he stares at the daily news. The poor lady gives it up for a time, and, having put the children to bed, draws out her little work-table, and begins to sew. After a while he puts down the paper, and his wife again tries to engage his attention. He looks at her, apparently listening.

"Mrs. Wilkins has sent us cards of invitation to her ball, Edward. I should very much like to have a new ball-dress."

Her husband just caught the concluding word of the sentence.

"Calico dress—I'm delighted to hear it—wish you would buy more of them. I'd rather see you in a calico dress than in any other."

The lady bursts into tears; her husband's attention is now distracted from business; he inquires into the cause of her distress—is sorry to hear about poor Charlie, and promises her the new ball-dress.

The thorough man of business seldom goes to church—his wife and children go—that's all the same, he thinks; but at home in his parlor he reads the papers, and occasionally counts, on his fingers, the bills coming due on the ensuing week, and his available means for meeting them. And so it is, morning, noon and night, week-day and Sunday, business, business, business. Of all men in the world protect me from a thorough man of business, say I.

### LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SAD DEATH IN SWANVILLE.—A daughter of Mr. William Harvey of Swanville, aged 14 years, was found dead, frozen to death, about a mile from her father's house, on Saturday last, by the banks of a stream. It seems a day or two before the severe snow storm last week, she left home to visit her elder sister, Mrs. Mardin, about three miles distant, and on Thursday afternoon attempted to return. The roads not having been broken out, she lost her way on a piece of unfenced cleared land, about a mile from her father's, and struck the stream over which she had to cross, some distance below the bridge. Here she wandered about, evidently bewildered, probably till dark or after, and several times attempted to cross on the ice, which broke, letting her into the water. From her tracks, it appeared that she got into the river three times. The last she was barely able to crawl out upon the bank where her body was found. She was missed on Friday and search was instituted, but her body was not found till Saturday.

THE body of snow now lying upon the ground is the largest for many years, at so early a time in the season. The snow of Wednesday last, fell to the depth of fifteen inches, making over two feet on a level. The roads have been badly blocked during the week past, and there has been but little moving.

### The Commercial House in Rockland

was wholly consumed by fire on Tuesday evening, 20th inst., and one man James Sears killed, and two others badly injured by the falling ruins. The fire originated about 9 o'clock in the evening, but from what cause we have not learned. Scarcely anything even the clothing of the guests and boarders was saved. We are indebted to Mr. E. W. B. Austin of the Telegraph office in this city, for the above particulars.

LONG PASSAGE.—The Barque *Tejuca*, owned in part by Capt. Harriman of this city, fears of whose safety has been entertained, arrived in Newport from Shields (Eng.) last week, after a long and tempestuous passage of over 80 days. She had heavy weather and strong gales the whole passage, and lost jibboom, had bulwarks stove, decks swept, and was obliged to throw overboard a portion of the coal to ease the vessel. Nov. 19 lost overboard colored seaman named Wm. Henry Dimond.

### An Eloement item—An interesting Surprise.

The Illinois papers chronicle the following rich elopement item:

A gentleman and his wife sometime since settled in Rockford, Illinois. Shortly after their arrival, they made, among others, the acquaintance of a young and beautiful widow, who had the reputation of being a great flirt. The gentleman, up to this time, had been a most devoted husband; and, though there seemed to be a mutual attraction between himself and the gay widow whenever they met, the wife, confident of affection, suspected nothing. Matters progressed how rapidly, she did not know, until the beginning of this week, when husband, wife and widow were invited to tea at the house of a friend. It was an agreeable social party, and the company were apparently enjoying themselves highly, when the wife, who had been chatting with friends on the piazza, entered the parlor, and seated herself in the shadow of a window, the heavy damask curtains of which separated her from a *tete a tete* which stood in a recess. The parties occupying the *tete a tete* were her husband and the fascinating widow; and what was her astonishment when their low tones became fully audible to her strained ears, that they were arranging the preliminaries of an elopement, to take place that very night. Matters were to be arranged so that the wife would be sent home early in the evening, while the husband in the most natural manner in the world, would offer to drive home the beautiful widow. Instead of going home, however, they were to go immediately to the cars, and leave on the eleven o'clock train.

The discovery was so unexpected, and the shock was so great, that the poor wife almost fainted. She was determined, however, not to betray her knowledge of the guilty scheme, until the proper time came, and recovering herself, glided from the fatal seat, and tried to enter into conversation as usual. Of course she was not greatly surprised when her husband soon afterwards affectionately advised her to go home with Mr. and Mrs. —, who were going their way, as he himself had to go to his office shortly and might be detained until late. She made no objection, putting on her bonnet, and bidding adieu to her entertainers, started for home, to the great relief of the guilty couple, who feared some trouble in getting rid of her. Immediately on arriving at home, the wife proceeded to pack a carpet bag with a pair of shirts and other necessaries, and started on foot for the house, where the husband still remained. Soon her husband and the widow exchanged good night with their host, the latter, remarking in a lively tone, that she should 'certainly tell his wife.' They seated themselves comfortably in the vehicle, when the wife, without bonnet or shawl, suddenly walked to the side of the carriage, and said quietly, at the same time holding up the carpet bag:

"D—, don't go without your shirts, the mere, know when you will get any more." The blank astonishment of the two may be imagined. The simple words, however, produced the most complete reaction in the feelings of the faithless husband. He looked into the pale face of his wife, and met her clear gaze, and saw that she knew all. He said: "M., we must take Mrs. — home, and then I will tell you how it happened." They did take Mrs. — home and left her there. The husband and wife seem as affectionate and devoted as ever, but the widow is dissatisfied with society at the west, and thinks of going east this fall.

CORNERS have always been popular. The chimney corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner-cupboard! what store of sweet things has it contained for us in youth—with what luxuries its shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that, and you become immortal.

### YOU HAST LEFT ME,

BY LILLIE LOCKE.

Thou hast left me, darling,  
Never more thy voice  
Comes in hours of sadness,  
To make my heart rejoice.  
The word of praise low spoken,  
The kindly clasping hand,  
I miss them—thou hast left me  
For the far-off spirit land.

Thou hast left me, darling,  
Years they say have fled,  
Since the morn I missed you,  
Since they called you dead.  
Since they bore you from me,  
Still, and cold, and fair,  
To the silent churchyard,  
And left you sleeping there.

Long years, and still I'm strivin'  
With all this bitter pain,  
Hoping and praying sometime  
That we may meet again.  
That when my bark is floating  
Away on death's cold tide,  
Some star-winged angel pilot,  
May speed me to your side.

### Poetry.

#### BUDS.

Folded in their tiny leaflets,  
Unrevealed to mortal eyes,  
Many a flower, most sweet and graceful  
In its modest beauty lies,  
Waiting but the change of sunshine,  
To open gently falling dew,  
To open its matchless beauties  
To the world's admiring view.

And the child—its hidden graces  
Like the bud with folded leaves,  
Lingers but for smiles and sunshine  
Which a friendly face can give,  
Ere they burst the clasping petals,  
From the human bud expands,  
And reveal their wondrous favors  
Given by Eternal hands.



For the Boston Cultivator.  
Reason, best of Heaven's blessing,  
Is given only to mankind!  
Life won't be worth possessing,  
Did not reason rule the mind."

Vain are all those trifling fashions,  
Vain is all this gaudy show;  
Vain still these haughty passions—  
REASON bids us let them go.

Pride and fancy man bewitching,  
Avarice often leads astray,  
But by Reason's aid assisting,  
Man may keep the rightful way.

Hypocrites, by artful cunning,  
Lead the careless mind astray,  
But mild Reason kindly coming,  
Bids deception flee away.

Should we make a bad beginning,  
Should we see an error plain,  
By the aid of Heaven's blessing,  
Reason echoes, "try again." EVELYN.

Original.

#### I Would I Could Forget thee, Love.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

I WOULD I could forget thee, love,  
For life looks dark to me;  
The days pass slowly since no more  
Thy gentle face I see:  
I miss the music of thy tones  
Which fell upon my ear  
Like echoes from the heavenly land,  
Which dying Christians hear.

I would I could forget thee, love;  
Remembrance is but pain,  
To think of joys once did feel,  
But ne'er can feel again;  
For then my pulse beat high with hope,  
I dared to call thee mine,  
And every wish my heart could know  
I offered at love's shrine.

The earth seems not so glad as then,  
The early flowers less fair,  
And bird-songs seem no longer gay,  
Borne to me on the air;  
The brooklet murmurs to me now,  
No tales like those of yore:  
Alas! the change is in my heart,  
Where peace dwells nevermore.

I blame thee not, thou didst not know  
How dear thou wert to me;  
That life could bring no bliss to me,  
Unless 'twere shared with thee;  
That every careless word of then  
I treasured in my heart,  
And dreamed of thee as we oft dream  
Ere youthful hopes depart.

But when thy little hand so fair  
I clasped within my own,—  
And watched to see thy blushes rise.  
Calm was thy look and tone;  
And in the depth of thy brown eyes  
I read no tale of love—  
I grieve that mine was not the touch  
Affection's spring to move.

And now thou art a happy bride,  
The future seemeth bright,  
For he who won thee from us all  
Will guard thy love aright;  
Thy heart hath owned love's mystic spell—  
A sweet response was thine  
A master hand hath touched the chords,  
But oh (it was not mine) ALINE ATHERTON.

Written for the American Union.]

#### LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY LOTTIN LINWOOD.

A line for thine album, dear maiden ?  
Ah, what shall I write, love, for thee ?

My harp is unstrung, and is moaning  
Like winds that stray over the sea.

Perhaps there has never a shadow  
Crept over thy heart, gentle girl,  
And it sleeps in its own blissful dreamings,  
Unsullied, and pure as a pearl.

And perhaps that an angel hath braided  
Their infancy, childhood, and youth,  
In love-wreaths that never have faded,  
Or lost their sweet freshness of truth.

And hours like the sunbeams have parted  
The clouds that hung over life's ways,  
And laughed back the tears when they started,  
And led thee down softly life's maze.

I would thou wert ever as joyous,  
As happy, and trusting as now;

That traces of sorrow lay lightly  
Across thy young innocent brow.

But more do I wish for thee ever—  
Calm strength for thy heart from above,  
To meet with life's earnest endeavor,  
To guide thee to mansions of love.

#### THEY SOUL IS IN THINE EYES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Thy very soul is in thine eyes,  
Undimmed by grief or care;  
And brighter than the summer skies,  
The tresses of thy hair.

And thy sweet, pure, angelic face  
Is of so fair a hue,  
That one indeed can almost trace  
The spotless spirit through.

Pure as the mountain's spotless spring  
That knows no earthly leaven,  
Thou seemst to all too fair and pure  
For any place but heaven.

And such, alas, is not for me—  
O, would we had not met;  
For who can see thy beauties rare,  
And seeing, e'er forgot?

#### HUMAN UNCERTAINTY.

Who knows, when he to go from home,

Departeth from his door,

Or when or how he back shall come,

Or whether never more?

For some who walk abroad in health,

In sickness back are brought;

And some who have gone forth in wealth,

Have back returned with nought.

"at last!"

and gables wa-

of happiness w-

reflections whi-

long, were now

thought of the

was dreadful t-

fly with lightn-

She was all g-

sadness and ab-

home and when

was to convey

half a mind to

er than—encour-

WHAT TO DO IN A FIT OF THE BLUES.

Go and see the poorest and sickest families

within your knowledge.

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I—Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past me into the cars and flitted through them in search of seats; their increasing number at last warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I turned in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and was evidently, the attendant of a slender and stylish girl behind him.

"Do I speak," said he, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau. I carried on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard who was to join you at Albany at six o'clock, this evening—I have charge of her." He turned to the young lady behind him—

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved hand, and extended the other to me with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was for you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shant trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant, who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss, it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks and endowed me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side and trundled out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect with that lively face opposite me, but what was the

Some strange mistake had evidently happened, and I had evidently been mistaken for another person of the same name, but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge—how to find the right man with the same name, among several hundred people, as to transfer her a long so many with some unpleasant scene and explanation. The care of some one whose person was less strange to her than mine. While thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open unsuspecting gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or dis-

ress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took for me, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find out where it is!" I turned to her with an affection of ease which I was very far from feeling, and said, "it is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Doesn't she never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

So it was St. Louis we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jenny look? and how is dear Aunt Breman? do tell me the news!"

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband. As to her looks you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; but about my dear Aunty's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean of course, Mrs. Breman, is very well!"

"Well?" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, "I thought she had not been well for a number of years?"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation: "the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of the misty-moisty order) has done her a sight of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," her niece.

She sat silent a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her eyes.

"To think, she said suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time you have not mentioned the baby."

I know I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in that same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathise in your raptures, continued my tormenter, as I almost considered her. I am prepared to believe anything after Jenny's letter—you should see how she cares for him."

"Him!" blessed goodness, then it must be a boy.

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say "I am," "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree in order to leave your judge—shall not describe him to

know just how he looks, for ch. scruples—so you may sh. trouble or happiness—is—but tell me what you call him?"

"I have not decided upon a name," I said.

"Indeed! I thought she intended to give yours."

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No; one of a name is enough in a family," I replied.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that to my thinking had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked together of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my journey from Boston. But I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush streamed up my temples, every time I met the look of those beautiful eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lay on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin and married man. Recollecting, however that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She blushed slightly, but thanked me, and looked up into my eyes with a smile, said, "as you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace.

I looked down on the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the mat by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled.

"It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very much in the way for me, and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers to put on the rack above us, I preferred to hold it telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair she leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time when the motion began to shake and annoy her I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly around her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful but it is needless to say, that I could not refuse her. But the thought that I was an imposter, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me after my position was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last!" when the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and the remorseful reflections which I had been staving off so long, were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly with lightning wings as it drew near. She was all gaiety and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight rather than encounter the scorn and disappoint-

ment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the portmanteau which fortunately was the right one to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling up the street and my time was short, "how can you be so cold and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no right in the house to which we are hastening than the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either is that of an imposter and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face wondering and puzzled towards me.

Thank Heaven I did not read fear and aversion in it.

"No right! no claim!" she repeated; what can you mean?"

I told her frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame and hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate and blame myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwittingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said in a low voice.

"Do not misunderstand me if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door was thrown open, and a pretty woman, followed by a fine looking black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps.

There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me."

I looked at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or of anything except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, whom my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, before I could stammer an apology and re-tire, related in her own way, (how different from mine,) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing thanks for my my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cor-

dially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and his family.

I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable conduct, it was not

from anger, believe me, but because I was

first too much astonished, afterwards too

much moved and grateful to speak. I owe

you more than I can say, and should be

miserable indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining.

If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies. It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny (my cousin Jenny now,) so bitterly reproaches us in our last letter, for not visiting her in all that time, we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years' standing, and I registered our names on the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars as I read it over.

Even while I write, Florence, livelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretense of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me by past transactions to write down this story,) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. (Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake")

## A Birthday Tribute.

We will not speak of years to-night;  
For what have years to bring,  
But larger floods of love and light  
And sweeter songs to sing!

We will not drown in wordy praise  
The kindly thoughts that rise;  
If friendship owns one tender phrase,  
He reads it in our eyes.

We need not waste our schoolboy art  
In match of time;  
Toate to, y wayward heart  
A? I artless rhyme.

End the de silent grasp  
true and in hand,  
vote the ignorant asp  
transition on wing band.

democracy obis of manly toil!  
distinguished is a teams!  
ring him hasted streams!

Sweet of  
The gth,  
And the Roundabout

20 up stowed

40 N

60 33 W

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

**What is thy Age.**  
Does the light of youthful promise  
Sparkle in thy lustrous eye.  
Have thy years, like fairy-visions  
Bright with hope and joy past by?  
Have thy tears been few and fleeting,  
Prompted by a moment's woe,  
Does the tide of happy feeling  
Find a free, unbounded flow?  
Cherish well thy priceless blessings,  
Ere the precious spring-tide fly,  
Guard the trust in thee reposing—  
Thou art fitting for the sky.

Have the years down swiftly past thee,  
Till they brought thy summer prime?  
Do the blossoms now maturing,  
Promise golden fruitage time?  
Are thy talents now unfolded,  
And thy mind's rich wealth matured,  
Has thy faith grown purer, stronger,  
Through the sufferings endured?  
Prize well thy lofty nature,  
For with angels it will vie,  
And the likeness of God's image,  
He is fitting for the sky!

Does the shadow of Life's dial  
Lengthen to the latest years,  
Art thou waiting for the gardener,  
Who shall pluck the ripened ears?  
Has the world, its crime and vices,  
Made the pine for higher things,  
Till the spirit, faint and weary,  
Longs to spread its heavenward wings?  
Wait thy time in patient hoping,  
Till the messenger on high,  
Sweetly whispers to thy spirit—  
"Thou art fitted for the sky!"

MABELLE.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## The Recall.

Come back, thou friend of my childhood,  
Return again to me,  
I've wandered through glen and wildwood,  
Yet thy form I do not see;  
Come back, for my heart is aching,  
All lone and sad to-day,  
Oh, come, and thy rich tones wakening,  
Shall drive that grief away!

Come back with thy vow of friendship,  
Thy pledge of unbroken love,  
Return in thy long estrangement,  
To the scene and shrinking dove!  
Come back, and thy fond arms twining  
Around me, as of old—  
Oh! come for my heart is plining,  
For thy bosom's gentle fold!

Come back, and the past forgetting,  
We never more will range,  
But our hearts the fonder netting,  
For this unwise estrange.  
There is none to take thy station—  
'Tis sacred kept for thee,  
For through all this wild duration,  
My heart has yearned for thee.

Then return, thou childhood treasure,  
With the smile thou hast worn alway,  
Come back, for I've known no pleasure,  
Since thou hast been astray;  
Come back, for I'm sadly calling  
To the friend I loved of yore,  
Oh, come, for my tears are falling—  
I'll be estranged no more!

ALFRED.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## To "Brunswick Nell."

Yes Weary-one, this is a cold, ungrateful world, and I do not wonder that you have grown weary of it. I too have become dreadfully fatigued, and would that I could rest.

What a constant warfare there is between mankind in general, and some in particular! Each one wishes to be first and foremost, and each is trying not to do as her neighbor. In the common walks of life we see it exemplified every day. It is much worse in Yankee-land than the old country. What say you to commanding a boat—perhaps a "life-boat"—and bidding adieu to this land of false pretensions, hollow friendships, and ungrateful remembrances, and seeking a more congenial clime—say an island in the South Sea?

Yes, I am weary of this grovelling disposition which has become so common with human-kind, as a class. What a pity it is, that when there are those who would rise above the "common herd," and soar away into the realms of unexplored dream-land, that they should be obliged to still live here, where all the surroundings are so dull, insipid and uncongenial!

"Be independent!" Yes, that is the thing! "Hold up your heads, girls," as Miss Patty Primrose says, "and let the world see that you are somebody." This is it. Who wants to be looking down to earth all the time? Might as well not have any eyes, for all the good they would do you.

Yours, for the "Weary"  
CHARLES FLORIDA.



## FROST GAGE. AUTUMN FRUIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLIND ALICE."

THERE was beauty in the light green leaves,  
And gleaming buds of early Spring,  
In the flowery wreath and rustling sheaves,  
Borne on the Summer's gorgeous wing.

And beauty smiles around us now,  
That Autumn's sober days have come,  
From redd'ning leaf and boding bough,  
From clus'ring grape and purple plum.

And leaf and bud and flowery wreath,  
The rustling sheaf, the fruited tree,  
In spirit-whispers softly breathe,  
"Learn thou the love of God from me."

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

## CHARLES SUMNER.

A child reclined upon the green mossy banks of a river, which meandered through a fertile valley, the handiwork of the Creator. The river ran noiselessly on and within its limpid waters were mirrored every object within its precincts. Onward it flowed regardless of the shouts of the child to bring back her cherished, idolized flowers; onward still onward it passed till its waters were lost in the great Ocean.

Flowers rich and rare were strewed at the feet of the child, their fragrance rose from the crushed petals like a forgiving spirit returning good for evil.

Weary with the beauty and fragrance of one, she carelessly tossed it upon the river's calm surface and in its silent course it passed on. "Return beauteous idol," shouted the child, "I did not think the stream moved, it was so still."

Another was called to fill the vacancy, it shared the same fate, another and yet another, and soon too soon, nothing but bare and naked nature surrounded her. She was alone. The hours of youth were wasted, old age was upon her and nature presented but one naked bare aspect. In God's incomparable works there was no beauty. The key that unlocks the beauties of his works was flung aside in youth, now nothing inspired her to see wisdom and unity in a Master's labor, and old age and decrepitude came, life and the world were a burden. Oh, improve the moments in youth, then when failing nature weakens our physical frame, unfit us for a continued march upward, we can look back upon improved youth, call up from the storehouse of memory things new and old, which age and experience has dressed in a new light, and we forget in our sanguine endeavors that we are old, that the tomb is soon to close over us

"ay be old in years, but at heart never".

MISS FICKLE FORTUNE.

## My Baby Brother.

The little laughing eyes were closed,  
His hands all pale and white,  
Were clasped above the still heart,  
In that dread hour of night!  
We thought how soon our darling dear,  
Would lie beneath the sod,  
And in our bitter agonies,  
We called unto our God—  
When suddenly, the little hands  
Reached out in glad delight,  
And dreamy eyes were gazing forth  
Far out into the night!  
We saw the black clouds open wide,  
And down a shining street  
An angel-band was coming on,  
The angel-babe to meet!  
The air seemed hushed and sunny bright  
Around our baby's bed,  
And forms were bending over him—  
We know not what they said,  
But they kissed his fairy features,  
And took an outstretched hand—  
Then we knew that he was going  
To a fairer, brighter land!  
The golden gates swung open wide,  
And a flood of golden light  
Shone down upon the cherub-throng,  
Arrayed in pearly white.  
And we heard the far-off music,  
As heaven shut from our sight.  
Come sweetly floating, floating down,  
Upon the air of night.  
We laid the cherub-form away,  
Beneath the church-yard sod,  
But did not murmur, for we knew  
Our babe was with our God!

## BELL SYBIL.

## The Oceanic Telegraph.

The Father with the child conspires  
To lay full deep th' electric wires!  
O'er mountains in the briny deep,  
See the electric cable creep!  
It sinks where foot shall never tread,  
E'en on the Ocean's briny bed,  
Where stranded vessels ruined lay;  
Where ne'er shall shine the light of day;  
Where bosoms cold have ceased to beat—  
Shut out for time from lambent heat,  
Whose hopes are crushed, whose pulse is still,  
Waiting their Creator's will.

Could the electric wire give LIFE,  
And bring to earth the hapless wife,  
Restore the son to aching heart,  
Who was with parent loth to part—  
Give animation to the dead,  
From whom all human hope has fled—  
Bring back the Father, Husband, Friend—  
Rejoicing then should never end!

But why recall the fleeting breath,  
When ALL must soon lie down in death?  
We're doom'd to fade as does the leaf,  
Bound for the garner is the sheaf.

But, O, the soul, the ETERNAL fire,  
To save which Heaven and earth conspire,  
Shall soon to judgment lift its head—  
The "sea shall then give up her dead!"  
We too shall meet Him, face to face,  
Who came to save our fallen race.  
Till then let a' th' ard' prayer ascend  
To Him who is the sinner's Friend;  
For now our wants he can redress,  
And with immortal life can bless!

For He who made th' ethereal spark,  
When sea was not, and earth was dark,  
Gave man the power to do His will—  
Lightning to tame, the thunders still!  
Made thought to fly on lightning wing,  
Made man His praises high to sing,  
Made him to rule beneath the sky,  
Made him to live with God on high!

## L. M. H.

## Original Poetry.

## For the Transcript and Eclectic.

## BONA-VANCIO.

BY MARIE.

Bona-Vancio, still, and solemn,  
Bona-Vancio green, and fair,  
With liberal hand has nature  
Scattered gems of beauty there.

All that calm strength of purpose high;  
That proud, heroic zeal,  
That purity of heart, and life;  
That power to act, and feel,

Are offered up unshrinking,  
For Freedom, Truth, and Right!  
Fears of ruffian curse, and threat,  
Of coward blow, and blight.

The daughters of Columbia love  
The man who thus can dare.  
Ten thousand blessings rest on him!  
Heaven, keep him in thy care!

ROASIE.

• • • • •  
royal

Lat by Obs  
Long by Chas 66' 33" W

## VERDANT.

There is something very pleasing and appropriate to the youthful season in the light green which seems to be the prevailing fashionable color in dress. Nature has put on the same colored vestments, so that a judicious harmony of color is everywhere maintained. The tenderness of the tints may be considered characteristic of the head of the wearer as well as of his feelings. Shakespeare, in one of his plays, says, "the spring is near when green geese are a breeding," which shows how studiously he observed nature, and that he also noticed the remarkable appositeness of color to season. Perhaps the fashion-mongers took the hint from him. There may have been something also in the character of the particular species of enlivened nature to which he alludes which gave it an additional recommendation.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Twenty-One.

There are a few periods in life which may properly be termed stations or landmarks. They are very important eras; times, when one breaks up existing associations, habits, sometimes even principles, and enters upon almost a new being. Times anxiously looked for, dreaded when approached, and, as a general thing, deeply regretted when past. The first such period that occurs in the history of a young man, is the time of his separation from direct, parental influence, commonly known as "being of age;" when he turns from the scenes, the duties, the pleasures and follies of youth, and looks the world and life in the face as, at least, nominally and legally, a man and a citizen. Among the opposite sex, we believe, a similar point arrives when they first emerge from that blissful, vexatious, and responsible sphere of opening womanhood; when they cast aside thoughtlessness, flirtation and folly, and become susceptible to the transforming power of love, devotion and anxiety.

Such hours are pre-eminently hours of reflection; hours, when we should calmly sit down and review the past, ascertain the present condition, and prospectively announce and resolve for the future. By many the commencement of a new year is often employed for this purpose, but this period, we think, is in a measure unfitted for the work, on account of the fact, that it is generally used. No one can meditate really and beneficially upon self, when there is a consciousness that thousands, perhaps, at the same moment are doing the same thing. But a birth-day, especially when distinguished by the occurrence of that important event before-mentioned, seems a time peculiarly appropriate above all others, to step aside from the hot, crowded and dusty highway of life, into some green arbor of the soul, throw off the 'habiliments of deception and reserve, wipe the sweat of passion and care from the brow, and with the influence of youthful, moral faculties comparatively undimmed and undebased, blowing as a gently cooling breeze upon the brain, to spend at least a few moments in reflective thought and self-examination!

While penning these thoughts, I am celebrating my twenty-first birth-day! I have come to the portals of the temple of manhood, and my feet are now treading its time-worn and echoing vestibule. Behind me lies the crooked but flower-skirted pathway of boyhood and youth. Its disappointments, its regrets, its trials and vexations have all vanished, and from this stand-point the journey appears like a bright, beautiful, and joyous ramble that stretches, meandering, into the mazy distance, until it finally becomes indistinct amid the luminous effulgence of a mother's new-born love! Oh, the halcyon hours of childhood! Who can gaze back upon them at such a point, and not feel a heart-pang that they have passed away never to be recalled! Yet, I am conscious I was not happy while enjoying them: indeed, I know that I often longed and prayed for this hour to come; and thus it ever is with man, sighing over the past, dissatisfied with the present, and picturing out a glorious future!

As I begin to examine the present condition of my heart and character, and to contrast it with what it was, I find that I have gradually experienced a great change. That innocence, freedom from slavish passions and light-hearted elasticity of feeling which characterized early years has departed, and now the tablet of my soul is stained with sins, its pure impulses fettered by the bonds of custom and evil habits, and oppressed with a heavy load of care and sorrow! Yes, I who once was the joyous, roguish and impetuous lad, am now the gloomy, forlorn and cynical mis-

thope! At times I am happy; occasionally some transient gleam of joy will light up for a moment the dark horizon, but it only reveals a deeper and blacker shade beyond! Would that some kind angel had interposed a friendly hand when, sailing down life's river, my fragile boat first shot into the dark and swiftly-running waters of sorrow! Would that my soul had never encountered the blighting shadow of evil! but alas! regrets are vain! I find myself already in the current and without the power of preventing, and being rapidly borne towards that vortex which I know involves a hopeless ruin! No longer can I cherish and act out the undissolved frankness and simple, confiding faith of yore; the curtain has been raised, the spell broken, and I have learned by sad and bitter experience, that deception and fickleness are too often the predominating traits of human nature! Hope's fires that once burned so brightly, are now well-nigh quenched by the cold damp of disappointment, and only a few scoured and dying cinders remain to tantalize with the scorpion stings of reflection!

But where is the Future? That too must come, laden either with joys and blessings, or freighted with sorrows and curses! The thick darkness which ensombs it, can be cleft only by the slow but steady advancing of Time's sickle, and I must receive whatever awaits me. Notwithstanding my disinclination to participate in that life-conflict, whose din breaks upon my ears as I cross the threshold and look forward, yet the necessity is inevitable. And since it is so, the question of moment to me is, what course shall I take? Within the temple there are two diverging aisles—I stand at the entrance and must make a choice—Father, guide my steps!

## HORATIO.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Night Thoughts.

When the labors of the day and week are past, how soothing, how refreshing is the hour of rest to the care-worn frame! Then the mind, become weary in chasing the phantoms of life, relaxes its hold on the busy cares of the world, and seeks to withdraw itself from the engrossing and entangling scenes of business, and enjoy at least one day of rest, free and undisturbed by the trials and cares of earth; and then, swift-winged thought, by prayer and faith, plumes its flight for a purer, higher and more noble sphere of action! How sweet and quiet is the rest of Saturday night! The busy hum of machinery is stilled, the tired workman has ceased from his labors, and already the stillness of Sabbath begins to reign. Nature too, seems preparing for rest; the winds that so rudely swept its harp strings have ceased their hoarse murmurings, and they now vibrate with a purer, higher and more noble sphere of action for the future; and he too is uttering the name of Him, who is the rightful Governor of the universe, with irreverence, being guilty of the most unpardonable violation of God's law, since it is said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Let us for a moment look at the aged man, standing as it were upon the brink of the grave, just ready to launch into eternity, and do we not shudder at the sound, when we hear him blaspheming the name of that God who has prolonged his days, and given him sufficient time to repent of all his evil deeds and lay up for himself a treasure in Heaven? Let us for a moment look at the aged man, standing as it were upon the brink of the grave, just ready to launch into eternity, and do we not shudder at the sound, when we hear him blaspheming the name of that God who has prolonged his days, and given him sufficient time to repent of all his evil deeds and lay up for himself a treasure in Heaven?

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As the daylight departs, dark-eyed night, with all its starry gems, folds the earth in its sable curtains, while the lone whip-poor-will pours forth its mournful strains. Many are the silent voices oh, night, and most truly and beautifully do they speak forth the glorious workmanship of the great Master builder and divine Architect, for "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." And who does not love to gaze on the sublime beauties of night? What though the world is veiled in darkness? many a bright lamp is hung on high, to guide and cheer the benighted traveller on his way, but how deep and profound is the stillness; and as we look out into the darkness, perchance at times lit up with the fitful gleam of the lurid lightnings, who does not read lessons of God's love and wisdom, written in plain, unmistakable characters, and see the tracings of His hand and the reflection of His glory in all things!

## MEDORA.

Original,  
THE WEARY ONE'S PRAYER.  
O! H! God, our only hope and aid  
When sorrow veils the heart;  
In mercy hear me when I pray,  
And humbly take my part.  
Spread o'er me thy protecting wing,  
And shield me from the storm  
That pours destruction on my head,  
And bows my drooping form.  
Support my few remaining days  
With thy almighty grace;  
And when I've passed the vale of death,  
Give me to see thy face.

A. R. C. MATHERSON.

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Oh, Night! I love to listen to thy many voices, and view thy varied beauties, but above all, I love thy hours of rest, and when, while wrapped in unconscious hours of sleep thy darkness flies away, how cheering is the morning light to the waking eye as we gladly welcome another sacred day that brings rest to the body and strength to the soul! And when the lamp of life shall cease to burn, and the night of death draws nigh, causing the life-light to fade from the eye and the cheek grow pale, may the exit of life be calm and quiet like the setting sun, and peaceful as the hours of night, that precedes the bright and glorious morning.

GILBERT.

One reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any person who does not think more of what he has to say, than of answering what is said to him.

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.&lt;/div



ed with great grace conversing in a gentle-  
manly way all the time. Polly was triumph-  
ant; every one acknowledged it was a great  
thing to be so learned, and when Marsden  
spoke the whole party was silent.

The brides went to their respective homes,  
Sally to a little white house that Mr. Buck  
had built, and Polly to the old dilapidated  
tenement, for Marsden was fond of ruins.

#### CHAP. II.

Ten years later we find the Marsdens at  
their old place among the ruins. The hus-  
band paler, and shaggier than ever. His  
dark eyes are larger and brighter, and a sharp  
hollow cough gives evidence that the smoul-  
dering fires are doing their work. The wife  
is no longer pretty Polly, for labor and an-  
xiety have paled her cheek, and dimmed her  
bright blue eye. However, she has waged a  
perpetual war with starvation, her weapons  
of defense being the shears, and tailors goose.  
People think she has found out her mistake,  
but she hurls defiance at their thoughts and  
labor on, though never now, does he read  
pretty sonnets to her. There is another mem-  
ber of the family, little Maggie, a wild, scared  
looking child with long, dark hair, and hun-  
gry eyes. The father insists she shall be  
taught to sew, and the mother insists she shall  
read and write, but both neglect to impart a  
particle of knowledge save in fretful reproach-  
es. But while the parents were wasting time  
in settling the matter whether Maggie should  
be a scholar or a worker (they never dreamed  
that the two could be blended) the little girl  
with hungry eagerness had learned to read  
and was devouring everything that came in  
her way. One book always lay on the table  
by her father's side, the wife thought it was  
always the same one, but Maggie had already  
discovered that one went, and another came,  
and the mystery occupied much of her  
thoughts.

The little girl learned much of her moth-  
er's trade, for though the wilful woman would  
not consent to teach her, the child would pur-  
loin bits of cloth and make tiny pants and  
coats for her doll and in this way became  
quite an expert seamstress.

Meanwhile the Bucks were thriving won-  
derfully. There were three great stout boys  
growing fat on the smell of meat; and as  
many girls rosy and pretty as their mother  
and aunt had been. Their mother did not  
grow old in looks, and weighed many pounds  
more than when married. It was her special  
delight to dress the young Misses in their  
crimson frocks and take them down to see  
Maggie, and then she would comment on her  
sallow countenance, long arms, &c., not in  
malice, but to make her sister acknowledge  
that a butcher was better than a poet. Vain  
attempt. Polly only sewed the faster, bring-  
ing the waxen thread through the horn but-  
tons with a jerk and a defiant twang. And  
Sally would take away her children leaving a  
deeper shadow where their crimson frocks  
had shone.

One day her mother went out to take home  
some work, and Maggie was left with her  
father. He called her to his side.

"What are you doing with that little old  
book?" he asked.

"Reading, father, 'tis a fairy tale."

"Who taught you to read, Maggie?"

"The children in the yard showed me the  
letters on handbills, and then I learned my-  
self."

"You must learn to sew, child."

"I can sew, but I had rather read. Please  
father, do you believe in fairies?"

"No, child, but why do you ask?"

"Because I do, I saw one last night in my  
dreams."

"Maggie, don't talk of dreams, what is at  
the fire?"

"Only mother's goose."

The name awakened fierce cravings in the  
stomach of the sick man suggestive of roast  
fowl, but nothing save the tailor's iron lay  
basking in the heat of the embers. The fath-

er had his arm around the waist of his child,  
and she was encouraged to go on.

"I dreamed father!"

"Pish, child," impatiently retorted the  
father, "get me some gruel, I am faint."

The child obeyed, going down on her knees  
to blow the embers on which it was heated.

"There, I am better now, you may tell the  
dream."

"Oh, it was this. I thought I was wandering  
in a castle in your country."

"My country, who said my country was  
other than this?"

"Aunt Buck. She said—but no matter."

"What did she say?"

"That I was just like you, and never could  
get a living."

"That is true, you must learn to sew."

"Let me tell my dream, father. I thought  
an old woman came to me, and said she was  
my guiding spirit. She was pale, and had  
a crimson scar on her cheek."

"My mother," sighed the sick man.

"She told me of a brass key in that queer  
stone pot, and a big chest in the dark gar-  
ret."

"What else did she say?" asked the father  
with trembling eagerness.

"That there was gold in that chest, and  
that I might be rich."

"'Tis false, Maggie. Would I starve with  
gold in the house?"

"Are you hungry, pa?"

"No, I am tired, let me lie down—there,  
spread the blanket over me—tuck it in, I will  
sleep."

The sick man slept, but in his dreams, he  
murmured "a bit of chicken, a little gravy—  
there thank you," and essaying to smack his  
lips, he coughed hoarse and hollow.

"Poor father is hungry, and maybe a good  
fairy is my godmother and may be she has  
put money in that chest."

Climbing into the cupboard she reached the  
little pot which had once held foreign sweet-  
meats, and there sure enough was a big brass  
key. To light the little tin lamp, ascend to the  
garret, was but the work of a minute.—  
The chest was found and the key applied to  
the lock, but, alas, the little hands were weak  
and the lock rough from disuse and damp-  
ness, and for many minutes she labored in  
vain. At length wraping her dress round  
the key, it was at last turned, and the lid  
few open.

Was there gold? Not to the vision of the  
child, but instead, a pile of old books. Maggie  
lifted one volume after another, and then  
gently replacing them, she sank on her knees  
and burst into tears.

At length a groan from her father recalled  
the little gold hunter below. She looked in  
his face; it had that dusky pallor in which a  
more experienced eye could have detected  
the presence of an *awful visitant*, and which  
filled the child with terror. Throwing her lit-  
tle form on to his bosom, so that her long  
hair covered both, she lay till his feeble strug-  
gle ceased, and then thinking that he had  
again fallen asleep she too dropped off in un-  
easy slumbers. An hour after the little  
sleeper was aroused, but the other slept on.

CHAPTER III.

The widow and child lived on in the old  
tenement. Still plying the needle, clicking  
the sheers, and wringing the neck of the  
goose in their pressings. And now that there  
were only two pairs of hands to feed, only  
two mouths they were better fed, besides add-  
ing many little comforts to their old room.

There had come to be a better understand-  
ing between the two. Mrs. Buck had offer-  
ed a room in her attic for her sister to sew in,  
besides giving her all her coarse sewing.—  
The Bucks had become independent, they  
lived in a large house, their father had taken  
to gentle business, and the daughters went to  
select schools, and played with the piano that  
pa had bought them.

Mrs. Marsden declined with her usual defi-  
ant air, but Maggie only remarked that she  
had rather live where her father died.

It was a great day to Mrs. Marsden when  
Maggie brought home a second hand "What-  
not," and sat it in the corner of the room,  
and fetched armful after armful of books  
from the garret, and arranged them upon it.  
The good mother held up her hands in amaze-  
ment.

"Why Maggy, what are these?"

"My father's books mother."

"Why, where did he keep them, and what  
will your aunt Sally say," said Mrs. Mars-  
den, looking out with a hope that her sister  
might call that moment.

"No matter what she thinks, mother; I  
shall read these books," said Maggie.

"What, all them!" ejaculated the moth-  
er, "and you mean to be learned like your  
father. Well that's right darling," continu-  
ed she, as the image of the Bucks in their  
fattness flitted before her; "yes Maggie you  
shall have the head and I the hands."

"Please God, mother," said the girl, "I  
will have both."

From that time Maggie labored and studi-  
ed, as one who had a purpose, and as she  
imbibed the sentiments of Poets and Histori-  
ans her wild dark eye settled to an expression  
of intellectual radiance, hope animated  
her countenance, and Maggie became an in-  
teresting young lady.

One evening she sat alone over the dying  
embers till a neighboring clock had tolled out  
solemn "one," when in lifting her hand to  
her bosom to warm the icy fingers, the lid of  
the book fell back and from between its  
leaves dropped a paper. Maggie took it up,  
and there in her father's hand was an invoca-  
tion to Heaven in behalf of the "Infant Mag-  
gie." Again and again did she read the sweet  
parental prayer that *his own intellectual aspir-  
ings might find lodgment in the bosom of his  
child, not as a fire to consume, but as geni-  
al light and warmth to her moral nature.*

It was in measured rhymes, whose sooth-  
ing melody touched the heart of the child,  
and she wept till fearing her sobs might dis-  
turb her mother, she choked back her tears  
and again read the precious poem.

Suddenly a strange thought possessed the  
lonely girl. Seizing a pencil she began to  
trace lines on the manuscript to the same  
flowing measure, and ere she was aware six  
verses were added thereto. Maggie trembled  
in every limb; she fully believed the spirit of  
her father guided her pen. It might have  
been so, for are they not all ministering spir-  
its? However, the idea at least was original,  
for modern spiritualism was then unknown.

CHAPTER IV.

After those things there appeared in the  
literary galaxy a little star so strangely bright  
in all its phases that even the wise men were  
sorely puzzled at its advent.

Every week the columns of the Republican  
Palladium were enriched by it. Never before  
had there been such a sensation in the little  
town of C., at least not since the printing of  
their one paper. Everybody read the Palladium,  
and everybody, whether they under-  
stood it or not, praised the effusion which  
was heralded by the little \*. At last the young  
Minister of the place, who ought to have been  
writing his sermons or composing his pray-  
ers began to read the Poets' Corner. And alas  
the paper with its protective title proved to  
him a dangerous thing. His eye began to  
wander over the congregation in search of a  
terrestrial body which might enshrine the heavenly  
one which had so dazzled his imagination.  
Strange to tell that wandering eye was  
fixed by the deep dark orb of Maggie and  
wandered no more.

We have not time to tell our readers of  
the clerical cloak that hovered around the  
door of the "Palladium Office," nor of the  
little form that ran against that cloak; nor  
of the manuscript dropped in the snow; nor  
of the little bare hand that took it from a  
clerical glove; nor of the musical "thank  
you" that caused the clerical bosom to beat  
time long after the sweet sounds had died  
away. Nor shall we go into details of the

wedding at aunt Sally Bucks, when Miss  
Sarah was married, save to say that it was a  
fat wedding, redolent of roast pork and  
brown gravy.

Perhaps we had ought to let you know that  
a certain widow was there, neatly dressed, but  
with a threaded needle in her side, and a de-  
fiant air, as though she asked no favors, not  
even *bridal ones*. No wonder, for she had dis-  
tinctly heard the parson mutter behind his  
prayer-book that the bridesmaid was queen-  
ly, he had blundered too in the ceremony,  
and addressed her when he said "wilt thou  
take this man?" &c., and the gloved hand on  
his breast trembled.

And after the ceremony, when the minister  
sat down in the bay window, to talk a  
moment with the queenly bridesmaid, his  
voice grew soft and low, and aunt Sally  
reckoned he was quoting Solomon's Songs.

Maggie Marsden is no more. And the  
Republican Palladium broke down under the  
last administration; but there is in New Eng-  
land a clergyman who in his conjugal  
trust hath no need of spoils. In the nursery,  
and among his olive plant's, is a brisk widow  
and among her wild dark eye settled to an expression  
of intellectual radiance, hope animated  
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teresting young lady.

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teresting young lady.

Louis Philippe's Fortune.

There was (says Major Noah) at one  
time an attempt on the part of several Eu-  
ropean newspapers to create public sym-  
pathy for the poor ex-King of the French,  
on account of the extreme poverty and  
desolation to which the ingrate republicans  
had reduced him. All, however, who were afflicted with tender emotions  
at the sad idea, may dismiss their sorrow,  
for it appears that the ex-king, like a pru-  
dent old gentleman as he was, has taken  
pretty good care, amid the shaking of em-  
pires and the wreck of his throne, to feather  
his nest pretty well.

His private fortune has suffered great depreciation with-  
in the last two years, but still it yields  
him the snug little income of \$800,000 a  
year, or thereabouts. This, by his will,  
he has divided equally among each of his  
eight children and grandchildren, leaving  
to each the moderate competence of 100,  
000 dollars a year, upon which, small as  
it is, we sincerely trust they may be able  
to wriggle through life.

CHAPTER V.

Something to think of.

The number of languages spoken is 3064.  
The number of men is about equal to the  
number of women. The average of human  
life is 33 years. One-quarter die before the  
age of 7. One-half before the age of 17.—  
To every 1000 persons, one only reaches 100  
years. To every 100, only nine reach 65  
years; and more than 1 in 500 reached the  
age of 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,  
000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 33,333,  
333 die every year; 7780 every hour, and 60  
every minute—or one for every second.—  
These losses are about balanced by an equal  
number of births. *The married men are longer than the singles; and above all, those  
who observe a sober and industrious conduct.*

Tall men live longer than short ones. Wo-  
men have more chances of life previous to the  
age of 50 years than men, but fewer after.—  
The number of marriages is in proportion of  
75 to 100. Marriages are more frequent af-  
ter the equinoxes, that is, during the months  
of June and December. Those born in Spring  
are generally more robust than others. Births  
and deaths are more frequent by night than  
by day. Number of men capable of bearing  
arms is calculated at one-fourth of the popula-  
tion.

The Obsequies at Trenton in honor  
of Gen. Taylor, appear from the reports  
in their papers, to have been the evidence  
of a spirit more appropriate to a Fourth of  
July jubilee, than a solemn manifestation  
of their sense of the nation's loss, and the  
affair ended in a *dinner*! at which toasts  
were drank, speeches made, &c.

Appearances always take prece-  
dence of utility. Roses and double pinks  
are among the least useful of all vegeta-  
bles, and yet roses and pinks have always  
a place provided for them even in the par-  
lor. A potato, on the contrary, is among  
the most useful of plants, and yet who ever  
saw a potato vine even on the mantle-  
piece of a kitchen. How is this world  
taken with show.

#### Funeral Honors.

The "busy note of preparation" is  
heard on every hand, and the citizens of  
the Old Commonwealth seem determined  
that high honors be paid at their capital  
to the memory of their lamented Presi-  
dent. They will not equal in costly pomp  
the funeral obsequies bestowed by Alex-  
ander the Great upon the mortal remains  
of his bosom friend Hephaestion, the ex-  
pense of which is said to have been twelve  
thousand talents, or nearly five millions  
of dollars. Neither will they compare  
with the *coro* which escorted the re-  
mains of Napoleon the Grand through  
Paris, to their last resting place at the In-  
valid Pensioners Hospital. But they will  
surpass in splendor and pomp any similar  
procession ever seen in this section of the  
world, and will evince the deep hold pos-  
sessed by the lamented hero upon the  
hearts of the people.

The procession in honor of the memory  
of General Washington was also on a  
Thursday—the 9th of January, 1800.

The procession was formed at the State  
House, and moved at 12 o'clock, through  
Common, [Tremont,] Winter, Summer,  
Federal, Milk, Kilby and State streets,

to the Old South, where an eulogium was  
pronounced by George R. Minot, Esq.

In a copy of the "Columbian Centinel"  
of the day previous, which is before us  
as we write, there are many notices of  
meeting for the procession, but on com-  
paring them with those now in the "Trans-  
cript"—we only find two of the institu-  
tions of 1800 advertising in 1850: The

"Ancient and Honorable Artillery, Capt.  
Robert Gardner," and the "Cincinnati"  
—the Revolutionary soldiers were invited

to join the Cincinnati, in whose ranks  
was "a standard borne by the late Amer-  
ican Light Infantry at the siege and sur-  
render of Yorktown." The Freemasons  
throughout the Union turned out in great  
numbers at the processions in honor of  
their Brother Washington, that *upright  
column in the Temple of Masonry, whose  
base was Virtue, and whose Capital was  
Glory.* Gen. Taylor was not a Mason.

The *Catafalque* will constitute the prin-  
cipal feature of the Taylor Obsequies  
here, and will be a magnificent affair.  
We will not describe it in advance, but  
will say that, (in our humble opinion,) it  
is more appropriate than was Napoleon's  
triumphant funeral car, which cost fifty-  
five thousand francs.

The buildings on the route of the pro-  
cession, we are informed, will generally  
be decorated—indeed, the man who refus-  
es some sign of mourning, should be  
held up to public scorn. The Old State  
House, Faneuil Hall, and other public ed-  
ifices, will be draped in deep mourning.

All residents of the vicinity who have  
any taste for public displays, will do well  
to visit the city on Thursday.

Penny Contributions.

A statue of Sir Robert Peel is to be  
erected at Manchester, England, by means  
of penny contributions, and a cotemporary  
suggests that a monument be erected over  
the remains of Gen. Taylor, the expense  
to be defrayed by penny contributions of  
the people at large. We second the motion.  
It is a common practice in Eng-  
land, on the death of a distinguished per

### Popping the Question.

The following is the confession of an old bachelor, who describes himself as being now so dried up, that he is little better than a mummy, and expects, some of these days, to be blown away into dust. He advises all young men to get married, and tells them how to manage the "courting." The old fellow speaks like one who knows, though he has a touch of the crab-apple in him; perhaps he got jilted when young, notwithstanding he pretends to be so *au fait*.

"Now, gentlemen, this going a courting is nothing to be afraid of, if, like me, one understands how to do it. I don't mean to boast, but—the fact was, in my young days I was up to a thing or two. In the first place, give out that you are a marrying man! It will smooth difficulties wonderfully. Brothers will invite you to dinner—mamas ask their daughters to sing your favorite songs—your opinion will be asked on all points—and if the family have a country seat, you can go there every Saturday night and stay till Monday, the summer through, without spending a sommarchee. You've no idea, sir, what an easy thing love-making becomes under such circumstances. A walk by moonlight, a chance meeting at early morning in the garden, or a summer afternoon together in the alcoves, does the business. To tell the truth, I never came so near going as when I spent a week in the country with a bridesmaid I had waited on; there was a porch almost buried in honeysuckle, behind the house, and adjoining the garden, which was a perfect paradise. There we used to sit, and one day, if it hadn't been that the old gentleman woke from his nap and threw up the parlor window, just as I got his daughter's hand in mine, the question would have popped itself.

"You stare; but I repeat, it would have popped itself. The fact is—between ourselves, those things come astonishing natural after all, quite as if one was brought up to them from a child. Don't trouble yourselves about how you look, or what you shall say—the best thing you can do, is not to think of the matter at all, but make a plunge at once, and then the business is soon over. There are a thousand ways to pop the question, as there are a thousand ways to make love. Some do it with easy impudence—some choke for words and stick fast—some deliver a set speech, and look for a clean spot on the carpet to go down on their knees—and some glide into it gradually, like a hawk narrowing his gyrations before he stoops, the poor girl sitting beside him all the time, her heart fluttering in her bosom like a frightened bird. I've heard of one or two poor sinners who popped the question in the street. There's only one way more certain to insure a refusal, and that is to propose in a letter. A woman—let her love you as she will—is always frightened when she comes seriously to think of leaving her parents to trust her all with a comparative stranger, and if you give her time to look at these matters coolly, ten to one she'll give you a denial—I am an old man, and have seen the world, and let me tell you, the girl who yields in tears, on a moonlight evening, would write a civil refusal or an equivocal answer the next morning after breakfast.—And then what a fool a lover makes of himself on paper! I read some letters the other day—the gods forgive my sins for writing such.

"It's a mistake, sir, in these matters, to lend the young a helping hand—all they ask is to be left alone—and if there are

any meddling youngsters about, have them put to bed, or drowned, it don't matter which, so they're out of the way. Only give to lovers fair play, kick your match-making aunts to the deuce, and, my life is it! the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if, like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make love with their feet. It may come rather odd at first, but they will sit looking into each other's eyes, until, by and by, their hands will somehow steal into each other's, and so getting cosier and cosier, the question, when they least expect it, will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle. It will pop itself."

### A Remarkable Woman.

The N. Y. *Commercial* instances a remarkable display of genuine patriotism by the wife of a gentleman who at one time kept a restaurant in this city:

"If you would like to see a sight worth seeing, go and take your lunch at 'Goslin's American and French Restaurant,' 17 Nassau street. You will there find behind the lunch table, waiting on the guests with modest dignity and cheerful assiduity, a fine looking, rosy-cheeked, black haired female, a specimen of perfect health and cheerfulness, and younger in appearance than the vast majority of women at forty. This is the wife of the host, the mother of twenty-four children—the eldest of whom is thirty-two, and the youngest two years old, thirteen of whom, with ten grand-children are still living; she rises every morning at five and does the marketing for this great establishment; and during several of the busiest hours of the day, sees that the guests are properly waited on and attended to. She confesses to forty-eight years, but without the confession she would not be deemed guilty of forty. Had she lived in the days of ancient Rome, she would have been entitled to, and would have received the honors of the Republic, and certainly it cannot be misplaced to bestow this brief notice on one, who has contributed so many citizens to her country, and whose good conduct in her daily walk in life, and modest demeanor, and cheerful efforts to aid the partner of her lot present so useful an example for imitation."

### To the Ladies.

Kid gloves may be cleansed with milk. Husbands may be subdued by the use of the broomstick. Paint of adhesive quality may be removed from the cheeks in washing with strong ley, and to prevent the skin from being rough, anoint it afterwards with lamp oil. Monkey jackets, it is said, will not be in fashion this summer.

"Can you tell me how I can get to the State Prison?" a gentleman enquired of Bemus, as that worthy was strolling over Charlestown bridge.

"Yes, sir—pick the pocket of the next man that you meet."

### Gossip from Gotham.

"Without, or with, offence to friends or foes, I sketch the world exactly as it goes."

August has brought with it a general vacation to the numerous schoolboys of this city, and we suppose that country aunts, uncles, &c., will have to "suffer some" between this and the first of September. By the way, the "unbounded" affection which the denizens of an overpopulated city usually evince, at this period of the year, toward their country friends and acquaintances, is worthy of note.

"It's a mistake, sir, in these matters, to lend the young a helping hand—all they ask is to be left alone—and if there are

QUEEN VICTORIA, of England, is the heroine of a pretty little anecdote, which we arrest on its way over the "surface of occasion." It is stated that, when a girl of some 19 or 20 years of age, and not long after her accession to the throne, some sentences from a court martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion; a soldier was condemned to be shot. She read it, pausing, and looked up to the officer who had laid it before her, and said, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," said the officer. "Think again, my lord," was her reply. To which "the Duke" (for it was he) replied, seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, "he is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke to his good character, and he may be a good character for ought I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times," exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing pardon, in large characters, on the fatal page, she sent it across the table, her hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

A young lady thus writes anonymously—  
"For my own part, I confess that the desire of my heart, and my constant prayer is that I may be blessed with a good and affectionate husband, and that I may be a good and affectionate wife and mother. Should I be denied this, I hope for grace to resign myself—but I fear it will be a hard trial for me."

A sensible girl, she shows the superiority of her nature in as candidly expressing herself. Prudes, real genuine prudes, however, will think otherwise. One and all of that class, those who, though rather old, "never would marry," as well as those who have not yet arrived at the "age of discretion," will cavil at such honest expression of feelings which naturally and purely preoccupate in the heart of every true woman. But, poor prudes, how they are to be pitied, for they can never know the happiness of such action as the above, and that narrowness of mind and lack of soul, which is the basis of their trait of character, must needs ever shut out that sufficiency of discrimination and judgment which teaches that it is utterly vain to attempt to belie nature. How many enthusiastic, intellectual and discreet maidens, however, will applaud the sentiments of the young Irish girl.—*Baltimore Sun.*

### The Empty Cradle.

Every fold counts a missing lamb, and there are few homes where there has been no mourning over a vacant chair. It is hard to part with the darlings of the nursery. Affection clings to them fondly and is reluctant to lose its hold; but the all-wise Father deals tenderly with his children, and removes some of their treasures to heaven, that their affections may follow. Many weeping parents will recognize their own experience in the following paragraphs from an exchange:

The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the dew on a plant, from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers, from the dark sorrow which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her earthly hopes.

### THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your "fashionable girls." With their velvets, and satins, and laces, Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls, And their milliner figures and faces; They may shine at a party or ball, Embazoned with half they possess, But give me, in place of them all, My girl with a calico dress.

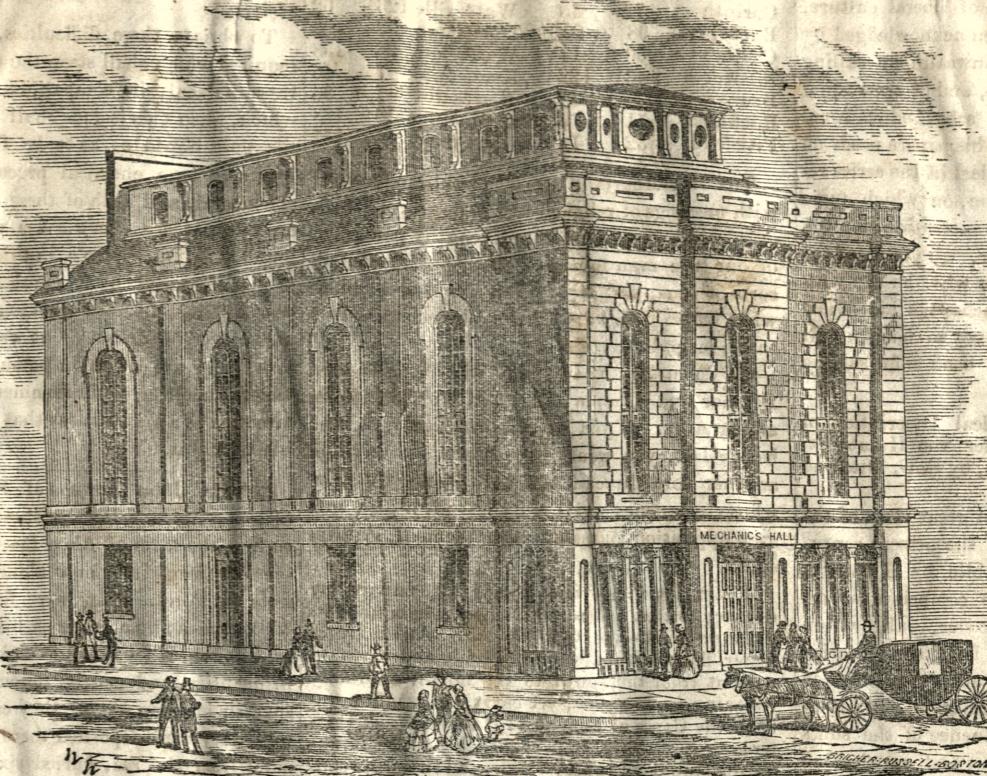
She is plump as a partridge, and fair As the rose in the earliest bloom; Her teeth will with ivory compare, And her breath with the clover perfume; Her step is as free and as light As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press; And her eye is as soft and as bright— My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and fops may sneer At her simple and modest attire, But the charms she permits to appear Would set a whole iceberg on fire. She can dance, but she never allows The hugging, the squeeze and caress; She is saving all these for her spouse— My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true, And kind to her father and mother, She studies how much she can do For her sweet little sister and brother. If you want a companion for life, To comfort, enliven and bless, She is just the right sort of a wife— My girl with the calico dress.

For the Maine Farmer.

July 1854  
The 21st  
A cloudy  
morn  
and the middle  
a steady



The New Mechanics' Hall, Portland.

### THE WOMEN.

[If any of the masculine gender has the courage to offer anything in reply to the following, let him say on. Our discretion enjoins silence.]

MR. EDITOR:—It is said that there is a point, beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and the old proverb that "It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back," fits my case exactly. I'm rather slow to anger generally, but you men have kept up such a barking of late about what women do, and ought to do, and don't do; how they dress, and ought to dress, and don't dress, that I am getting rather stirred up, and have just made up my mind to say a few words, which you may publish if you please, if not—why it's not my fault.

There's a great cry because farmers' daughters don't spin and weave as they used to; it is said they spin nothing but street yarn, &c., &c. But if fathers and brothers get too proud to dress in good homespun—hate the noise of the wheel, and send the wool from the backs of the sheep to the factory, what are the girls to spin?

If men will say, "I don't want a plain dressing, industrious, prudent woman, and I can't afford a showy, expensive doll," I'll admit they have told the truth; but let not the first half of the truth be left unsaid. I don't deny that there are more frivolous women in society than sensible ones, but I honestly believe there are more than enough to mate all the men who have the sense to appreciate them. So convinced am I of the fact, that I'll engage to find a wife, prudent, discreet, willing to labor and regulate her expenses by her husband's means; who shall delight in comfort more than display; she shall also be constant and chaste, for every man desiring such a treasure, provided he prove himself worthy by possessing corresponding virtues.

The demand for any article regulates the supply, and while the supply exceeds the demand, there cannot be a scarcity. When the market is glutted with any article and there is no demand, who'll invest money in the manufacture of it? Now sensible women are very much like ancient bonnets, they are undoubtedly better than the present style, but who wants to wear them? Men's conduct towards fashionable women is very much as it is toward those monstrous hoops about which they make such a fuss; they ridicule them, and yet call every woman a dowdy who does not wear them; so they ridicule fashionable women, and yet choose them for wives if they can afford it. Now gentlemen, stop this clamor—be sensible and honest; own up to your preferences, don't say one thing and mean another. Consistency is said to be a rare jewel; purchase it, and it may save you the cost of many other jewels neither rare nor

valuable! Believe me, there are many women who groan under the burden of fashionable folly! For my own part, I would far rather move beyond the borders of civilization, and help clear up a farm, as my mother did before me, than live the tedious, artificial life of a fashionable lady!

But writing will not feed the pigs, milk the cows, nor keep the weeds down in the onion bed; so I must close, trusting that sensible women, and men too, will increase till they fill the length and breadth of the land; for which millenium, I remain,

Yours in humble hope,

RUSTIC NELL.

### Poetry.

#### The Snow-Storm.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child.  
As through the drifting snow she press'd,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow;  
Her limbs were chill'd her strength was gone.  
"Oh, God!" she cried in accents wild,  
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She strip'd her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,  
And smiled to think her babe was warm.  
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—  
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are dead of no more.—Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue.—Chalmers.

Spirit existent within my breast,  
Say, may I never partake of rest?  
Must the stream of existence forever flow  
Turbid, and wild, and dark with woe?  
May no gleam of sunshine its bosom kiss,  
Nor my spirit drink one draught of bliss?  
Am I destined to mingle with those who know  
No beauty, or worth, in the mystic flow  
Of the sweet stream from the spirit land,  
Unlocked alone by God's own hand?  
"Not of my order," I sigh, and feel,  
I dream—then awake to a world too real!  
O Solitude, what would I not give,  
Could I in thy sacred dwelling live—  
Like the hunted deer, I fain would ride  
In thy gentle bosom, from human pride  
And from human hearts of icy mould,  
Whose pulses beat but with hope of gold!  
Alas, that legions of such there be,  
Unknown, and unheeding, of sympathy!  
Bearing the outward form of men,  
But tasteless, and wild as the wolf in its den,—  
Born to devour, to laugh, and die—  
Earth their home. For the bending sky  
With its countless beauties, they heed it not—  
Soulless beings of earth's dark spot,  
Mates for the creatures that round them creep,  
Who exist to perish in lasting sleep.  
Why can I not find on earth a few  
Whose spirits yet drink the refreshing dew  
Falling so softly from unseen lands,  
Dispensed like all blessings by angel hands?  
Spirit existent—whatever thou art,  
Inspiring life of my wayward heart!  
Take from my bosom thy gift again;  
'Tis heavy to bear in this world of pain.  
'Tis an inward fire of corroding power,  
It yields not gold in life's fleeting hour;  
A gift that is useless here—a spell  
Whose power or purpose I may not tell.  
I sought it not—and I would resign.  
Spirit! resume the gift that is thine!  
Make my heart cold to the poe's fire,  
For poverty's fingers have broken my lyre;  
And sorrow, with cloud and storm, has power  
To crush in my bosom hope's springing flower.  
Then, spirit existent, assist me to bear,  
Or take back the gift thou hast made my care!

## HAUNTED.

BY MISS EMILY R. PAGE.

The soft eyes of a little child,  
Half shadow and half shine,  
That tremble with the light they hold,  
Look hauntingly in mine.  
I kiss the sunny brow, and put  
The baby from my knee,  
For something in its mournful eyes  
I cannot bear to see.  
I hush the little voice and sit  
Awhile with book outspread,  
And try to read—but only see  
The haunting eyes instead;  
They look up from each new-turned leaf  
And every thought engage—  
They sit among the words and steal  
The meaning from the page.  
Shading my hand above my eyes,  
I look out where the sun  
Drifts through the valleys, and the shade  
Are lengthening into one.  
But still those eyes, so large and sad,  
Are in the sunshine, too,  
And where the shadows tripping come,  
With sandals tipped with dew.

The yellow May-moon, waxen full,  
Is up above the hill—

And Eve goes gathering in the stars,  
Her horn of light to fill.

I gaze—and yet, I heed not aught—  
For everywhere I see

The soft eyes of that little child  
Between the night and me.

They 'mind me of the buried light

That faded long ago,  
Just as the sunset blushing lay

Along the hills of snow;

And so I take the baby form

Again upon my knee,  
And weep to see the vanished light

The mirror back to me.

## Sabbath Reading.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## The Letter.

Mr. Editor:—I had just finished my evening repast when a friend came in with a letter. Not long previous I had received a communication from the same source, informing me of the death of a dear brother. My hand trembled nervously as I tore open the envelope, and while my heart was painfully oscillating between hope and fear in anticipation of the contents, I read the following:

"Dear Aunt:—It seems to fall to my lot once more to communicate *sad* tidings to you. Our little Andrew, whom we all loved so much, has gone to his long home. Never more shall we hear his pleasant voice, or see those bright eyes that were wont to beam so brilliantly upon us. He was too good for this world, and the Lord has taken him from the many trials and temptations to a better. Here is a stanza that was sung at his funeral:

"Lord what is life? If spent with Thee  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short our life may be,  
We feel no anxious care.  
Who's life depart our joys shall last  
When life and all its joys are past."

My health is not good, and I think it advisable to postpone my journey to your place until spring. Oh! it seems as though I cannot wait until then, but the time will soon pass away."

But months ere that time had passed, the hand that traced these lines was laid to rest over the stilled heart. Such is life. For months had the fell destroyer been at work undermining the noble structure; already had it begun to totter on its foundation, all unknown to its owner. Like the Minot Ledge Lighthouse it came tottering into the ocean of Lethe. Death, like the rude storm-king, sent the invading army of disease upon her, from which no appeal could be made, and her sun went down at noon. Oh, how the fond hearts of those parents were lacerated when they beheld the loved form of their daughter laid down to rest among the pale nations of the dead, to think that ere long the loathsome earthworm would clamber over that fair brow and heedlessly burrow in the flesh they loved so well!

This one is from a brother living in the sunny South, full to overflowing of love for sister Bell. Dear brother! you are in Bell's heart to-night.

Maggie writes to ask if I remember a wild-wood frolic which we had in days gone-by! Ha! ha! Elfish Mag, I remember how you and I tried, by every possible means, to get sister's "spark" to gallant us all, but if you recollect, we didn't accomplish our purpose, but instead, I gave you my arm man-fashion, and we ran nimbly home.

Here's one from an old flame, but slack a day! I guess there's nothing left of the old flame in your heart, E——, save a smouldering fire 'enamost extinguished at best. And now I have taken up whole pile with all manner of chirography on the envelopes, and therefore I guess this is a miscellaneous package, so I'll rummage down deeper.

Oh! bless my life! I've caught on my finger, a tress of dark-brown, curling hair! another glance, however, and the illusion vanishes; it isn't the look I thought of, for this has fallen from a miniature case now partly opened, that reveals a sunny face and rippling, golden hair. Another and another—only look at the locks of hair clipped from dear heads in the sunny past! But here is the lock I love best; it curls round my finger just as lovingly as it did when it danced o'er the noble brow, of which there is nothing left, save the bleached and crumbling bones!

Guess I must leave this letter-box now, for there's a dull pain in my left side; something sharp has struck against my heart, so I'll tumble these letters all in together, looking all the time to the finger round which the curling tress lovingly clings, but as it came first, now it is last—dear Ada's loved letter—and I can't forbear giving one more thought to her, ere I look up my treasures, so I will say—

World I could see the brilliant sheen,  
O' bonnie Ada's coal black even,  
And trip w' her o'er the lea;  
Twould mind me o' the days lang syne,  
When we w' young an' in our prime,  
And our hearts w' fo' o' glee!

I have been alternately thinking and wringing, and now, oh, joy! morn's grey locks are floating in the sky, and soon night's window will be raised, and through the aperture Aurora's bright face will glance gaily!

BELL.

THE PARROT.—We have no idea that the parrot has a sympathetic feeling, or that it has the least knowledge of the sense of the words he utters, and therefore, in relating the following circumstance, give it only as a singular coincidence.—In a small family in the south part of this city, there was a parrot which had found a home there for years, and had become a pet of the family. A child was taken sick this spring, and was not seen by the parrot for some days.—The bird had been used to repeat her name: and in the child's absence kept repeating the name so incessantly as to annoy the family.—The child died: the repetition of the name was kept up, until one of the family took the parrot to the room where the corpse lay. The parrot turned first one side of its head and then the other towards the corpse, apparently eyeing it, and was then taken back. He never repeated the name again, was at once silent, and the next day died.—*New York Sunday Times.*

The soul that can feel that its sins are no more,  
Beholds the bright rays from an angelic shore;  
His pathway is strown with the sweetest of flowers,  
His crown is bright laurels from Eden's sweet bower.  
M. S. M.

The natured, that it  
oublie to be any

For the Maine Farmer.

## WAIT AND HOPE.

Let us wait! There is hope in the future—  
The day, though it be overcast,  
Will soon shine in gladness and beauty,  
And darkness and danger be past.  
Let us wait for the time unreeling,  
With spirits resigned, though unblest;  
Our toils with the day will have ended,  
And all at the evening find rest.

Let us wait—there's a God that forever  
His love on his erring ones showers—  
There are mansions eternal above us,  
Whose glory and rest will be ours.  
Till our footsteps have passed the dread portal,  
Or the dark frown of fate let us smile;  
We shall there taste of pleasure immortal,  
Though here care may cloud us awhile.

Let us wait—soon the woes that now overwhelm us  
Will be but a dream of the past;  
Soon the sorrows and cares that surround us,  
Will give place to gladness at last.  
God gave us our joys and our sorrows,  
And both in the draught of life bleed;  
Let us wait, then, that happier future,  
And bravely "hope on" till the end!

MANILLA.

Boston, Feb., 1859.

## ANOTHER HAND IS BECKONING US.

Another hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given:  
And glows once more with angels steps  
The path that leads to heaven.

O, half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven shining one,  
Who walked an angel here.

Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought has reconciled;  
That he whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wroth,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

[WHITTIER.]

SATURDAY NIGHT.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the march of life, those little twilights in the broad and gaunt glare of noon when pale yesterday looked beautiful through the shadows, and faces, changed long ago, smiling sweetly—again in the hush, when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old arm chair. Saturday nights make people human! set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into wax drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron doored vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business branches free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week, gently closes behind him, the world is shut out! Shut in rather. Here are the treasures after all, and not in the vault, not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the Bank.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up, the hammer is thrown down, and the apron is doffed and labor hastens with a light step homeward bound.

May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday nights are nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anything. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all, a true-eyed—get a home, no matter how little—and a little sofa, just large enough to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two or two and a half in it on a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

THE BEST CAPITAL for young men to start with in life, is industry, good sense, courage and the fear of God. It is better than all the credit or cash that was ever raised.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride more because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places. [Shenstone.]

EDUCATION. If I were to reduce to a single maxim the concentrated wisdom of the world on the subject of practical education, I should but enunciate a proposition which, I fear, is not incorporated as it should be into the practice of schools and families. That principle is, that in educating the young, you serve them most effectually, not by what you do for them, but what you teach them to do for themselves. The popular opinion seems to be that education is putting something into the mind of a child, by exercising merely its power of receptivity, its memory. I say nay. The great principle on which a child should be educated, is not that of reception, but rather that of action, and it will ever remain uneducated, in the highest sense so long as its mental powers remain inert. It was well said by the eminent Dr. Mason, "Let the aim of education be to convert the mind into a living fountain, and not a reservoir." That which is filled by merely pumping in, will be emptied by pumping out."

BE GENTLEMAN AT HOME. There are few families, we imagine, any where, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolite, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen of society, and nothing can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

[Life Illustrated.]

WHEN TO BEGIN. "That you may find success," said Rev. Charles Brooks in an address to boys, "let me tell you how to proceed. To-night begin your great plan of life. You have but one life to live, and it is immeasurably important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your age, and then say to yourself, 'At the age of forty I will be a temperate man, I will be an industrious man, an economical man, a benevolent man, a well-read man, a religious man, and a useful man. I will be such an one. I resolve, and I will stand to it.' My young friends, let this resolution be firm as adamant; let it stand like the oak, which cannot be wind-shaken."

BENEFIT OF A CHEERFUL FACE. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself.—Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always endeavor to feel sunshiny, especially in a sick room, and to look so too.

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER." The editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this incident about the ravages of the yellow fever in that city, related to him by one of the Methodist pastors:—"The preacher was called a few days since to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth. He was from the State of Maine, and had been here but a short time. He was attacked by yellow fever, and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest.—He died among strangers and was buried by them. When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady, who stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' We have yet to find the first man or woman to whose eye this simple recital has not brought tears."

They 'mind me of the buried light  
That faded long ago,  
Just as the sunset blushing lay  
Along the hills of snow;  
And so I take the baby form  
Again upon my knee,  
And weep to see the vanished light  
They mirror back to me.

The soft eyes of that little child  
Between the night and me.

# A Story for the Ladies.

[Written for the True Flag.]

## THE LAST SECRET.

BY PRUDENCE PRIM.

Helen Strong was sitting alone one afternoon, in the early part of December. The wind was blowing chill and drear without, which caused the glowing coals to emit a more grateful warmth within, and the cosey little parlor looked more bright and cheerful, in contrast with the dark clouds, which were hurrying to and fro, as if making preparations for a heavy storm.

There were no clouds upon Mrs. Strong's brow, and the peaceful smile which wreathed her pretty mouth, and the light which beamed in her bright eyes, showed that no storm was gathering in her heart. No; very peaceful were her thoughts that afternoon, as she sat there stitching upon the slippers which were to encase her husband's feet, and she had just come to the conclusion that he was the best husband in the world, and that it was not possible for a woman to be happier than she was, when the ringing of the door-bell roused her from her reverie.

She hastened to the door, and found that her visitor was her old friend, Mrs. Price, who had been her playmate in childhood, her school companion in later years, and, since their marriage, which took place about the same time, two years before, her most intimate acquaintance.

"Oh, Alice," said Mrs. Strong, after the first greetings were over, "what a splendid new hat you have! Do let me look at it! Where did you get it?"

"Isn't it a beauty?" said Mrs. Price, as she took off the hat, and held it out for her friend's inspection. "I have just got it, and come this way to show it to you. So cheap, too—only nine dollars!"

"Cheap, indeed!" replied Helen. "Such a rich plume! Where did you get it?"

"At Mrs. Hood's. She has another just like it, and I want you to have it. I told Mrs. Hood to lay it aside, until to-morrow, for I thought you would get it. Put it on."

"How kind of you! but I did not intend to get any new hat this winter," said Helen, as she placed the dainty thing upon her head. "I have just had the one I wore last winter fixed up, and it looks very well."

"Nonsense! I hope you don't think of wearing that old thing all winter, when you can get such a beauty as this for nine dollars—and so becoming, too!" exclaimed Alice, leading her friend to the mirror.

Helen looked silently into the mirror, thinking that it was indeed becoming; then, taking it off, she gazed longingly upon its softly-waving plume and quivering pendants, as she moved it gently to and fro upon her hand.

"You will get it, won't you?" said her friend, as she watched Helen's longing look.

"I don't know," she replied, doubtfully, still gazing upon the hat; "I should like it, dearly, but I can't bear to say anything to Charles about it. I know he will think it is foolish, and, besides, he has got to make a payment on our lot, in a short time, and I am afraid he cannot afford it."

"We shall have to make a payment, too, the first of January, and George says he doesn't know where the money is coming from; but he wants me to dress a little like folks, so I mean to get what I need, and not trouble myself about money matters. George will fix it up somehow, I know." And the little woman fixed the little hat upon her head, and continued:—"Now tell Charles that he must get that bonnet for you. I will call here to-morrow morning, and go with you to Mrs. Hood's."

When Mrs. Strong bade her friend good-bye, her voice was a little less joyous than when she first received her; and when she sat down again to her stitching, her face was a shade sadder, and

the light of her eyes a little less bright, than when she sat there one hour before. Yet, she was not unhappy; but that hat—if she could only have that, she should certainly be the happiest woman in the world.

In the evening, as Charles was seated upon the sofa, which was wheeled up before the fire, Helen seated herself by his side, and timidly broached the subject which lay nearest her heart—"that love of a hat."

Charles heard what she had to say in praise of the desired article, and then said:—

"Well, what do you want of it, Helen? You certainly cannot wear two bonnets, and you have a very good one now."

"But really, Charles," she answered, persuasively, "that looks quite rusty and old-fashioned by the side of Alice's new one, and I am ashamed to wear it any longer. I wish you could see her; I know you would admire it."

"Very likely," said Charles, dryly.

Helen had never teased her husband for anything; he had always been willing that she should get what she needed, but now she had never needed anything half as much as that hat. The mere possibility of a refusal made the coveted object seem more beautiful, more to be desired, and her old one more detestable, and she felt impelled to coax a little; so, resting her arm upon his shoulder, she toyed fondly with his glossy curls, and in her soft, winning voice, said:—

"You will get it for me, won't you, Charles? Only nine dollars, you know."

"No, I can't," he replied; "I haven't nine dollars to spare; and, beside, I think the one you have is good enough."

"I don't know anything about George's affairs,"

Charles replied. "But I know that I cannot afford it. So don't say anything more about it."

"Ah, Charles! Charles! take back those cold, harsh words. Know you not they sow the seeds of disease, which shall root out faith and confidence in each other?

Of course, Helen said no more about it; but when she saw Alice again, and related the reason for not getting the furs, the latter exclaimed:

"The miser! I should think he might be ashamed to dictate you about what to get, or what not. I am glad my husband is not so penurious!"

That evening was a very long one. Helen set an incredible number of stitches. Charles sat in silence for some time, then took up the paper and commenced reading aloud, as was his wont; but Helen thought she had never heard his voice sound so harshly, or had never known the True Flag to contain anything so dry.

The morning meal was partaken of in unusual silence, and Charles went to his shop without once advertizing to the subject of their last evening's conversation. She felt grieved, and injured, that he should be so unmindful of her feelings.

Mrs. Price called, as she had agreed, to accompany her friend to Mrs. Hood's.

"But I can't go with you," said Helen; "Charles thinks he cannot afford to get the hat."

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Alice, "and I think Charles is to blame. Afford it! He wouldn't feel it at the end of the year. I wish he could see mine; he would change his mind, I am sure. George is delighted with it. He said he would rather have paid twice that sum, than have me wear my old one."

Helen bit her lips, and then replied:—

"I should like the hat, very much, but I suppose I must do without it;" but added, mentally, as she looked at her friend's—"it is too bad, though!"

Alice soon hurried away, for she had a "world of shopping to do," she said, and Helen went about her domestic occupations.

The week wore away, and the Sabbath came; they both went to church—so did Mr. and Mrs. Price. They sat right in front of Charles and Helen, and as Alice turned her pretty head and bowed to them, Helen thought, "Charles will see Alice's new bonnet, now, and he will certainly relent, and be sorry that he did not get me one like it, or at least command me for my economy."

When Mrs. Strong bade her friend good-bye, her voice was a little less joyous than when she first received her; and when she sat down again to her stitching, her face was a shade sadder, and

in wearing my old one."

But Charles didn't do any such thing, or at least, he did not say so; and Helen, with the grit of a true woman, did not speak of it herself.

Henceforth, the light of Helen's eyes was a little less soft, and her lips assumed the habit of slightly compressing, at times. With this exception, matters, to all external appearance, went on as heretofore, until the next autumn.

One evening, as they were sitting together, Helen said to her husband:—

"I think I must have a new set of furs, this winter. I saw some beautiful ones, to-day, at Ermine's new, cheap fur store, for fifteen dollars."

"I thought you had got your winter outfit completed," said Charles. "You have been getting this long time."

"I thought so, too," said Helen, "but really, my old furs are not suitable to wear with my new mantilla. They look very diminutive by the side of those new ones."

Charles remained silent, and Helen continued; she did not smooth his glossy hair, she did not look lovingly into his face, nor speak in a soft, pleading voice, as she once did. No; she sat erect, and spoke in a clear, decided, business-like tone.

"Alice has got a set, and as our hats and mantillas are alike, I should like furs like hers."

"I cannot afford it," replied Charles.

"I should think," said Helen, a little spirited, "that you could afford it as well as they can. George is doing no better business than you are, and their family is much more expensive than ours."

"I don't know anything about George's affairs,"

Charles replied. "But I know that I cannot afford it. So don't say anything more about it."

"Ah, Charles! Charles! take back those cold, harsh words. Know you not they sow the seeds of disease, which shall root out faith and confidence in each other?

Of course, Helen said no more about it; but when she saw Alice again, and related the reason for not getting the furs, the latter exclaimed:

"The miser! I should think he might be ashamed to dictate you about what to get, or what not. I am glad my husband is not so penurious!"

If, heretofore, Helen had ever made any comparison between her own husband and that of Alice, the result would have been decidedly in favor of the former; but now, as they were suspended in the scales by Alice, she perceived that the whole weight of a fifteen dollar set of furs was in George's favor.

Hereafter the light of her eyes was a little more sharp, her lips a little more compressed, and at times might be seen the shadow of a cloud upon her brow; small it is true,—not larger than the one which Elijah's servant saw as he looked towards the sea—yet it was there.

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"But I can't go with you," said Helen; "Charles thinks he cannot afford to get the hat."

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Alice, "and I think Charles is to blame. Afford it! He wouldn't feel it at the end of the year. I wish he could see mine; he would change his mind, I am sure. George is delighted with it. He said he would rather have paid twice that sum, than have me wear my old one."

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The week wore away, and the Sabbath came; they both went to church—so did Mr. and Mrs. Price. They sat right in front of Charles and Helen, and as Alice turned her pretty head and bowed to them, Helen thought, "Charles will see Alice's new bonnet, now, and he will certainly relent, and be sorry that he did not get me one like it, or at least command me for my economy."

When Mrs. Strong bade her friend good-bye, her voice was a little less joyous than when she first received her; and when she sat down again to her stitching, her face was a shade sadder, and

"To get me some silk for a dress," replied Helen, proceeding to gather up the cups and saucers on the breakfast-table.

The necessary articles were purchased, and the dress was made in the most approved style. Helen could not have found anything more to her taste.

"I have, such as they are," said Helen; "but I want a plain black silk. Mine is figured—no one wears figured silk, now."

"It is a nice one, if it is figured;" replied Charles, again buttoning his coat.

"Not as nice as you think; it is becoming quite brown and scanty, too."

"Well, I think you will have to make it do for the present," said Charles, putting on his hat. "I have no money to pay out for silk dresses now."

Charles went out. Helen gathered the remaining dishes together in nervous haste. Her lips were tightly compressed, her eyes emitted a fiery light, the cloud upon her brow became dark and foreboding.

In the course of the day Alice called. She had become her most confidential friend. From her she had received much advise in regard to her apparel, many well-timed suggestions upon the duties of men, and the rights of women, and many invaluable hints on the subject of managing husbands in general.

Now Alice's heart overflowed with sympathy for her friend, and her indignation was aroused against the cause of their wrongs.

"I would have the dress, at any rate," said she. "I would not be told that I must make my old one do!"

"I do not care so much about the dress," replied Helen; "but to be treated so like a child!"

"That is it; I would get the dress, just to show him that I considered myself capable of judging of, and managing my own wardrobe."

"But I can't," said Helen, "I haven't the money."

"Why don't you get it charged, I always do. I never think of asking George; but when I need anything I go and get it. And then I get it made up as tastily as I can before George knows anything about it; then put it on and surprise him, you know; then it is so pretty, and so becoming that he always admires it, and is glad I have got it, and it saves him a deal of vexation—men always dislike to be troubled about these things. There is another advantage, too—these men—why, they would be greatly shocked at the idea of paying so much for silk, so much for velvet, so much for trimmings, so much for lace, so much for ribbon, and so on; but if the bill is presented at the end of the year—so much for family necessities—they pay it without a murmur."

She wondered if it were always thus—if love always waned, and clouds always gathered so soon after the dawning of a propitious morn.

"But," replied Helen, "we do not keep an account at the store. Charles does not approve of it, and I am not willing to commence now, even for the sake of the dress."

The fact was, Helen was truly an economical woman; and she was well aware of the ruinous consequences of standing accounts. If she had been convinced that her husband could not afford to give her the desired sum of money, she would have been content; but as he never made any disclosures in regard to his financial affairs, she judged, that, as he was doing as good business as other, she ought to do as others did. And here lay her greatest fault, or rather her weakness; she allowed herself to be governed too much by the example and opinion of others.

"But, you must have the dress," persisted Alice. "It will never do to give up so." Then after a little reflection: "I have an idea—how much money have you at present?"

"Nearly six dollars," replied Helen, producing her purse.

"Well," said Alice, "I will lend you the remaining amount, and you can pay it to me in small sums, as you get it, some future time. Just get the materials, make it up and wear it, without saying anything to your husband about it. Will that do?"

Helen's heart revolted at the idea of having a secret from her husband; but upon reflection concluded there was no other way for her to do and maintain her rights; therefore, quieting her

conscience with these reflections, she accepted Alice's proposal.

The necessary articles were purchased, and the dress was made in the most approved style. Helen could not have found anything more to her taste.

"I have, such as they are," said Helen; "but I want a plain black silk. Mine is figured—no one wears figured silk, now."

As usual, she sought the sympathy of her friend Alice. Her advice was that she should get the shawl; but this time she could not assist her with money.

"But you can get it charged, Helen, and soon repay it, as you did me for the silk dress. We managed that nicely, and you can manage this just as well. Tell Mr. Galloon that you have not the money just now, but you wish to secure a shawl like mine, and I will pay him soon."

Success in the first plan caused Helen to yield more readily in this.

Mr. Galloon was extremely happy to accommodate so good a customer, and Helen found herself the owner of the shawl, but it did not bring with it peace of mind, for she more than ever dreaded Charles' disapprobation.

Two or three days passed away. The shawl lay snugly in the drawer, folded in the wrapper, just as it had come from the merchant's hands. She had no desire to disturb it; she was more and more uncomfortable.

One evening Charles came home a little earlier than usual. His step was more elastic, his countenance more cheerful, and the tone of his voice more animated. Although Helen noticed this change, she said nothing.

After tea, when they had adjourned to the parlor, he took his seat by her side, and said:—

"Good news, Helen, good news; and bad, too," lowering his voice; but the good is for you. This house is our own; my shop is my own, too. I owe no man anything—thanks to a kind Providence, my own strong hands, and your industry and economy. The times have been hard. I have not known hardly how matters would terminate, but it is all right now,

and" drawing her towards him, "as a sort of thanksgiving, you shall have that shawl you spoke of, if it is to be had!"

Helen was weeping upon her husband's shoulder. At first he thought they were tears of joy, but he soon changed his mind, and urged her to explain the cause of her grief.

"Oh, Charles!" she at length said, "how I have wronged you. Can you ever forgive me?"

"What is it, darling?" said he, in amazement. "You have not wronged me. I have nothing to forgive."

"Wait until you know all," replied she, raising her head. "That shawl is in my bureau. I was angry because you refused me the money. I did not know that you were so troubled to get it—and I was determined to have it at all hazards. I thought that by using economy, I could soon pay for it from my usual amount of pocket money; but oh, Charles, it has made me very unhappy. I have been unhappy this long time. I have thought you did not love me, as you used to, and now I know you will despise me."

Charles drew her towards him, and laid her head upon his breast. His lips quivered, and big drops fell and mingled with her tears. The cloud which had been so long gathering was now discharging itself.

"Helen

"But the bad news—I had forgotten others absorbed was I in our own affairs. George P. has lost his place. The mortgage was foreclosed to-day."

Helen started, and the tears flowed afresh.

"I am sorry," he continued; "George was a good fellow, and industrious, but he was not prudent; and Alice—such a wife is enough to ruin any man—light-hearted and pretty, but good for nothing but a plaything. And then such horrid accounts she contracted at the merchant's" (Helen shuddered.) It has been as much as he could do to support his family. He has not even kept up the interest on his place."

"Perhaps," said Helen, wishing to vindicate her friend's conduct, "if Alice had known how George's accounts stood—"

"True, true," interrupted Charles; "what lamentable consequences must inevitably result from a want of confidence between husband and wife. Henceforth," he repeated, clasping her hand more tightly, and pressing his lips to her forehead, "henceforth, no more secrets."

Helen's heart echoed the resolution. The cloud passed away, the sky became clear, and the happy pair were refreshed by the gentle breezes of affection. Soft was the light of Helen's eyes, and peaceful the smile which wreathed her lips.

The next day Helen visited her friend. She had confided to Charles the secret of Alice's influence over her, and she now determined to exert an influence of a different nature over her.

She found her overwhelmed with grief; but, although she expressed deep sympathy for her, yet she faithfully pointed out her faults, at the same time confessing her own. Before they parted, Alice resolved to adopt a different course, and after years bore testimony to the strength of her resolution.

Experience is a good teacher. George profited by the lesson thus taught. In his struggles to rise once more to a competency, he found Charles an invaluable friend, ever ready to assist both with advice and something more ostensible.

The cloud has never returned upon Helen's brow, or hovered over her domestic circle.

In an honored corner of her bureau, lies a shawl, worn and faded, but very precious to Helen; as a memento not only of her former folly, but as an indirect cause of her present uninterrupted happiness. It is playfully called by Charles, *The Last Secret*.

#### LETTING DOWN THE ARISTOCRACY.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at a magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which latest comers in fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintance; "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good-natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason, when they went to the public school in William Street, together, noticed the *hauteur* of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snapped up by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her *set*, Miss Taylor walked up, and with smiles of winning sweetness, remarked:

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason, and your name is Mason, but your father was a tailor."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lip in silence.

A. M. Roberts, Bangor; Capt Phineas Pendleton, Captain Jeremiah Merithew and Charles Gordon Esq., Searsport; Josiah Farrow Esq. and J. P. Farber Esq., Belfast; John Heagen and Elisha Grant, Prospect. Rev. Stephen Thurston, Searsport, Orator; Rev. J. Harris, Stockton, Chaplain; Hon. N. G. Hitchborn, Stockton, Toast Master.

The centennial celebration on Thursday, last week, to commemorate the building and taking possession of Fort Pownal at Fort Point, called together one of the largest assemblies ever witnessed in the valley of the Penobscot. The arrangements were all admirably carried out, and the festivities were highly agreeable and pleasant. The number of persons present was estimated to be at least eight thousand. Between twelve and fifteen hundred persons were landed from the two Bangor steam tugs and four schooners and sloops, which came down the river in the morning. A large number of vessels and pleasure boats from this city, Castine, Long Island and other places, filled with persons, arrived in the morning, also, decked out with banners and streamers, and the waters around the point presented a brilliant gala-day appearance. Long lines of carriages of all descriptions, extending along two thoroughfares to the Point, a distance of more than a mile back, together with group after group of pedestrians, attested the large numbers who came landward to attend the festivities. The day was fine, with a cool breeze from the North-West, and all seemed to have gone fully prepared to make themselves comfortable.

Fort Point is the outer promontory of what is now the town of Stockton. Its Indian name we are informed, was "Wassumkeag. It is a bluff point rising quite abruptly on the South and East some sixty or seventy feet from the sea, but on the westerly side a passage opens of easy ascent from the water's edge to the heights above. The prospect from the heights is very fine. Looking down the eastern channel of the Penobscot Bay a long and fine sea-view is had, while all the towns and villages from Bucksport round nearly to Owl's Head, are distinctly seen. The vestiges of the old fort are quite visible—the excavations—cellar of the Commissary house—chapel—old burying ground—garden of Col. Goldthwait—parade grounds, &c, are all distinctly traceable. On the old parade ground a growth of young trees—some eighteen inches in diameter—now stands. In this grove, which had been neatly and tastefully trimmed and cleared of underbrush, the exercises of the day were had. It is a beautiful spot, and will no doubt become hereafter a place of frequent resort of water parties.

The military, consisting of the Belfast Artillery Capt. Cunningham, whose guns at an early hour ushered in the festivities; the Castine Light Infantry, Capt. Devereaux; and the Bangor Light Infantry, Lieut. Wiggin, took their position on the slope of the hill where they pitched their snow white tents, which, with their showy uniforms and inspiring music, gave the occasion a fine military aspect.

The procession was formed at 12 o'clock, under Gen. S. S. Heagen, Chief Marshall, at the north angle of the old fort, and under the escort of the military, headed by the Belfast Artillery and the Bangor Cornet Band, it proceeded around the fort making a circuit of about half a mile, and then it marched to the grove where a stand had been erected. Hon. N. G. Hitchborn then introduced Joseph W. Thompson Esq., chairman of the committee of arrangements, who announced the officers of the day. The Rev. Joshua Hall of Frankfort, ninety-one years of age was made President of the Day, assisted by the following Vice Presidents: Capt. John Odom and Paul Hitchborn Esq., Stockton; Henry Darling, Bucksport; Hon. Adams Treat and Robert Treat Esq., Frankfort; Hon. H. Hamlin, Hampden; Hon. E. L. Hamlin and Hon.

The only representatives of the human family for ages unknown, were the wild savages of the forests. Their origin remains to this day an unsolved problem. Conjecture supplies the place of certainty. It probably must supply it the ages to come.

They dwelt by rivers and shores, and gained a precarious subsistence by hunting and fishing. One strong characteristic of civilized nations was fully developed—a *passion for war*. So far as Indian history is known, they furnish this melancholy proof that they are of the same race as civilized man. The different tribes were often engaged in bitter feuds and bloody strife.

Some formidable tribes of aborigines inhabited what is now the State of Maine. Among these the Tarratines, dwelling on the shores of the Penobscot—a remnant of which still survive, and are now known as the Penobscot tribe—held a distinguished rank. They were the most powerful nation in this part of the continent.

There are no certain traces of any permanent European settlement in all this valley, prior to the building of the fort on this point. It is said that cleared land was found at Sandy Point, and on the southeast end of Orphan's Island, and it has been conjectured that some French families once resided there. But no authentic record of such a fact, as I can learn, has yet been found. Nor have I learned that any traces, any signs of the habitations of civilized man had ever existed there. By whom those lands were cleared or occupied, remains a profound secret. I suggest the query whether it be not probable that the Indians had, at some previous day, made these places their residence, and found it for their convenience to clear away the forest? Perhaps they here raised corn, for it is a well established fact that they had some rude forms of cultivation, when first discovered by European nations. This strikes me as the more probable solution of the problem.

Long before the building of the fort at this place there had been several successive trading houses established on Bagaduce now Castine. Six years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, i. e., in 1626, the colonists erected a trading house at Penobscot for the purpose of traffic with the natives. In six or seven years this house was robbed by the French, and three years later the colonists were obliged to abandon the place.

Subsequently, in 1640, D'Aulney, a Frenchman, established himself there, and built fortifications, and for a season exerted a powerful influence on this coast. In 1665 Baron Castine, a French nobleman, was sent to Canada as an officer in the army. At the close of the war, instead of returning to his native land he allied himself to the savages of this country. He established himself at Bagaduce—in 1667 married a daughter of Madockawando, the powerful chief of the Tarratines—attained great influence over the savages, and was reputed as an active and dangerous foe to the English.

He acquired a large fortune by his traffic with the Indians, and late in life returned to France, and there closed his days. His son, "Castine the younger," remained at Bagaduce, and is represented as having been a mild pacific man. Still his house was plundered in 1703 and robbed of its most valuable articles. The predatory habits of both the English and natives—the treachery and cruelty mutually practiced—sorely shock our sense of moral integrity, and our feelings of humanity, and one is often in doubt whether civilized or savage were more to be blamed.

A part of Maine, and the provinces east called Acadia, were for a long time the source of much contention between the French and English, each claiming the right of possession and jurisdiction. Bloody contests were frequent, one power sometimes prevailing, and sometimes the other. In these contests both parties endeavored to enlist the Indians on their side. It is believed that the natives most readily, and more generally sympathized with the French, and aided them in their wars against the English. The infant settlements West of this river were greatly annoyed by Indian depredations, often instigated and led on by the French. Solitary habitations, and even neighborhoods and towns were stealthily approached, and suddenly assailed, and the inhabitants murdered or taken captive.

Scenes of ferocity and cruelty on the one hand, and of distress and anguish on the other, the recital of which, at this late day, makes the ears to tingle and the heart to ache, were often witnessed. The Penobscot river was the avenue through which incursions were made upon settlements west of

the river. It was to shut up this avenue, and put a stop to these incursions, that a fort at this place was projected. The plan had been delayed from time to time, on account of prevailing wars which had much exhausted the resources, and wasted the inhabitants of the country. In 1757, Thomas Pownal was made Governor of Massachusetts

He seems to have been eminently fitted for the times, and the work they demanded. It was during what has ever since been known as the French War, in which Quebec was captured, and the French possessions in North America fell into the hands of the English. In 1759 the Governor urged upon the Legislature the duty of fortifying the Penobscot river. "He states that since the British forces had seized upon the River St. John, and fortified there, the enemy had no other outlet to the sea than through the Penobscot river." The policy was to close this outlet, and prevent those evils to the people which flowed through it. The Legislature responded with spirit, and "Resolved March 23d, that 400 men be employed under the Governor's direction, to take possession of the Penobscot country and erect a fortification there." The enlistments for the expedition were soon complete. The men being arranged into four companies of a hundred each, were put under the command of a Colonel, and embarked at Boston May 4th." Gov. Pownal accompanied the expedition, and kept a journal of proceedings. From this we learn that the armament touched at Falmouth, now Portland, and remained some days, completing their outfit. May 8 they left Falmouth, and the next day arrived of George's river, and tarried several days. From thence the Gov. sent a part of his forces across the country to Belfast, where the shipping met them the 15th of the month, and took them on board. On the 17th they reached what is now known as Fort Point Harbor.

Gov. Pownal here landed his forces with all the precaution which would have been necessary if the surrounding forest had teemed with vigilant foes. One at this day, can hardly suppress a smile as he reads the Governor's account of the landing, when he remembers that the once powerful nation of the Tarratines had become so reduced that their warriors amounted to only about 70 or 80 men. "There was no enemy—nor, says the Governor, did I expect any. But I could not have justified myself if anything had happened, if I did not take all the same precaution as though there were."

The landing I think, took place at the angle formed by the point and the isthmus, on the west side of the harbor. They reconnoitered the place, and encamped on the point, then called Wsaumkeag Point. The Indians had a carrying place across the Isthmus between Cape Elson Harbor and Fort Point Cove. Forty men were sent with axes to clear the carrying place about a rod wide. Here a log redoubt was built with a guard room to accommodate 25 men. This was completed in three days after the landing. A like avenue was cut across the narrowest place in the point and the same kind of redoubt and guard-house built there. A road was also cut two rods wide in a direct line from this avenue to the point. On the 21st a nine pounder was brought ashore, and experiment made of its capacity to command the river. Placed horizontally it threw shot into the channel about half way across. At a certain elevation it threw shot across into the woods on the opposite shore.

His son, "Castine the younger," remained at Bagaduce, and is represented as having been a mild pacific man. Still his house was plundered in 1703 and robbed of its most valuable articles. The predatory habits of both the English and natives—the treachery and cruelty mutually practiced—sorely shock our sense of moral integrity, and our feelings of humanity, and one is often in doubt whether civilized or savage were more to be blamed.

The ashes of Gen. Waldo, it is supposed, still sleep here. I do not learn that there is any record of their removal.

Gov. Pownal, after returning from his exploration of the river, finding no place equal to this "Point of Passaumkeag for defence," determined here to build the

fort. He erected the flag staff, and hoisted the King's colors with all the ceremonies usual on such occasions, adding—he says—divine service to beg his blessing; for unless the Lord builds the house, the laborer worketh in vain!

After giving directions for the building of the fort, Gov. Pownal embarked for Boston May 26th, the day after the burial of his friend, Gen. Waldo. The journal terminates with his arrival at the Castle in Boston Harbor May 28, 1759, having been absent 24 days. I know not that there is any record of the further prosecution of the work on the fort. Williamson in his history of Maine says "the fortification was completed July 28th"—just one hundred years ago to-day.

The correctness of this date has been questioned. What authority the historian had for it does not now appear. I know of only two grounds of doubting its correctness. One is a minute in the journal of Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister of Falmouth, now Portland. Under date of July 6, is found this entry—"Penobscot fort built!" In the "Boston News Letter," a paper published in Boston a century since, under date of May 31, 1759, there is a notice of Gov. Pownal's arrival from the Penobscot. In this it is said "The fort will be completed in three weeks or a month." This estimate would, at the latest, bring the time of the completion of the fort to the last of June, six days earlier than the date in Smith's journal. It therefore is corroborative of his date rather than that of the History of Maine. These circumstances are sufficient to create a doubt of the correctness.

Gen. Waldo having large landed interest in Maine, was ever watchful to promote her best welfare. He proposed to give 100,000 acres of land, provided the Government would erect a Province House on the Penobscot. He attended Gov. Pownal's expedition, not as it would appear in his journal. It therefore is corroborative of his date rather than that of the History of Maine. These circumstances are sufficient to create a doubt of the correctness.

nently qualified to counsel him, must have been deeply afflictive to the Governor.

A story regarding the last words of Gen. Waldo, which, however impressive and striking, I am constrained to regard as apocryphal, has gained so much credence as to find a place in the history of Maine and sundry other writings. The story is, that having landed with Gov. Pownal a few miles above Bangor, "Withdrawn a few paces he looked round and exclaimed, 'here is my bound'—meaning the limit of the Waldo Patent—and instantly fell dead of an apoplexy." Two circumstances make it evident that this story is without foundation—first, Gov. Pownal makes no mention of it in his journal; secondly, and principally—the Waldo Patent did not extend to the East side of the river; its limit, therefore, could not be reached on that side. His death occurred May 28th—a few weeks before that of his distinguished friend Sir Wm Pepperell, one of the most useful and honored men of the last century.

The expedition returned to Fort Point the next day, bringing the remains of the deceased General. The Governor caused a vault to be prepared, and on the following day at evening, May 25, 1759, the hero was buried with military honors and religious services. "Upon the landing of the corpse it was received by a guard—minute guns were fired till it arrived at the place of interment. Upon coming to the ground the troops under arms formed a circle. Divine service was performed, and a sermon suitable to the awful occasion preached by the Rev. Mr. Phillips. Three volleys were fired over the grave."

Shall we pause a moment to reflect upon the impressiveness of the scene. On these very grounds stood 400 men, gathered about the remains of a man of renown, who, far from home and friends, had been smitten down without a moment's warning. The blue canopy is the dome of their temple. The sun is already declining, and casting its strengthening shadows over the wild scenery. The birds are warbling their evening songs. Thus in the presence of

august nature, in her pristine glory, as under the eye of nature's God, the solemn service proceeds. The voice of prayer echoes from the forest and rolls over the waters. Words of instruction and warning are uttered by the minister of God, and are enforced by the providence of God. The service being ended, slowly and sadly they commit dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Perhaps it was the first funeral of a white man on the western banks of this river. There and here was preached the first sermon in what is now Waldo County. Of its author, Rev. Mr. Phillips, no further certain knowledge has been gained. We may trust that he was a good man, and faithful, and that his labors were useful to his fellow citizens.

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# Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

## VISION OF CHILDHOOD.

I saw a child with flowers at play,  
Chasing the butterflies flitting there;  
His hat he had carelessly flung away,  
And boyish curls in profusion lay  
On his forehead white and fair.

How he laughed for joy!—the happy child—  
Loudly laughed in his childish glee;  
And his glad young heart with joy went wild  
As the song-birds seeing him sang and smiled,  
And joined in his burst of glee.

I thought, as I saw that fair young brow,  
Where throbbed a thrill of joy;  
The breezes that gently kiss thee now,  
Shall change to a storm, and thy soul shall bow,  
When thou art no longer a boy.

Then forward I looked to the time in life  
When his visions of youth would fade;  
Where, joining in the coming strife  
With unknown cares and dangers rife,  
Life's corner stone is laid.

And I earnestly prayed that he then might be strong,  
Though the test might be severe;  
That the shock might silence the siren song,  
That had held his spellbound spirit long,  
In an airy, dreaming sphere.

Forward again I looked through time,  
Where age his form had bowed;  
Where the music of life—its evening chimes—  
Floats o'er the soul's bright sunset climes,  
With a sigh that is sad and subdued.

That brow has lost its youthful bloom,  
It is marked with lines of care;  
Another life he will soon assume,  
The mystic life beyond the tomb—  
His spirit is almost there!

The shaking locks are white and spare,  
That fall o'er his temples now;  
That aged head is bald and bare,  
Save a silvery circle, that vanishes, where  
It meets with his timeworn brow.

We are gazing upon a child again,  
Though not a youthful child;  
And gazing we see that memory's chain,  
Has joined as one these children twain,  
And the man is lost in the child.

The thoughts of youth are his once more,  
With all life's earlier scenes;  
Forgotten is now life's tempest roar;  
While shells from the other childhood's shore,  
Are all that memory gleans.

May our Father's blessing rest upon  
His children, old and young;  
May we sing, when life's goal has been won,  
When all its duties have been done,  
The song by seraphs sung.

July, 1859. LEANDER S. COAN.

## SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.

BY TENNYSON.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps  
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

From the "Well Spring," 1860

## Fairy Sisters.

How many of our readers have heard of the FAIRY SISTERS, or DUTTON CHILDREN?—They are the smallest specimens of children of nine and eleven years of age, so far as known, in the world. They are not bigger than a good sized wax doll. But they are real living dolls. Yes, and one of these beautiful little creatures is worth more than a thousand wax dolls.

Albert Norton, Esq., under whose management they have been exhibited to large audiences in Boston and vicinity. The following description of them, written by some one who had seen them:

"Etta, the eldest, was born in Weston, Middlesex county, Mass., and at the time of her birth, weighed only three and a half pounds. What a dear little baby she was! Can you imagine a beautiful, finely formed little babe, weighing only three and a half pounds? This little new comer attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood, and soon the ladies, little boys and girls, fathers and grandparents, came flocking in to see the little—the very little baby. One day, when a large number of persons were present, Mrs. Davis, the Aunt, wishing to show how extremely small the baby was, placed her in a sugar bowl, and that upon the table causing great mirth and laughter among the little folks that were looking on. Well, Etta is now, in 1859, eleven years old, weighs fifteen pounds, and is 28 inches high. If you are eleven, do you think that you are five or six times as heavy as Etta Dutton is?"

I must now tell you something about Dolly Dutton. "Oh! what a dear little girl she is!" all who see her say. "And nine years old—we can hardly believe our eyes—how very small!"

The map elicits the warmest encomiums from the large number of citizens who have already received it in Belfast and elsewhere, and for the credit of the county, we ardently trust the enterprise and skill that have been employed to produce it, will be properly appreciated and rewarded. The cost has been very heavy, and there must necessarily be a large sale to remunerate the publishers.

The distributors are delivering the work as fast as they can be received from the manufacturers in Philadelphia, and will pass through the various towns of the county in a few weeks to supply subscribers. We would suggest as a matter of convenience to both subscribers and publishers, that the money be left at their residences in case of their absence when the distributor comes.

Now my little friends, imagine what a happy day that was for Etta Dutton. A sister—a little sister that she could hold in her tiny arms. Imagine, for once, two human beings unitedly weighing but eleven pounds; the one folding the other, with ease and pleasure, into its little, ah, how small, arms!

From that day to this, those little sisters have lived together in the greatest harmony and friendship, ever expressing the strongest affection for each other as all good little children should. They now unitedly weigh twenty-eight pounds and are twenty-six and twenty-eight inches high, and have not increased in weight a pound each for years.

I must tell you another interesting little story about these fairy sisters. Soon after the birth of Dolly, a gentleman and lady residing in Boston, hearing of these wonderful little girls, and feeling anxious to see them, went to the house of Mr. Dutton, in Farmington to see them. After having seen the children and nearly ready to depart, unnoticed the lady placed Etta into her husband's hat and then walked towards the door, inviting her husband to accompany her. Upon picking up his hat, he found Etta finely hid away in its crown.

We said one of these little children is worth more than a thousand wax dolls. Yes for little Etta and Dolly have souls that will live forever. We hope these precious little ones will ever be surrounded by those who will carefully watch for their souls, as those that must give account—teaching them to reverence God's holy name and Word, and day, and to live that dear Savior who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." May they, with all good children, at last, in that bright world above, be folded in his blest arms and carried in his bosom.

We hope all our friends may have the pleasure of seeing these FAIRY SISTERS. A Boston pastor says of them:

"I can only say, as I contemplate these human wonders,

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

## Map of Waldo County.

We are glad to see that this important and much desired work is completed and ready for delivery. This is undoubtedly the largest and most beautiful map ever published in Maine. No pains or expense have been spared to make a complete work in every particular, and we are confident our citizens will be universally pleased with such an invaluable representation of every point and portion of the county. We were not prepared to see so much information and detail embodied in such an attractive style. Every road, pond, stream, town-line house and owners name attached, &c., is shown. Each village has its separate plan in detail and its Directory. Belfast is also given on a large scale, with a valuable Directory for general reference, and a fine perspective view of the city as it appears from the hill on the east side of the harbor.

I must now tell you something about Dolly Dutton. "Oh! what a dear little girl she is!" all who see her say. "And nine years old—we can hardly believe our eyes—how very small!"

One little girl, viewing Dolly sitting in her little chair, says,

"Ma, ma, do tell me, can she talk? Is she alive?"

"Oh, yes, dear," the mother replied; "we shall see presently."

It was not long before Dolly arose from her little chair, walked forward and spoke a beautiful piece about Anna's chickens; and then the little boys and girls stamped their feet and clapped their hands for joy, to see and hear so small a little orator. Dolly was born in Farmington, Middlesex County, Mass., and at that time weighed but three pounds. At that time, Etta was but two and a half years old, and could walk and talk, and weighed eight and a half pounds.

The distributors are delivering the work as fast as they can be received from the manufacturers in Philadelphia, and will pass through the various towns of the county in a few weeks to supply subscribers. We would suggest as a matter of convenience to both subscribers and publishers, that the money be left at their residences in case of their absence when the distributor comes.

## THE ANGEL OF THE YEAR.

Like a spirit glorified,  
The angel of the year departs; lays down  
His robe once green in spring,  
Or bright with summer's blue;  
And having done his mission on the earth—  
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,  
Orchards with rosy fruit,  
And scattering flowers around—  
He lingers for a moment in the west,  
With the declining sun—sheds over all  
A pleasant farewell smile—  
And so returns to God.

## POEMS.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

Asking what lends you that look of deep care,  
"Poems, so touching!" you answer me, Clare,  
And still from that book you are reading—  
Weeping o'er ideal sorrows and fears;  
Oh! may the future—with swift, falling years—  
To your heart no true griefs be leading!

Poems, sweet sister, are found ev'rywhere,  
True hearts are poems most wonderful, Clare;  
Now list to a secret worth knowing—  
In the brown depths of your bright, soul-lit eyes  
I can read poems more sweet and more wise  
Than all your books have been—

## THERE ARE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

There are beautiful dreams of the spirit-life,  
That come to the stricken heart,  
Like zephyrs that flit o'er the waters of strife,  
To bid the wild tumult depart.

There's a beautiful hour like the hush of the sea  
As it dies on its waveless shore,  
When the tempests of earth have ceased to be,  
And life's little time-voyage is o'er.

There's a beautiful thought as vast as life,  
As the thoughts o'er age to come;  
It gathers the flowers of infinite worlds  
To garnish its spirit-home.

There's music, such as heaven alone can know,  
Though it's key-note is learn'd on the earth;  
And myriad worlds its echo shall throw,  
Still back to the place of life.

There's a love and a power, a grasp of mind  
That spirit alone may know;  
That throw all the riddles of schools behind,  
Where the tides of eternity flow.

## AN UNFORTUNATE WIDOW.

Col. Smith, in his recently published "Theatrical Journey-work" — by the way, an exceedingly interesting and amusing volume, as exhibiting the early struggles of the drama in the west and south-west—relates the following odd occurrence during his peregrinations in Georgia:

"Between Caleb Swamp and Line Creek, in the "Nation," we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey.

But while I stand mid these tall elms, a sound comes oppressing near,  
That falls like music heard in dreams upon my charmed ear.

Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sacred

sound doth steal,

From where the old church aisles repeat the organ's solemn peal.

Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to me—

How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bended knee?

How many a weary heart it cheers, how many an aching breast;

Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of Rest!

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, rest! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to tell  
The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so well;

It is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air;

Whose whisper'd voice repeats that rest is everywhere.

There's a beautiful hour like the hush of the sea  
As it dies on its waveless shore,  
When the tempests of earth have ceased to be,  
And life's little time-voyage is o'er.

There's a beautiful thought as vast as life,  
As the thoughts o'er age to come;  
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And myriad worlds its echo shall throw,  
Still back to the place of life.

There's a love and a power, a grasp of mind  
That spirit alone may know;  
That throw all the riddles of schools behind,  
Where the tides of eternity flow.

At length one morning Clement burst into my room with—  
"She is here, Paul; she puts up at the Metropolitan, where I am also staying."

"Ah, Clem. I is that you, my boy?—Welcome back to New York."

"I have resolved, Paul, to introduce myself to Miss Montell; I have discovered her name, also the relationship of the two gentlemen with her. One is her brother and the other her uncle. They watch her like tigers, but I will declare myself to her in spite of them."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed I.

"Yes, mad in love!" replied he.

I now tried to reason with him, but no argument was of any avail. He knew and thought of but one thing, and that was the beautiful Imogen Montell.

I walked up to the Metropolitan that afternoon, as Clement had been absent ever since morning. I felt some curiosity to see the beautiful creature who had so infatuated him, and hoped I might see her in the drawing-room.

I was fortunate enough to effect my object, for as I opened the door of the drawing-room, the lady was sweeping out of the drawing-room with all the air of an offended queen.

And there stood my friend, Clement Y. "I have told her my passion," said he; "she was nearly indignant, insisted that she was insulted. I told her I did not intend an insult toward her, but that I was merely relating the truth. I gave her my card, and told her I should call at this time to-morrow."

The sequel was related to me by the lady herself.

My friend kept his promise, called the next morning, found the lady seated by the table, and as he was about to speak to her, her two friends stepped forward, each with a horse-whip in his hand.

"I expected this, gentlemen, but I am prepared," said Clement Y., at the same time drawing a revolver from his bosom, and laying it coolly upon the table beside him.

His perfect coolness so won upon the lady that she interposed in his behalf.

Less than three weeks they were married.

PEOPLE WHO LIVED A GREAT WHILE.—The British census, just published, gives several remarkable instances of longevity. Thos. Parr lived 152 years and nine months. Henry Jenkins 169 years. But still more remarkable, according to the parish register of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, Thomas Carr died on the 28th of January, 1688, aged 207 years. From 1759 to 1780, forty-eight persons died, the youngest of whom was 130, and the oldest 175. In 1797 a mulatto died in Fredericton, North America, said to be 180. According to Kirby's "Wonderful and Eccentric Magazine," there were two Hungarians in the seventeenth century, who lived to a remarkable age—John Rovell and his wife—John reached his 1724 year, and Sarah her 174th. In great Britain more than half a million of the inhabitants, namely 586,030 have passed the barrier of "three score years and ten," more than a hundred and twenty-nine thousand have passed the Psalmist's limits of four-score years; and 100,000 the years which the last of Plato's clastic square numbers expressed—9 times 9—81; 9,487 have lived 90 years or more; a band of 2,038 aged pilgrims have been wandering 95 years and more on the unended journey, and 319 say that they have witnessed more than a hundred revolutions of the seasons.

THE CENTENARIANS.—During the year just passed 47 persons died in the United States who had reached the age of 100 years and upwards. The oldest person was a colored woman, who was at the time of her death one hundred and forty-six years of age. The next oldest was an Indian woman, who died at 142 years of age. Of the total number 15 were colored people.

I LOVE THEE! — I LOVE THEE!

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I love thee! — I love thee!

It is all that I can say;

It is my vision in the night;

My dreams in the day;

The very echo of my heart;

The blessing when I pray;

I love thee! — I love thee!

It is all that I can say.

I love thee! — I love thee!

It is all my tongue;

In all my proudest poesy;

That chorus still is sung,

It is the verdict of my eyes;

Amidst the gay and young;

I love thee! — I love thee!

A thousand maids among,

I love thee! — I love thee!

They bright and hazel glance;



Chesnay 24<sup>th</sup> 1861

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature as the contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty. The latter is peculiar to that sex which is therefore called Fair, and when both meet in the same person, the character is lovely and desirable.



SERVICE OF SILVER PRESENTED TO DR. D. K. HITCHCOCK.

A LITTLE LONGER.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds sing,  
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,  
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,  
While tender grasses and awakening flowers,  
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,—  
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,  
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee,  
And the cold moon shall look through the blue  
silence,  
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Life shall be thine, life with its power to will,  
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,  
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear :  
And thy true heart that now beats quick to hear  
them,

A little longer yet shall hold them dear.

A little longer, joy while thou mayest ;  
Love and rejoice, for time has naught in store ;  
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid thee  
Love and rejoice, and feel and know no more.

A little longer still—patiently beloved ;  
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll  
The glory and the brightness and the wonder  
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer ere life, true, immortal,  
(Not this our shadowy life,) will be thine own,  
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels  
worship,

And trembling bow before the great white throne.  
A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,  
And fills thy spirit with a great delight ;  
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,  
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,  
Shall beat forever with a love divine ;  
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,  
No mortal knows, and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices  
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear ;  
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee ;  
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here ?

I am Sick.

"I am sick!"  
The floating curtains are waved aside by fingers white as snow-blossoms; from the pale lips comes that touching plaint, "I am sick."

Scorching the brain and seething the blood, how the hot tide of fever rolls through all her veins! Its red warrant is painted on her cheek. The arms, bare, white, and shadowy as a cloud, palpitate to the heavy heart-throbbing. Hark! you may hear it like the skeleton finger of death rapping at the slender life portal.

Dry and fetid the atmosphere. Luxury can give it not the dewy freshness of health. Rare plants at the windows shed their perfume in vain. Odors in richly chased vials clouded with gold, shut not out the breath of the destroyer. Pale almost as a lily shorn of its yellow tresses, the sun faintly lies at languid length upon the snowy counterpane. It fain would nestle in her bosom, and ripple through the uncurled masses that loving hands have brushed back from the pure forehead. But it brings no healing on its wings, and they have pinioned them.

An old man, stately in port, but careworn, moves amid the costly drapery, with folded arms and lips firmly locked. Even as that low moan, "I am sick," smites his ear, he is beside her. Like a holy psalm, his chastened tones soothe her poor heart, and she is content while he smooths the damp tresses, clasping in his, her small, hot hands. Beautiful, pale faces lit one by one between her and the light; their hearts are almost breaking with grief, as they glide in and out with noiseless footfalls. The white-headed physician enters with stealthy tread, and like a father bends over her. He answers not to the low sob, and the pleading prayer in the mother's eyes as he departs—he understands why his hand is wrung in the pressure of that other aged hand.

"I am sick!" God help you, poor child of want in that cheerless home. Instead of shining drapery, matted straw and filthy rags. No soft carpet, but rude boards between whose chinks the mice gambol through the dark night.

"I am sick!" Broad streams the sun in, un hindered by tree or curtain, playing with the tangled hair, mocking the wild glare of those hollow eyes. No mother's breast to pillow the throbbing brain, no father to lighten the death-pang with his caresses. Squallid beings gather there sometimes, and croak of evil. The children hush not their rude sports as they frolic against the broken door. What if a chance pebble crashes through the old window? The sick one is none of theirs.

In the deep of the night, while mid-darkness takes her solemn march from grove to grove, and from valley to mountain-top—the veil is raised from heaven, and two shining ones, hand in hand, enter into the glory of their Lord.

It is well with the darling of a rich home, who breathed her last sigh upon the bosom that bore her; it is well with the meek pauper, whose worn frame lies upon the straw pallet, unconscious object of rude sympathy—they have entered the land of brightness and beauty together—they have waked upon that life wherein no one shall say any more, "I am sick!"

[M. A. D.]

MARY DEE.

Around the cottage there was heard, In spring, the song of many a bird, But Farmer Dee would always say, His sweetest bird ne'er flew away ; And a voice arose, in childish glee, So soft, so sweet, 'twas Mary Dee.

Summer came ; upon each morn, Flowerets bright and fair were born ; Soon as their beauties would disclose, In bursting bud, or blushing rose, Those near the cot would captive be, By tiny hands of Mary Dee.

Autumn dawned ; one by one The birds their distant flight begun ; Songs ceased within the cot, Sickness came, oh ! name it not ; Hushed the voice, once wild and free, Cold the cheek of Mary Dee.

Winter passed ; joyous spring Did again her offerings bring— Blossom, flower, lovely bird, Morn and evening songs were heard, One bird no more you'll see, Father, 'tis thy Mary Dee. [Traveller.

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Original.  
WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE to ramble forth at eve  
Of a bright summer's day,  
When from my toils I have reprieve,  
And drive each care away.  
  
I love to have with me a friend  
Of whom I can rely;  
How sweetly thus the hours to spend—  
How swift the moments fly.  
  
I love, as 'mong the fields we rove,  
To call the brightest flowers  
And give to him with whom I love  
To while away the hours.  
  
I love, while roaming 'mong the trees,  
To find a rural seat,  
And, fanned by evening's pleasant breeze,  
Sweet friendship's words repeat.  
  
I love to have a cozy chat,  
While round us moonbeams fall,  
And stars like brightest diamonds sat  
On the ethereal ball.  
  
Then to my home I would retrace  
My footstep o'er the lawn,  
To seek repose in sleep's embrace  
Until the morn should dawn.

ISABELLA.

Original.  
COURTING BY PROXY.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A TEACHER.

THE winter of 1854—5 found me engaged in the humble capacity of teacher in the W—Seminary, at F—, in the little State of New Jersey. Born and bred a true Yankee, it was but natural that I should entertain strong prejudices in favor of New England, with her excellent institutions, her intelligent and enterprising men, and handsome women; and that, on entering upon the duties of my "profession," I should hold a sovereign contempt for Jersey people and Jersey institutions.

Local associations are wont to beget local prejudices, which once firmly seated are hard to be overcome. To my mind the good people of the little "borough," where I had located, were little less than "Dutch boors;" "uncouth ignoramuses," whose most cherished institutions were "lager bier," and "saour kroont." Thus conscious of my superiority, I determined to stand aloof from their society, and invest myself with a dignity that would repel all familiarity, and thus escape the degradation, which, in my mind, must necessarily ensue from such associations.

But alas! of what avail was my assumed dignity and determination to stand aloof from the society of those with whom circumstances necessarily brought me in daily contact. Man is, by nature, a social being. There is within him a living principle, impulsive, ever active and sympathetic, welling up from the deep fountains of the heart, impelling him to seek intercourse with his fellow men; and, though he may indeed prefer the society of such as possess common sympathies and kindred tastes, yet like Napoleon in exile, or the renowned Robinson Crusoe, he will take into intimate companionship those around him.

But few weeks had elapsed, ere I had formed several acquaintances; and as months passed, and my sphere of acquaintance in the village grew wider, my prejudices wore away, and I really came to love the place and the people upon whom I looked upon at first with contempt and distrust.

Among my more intimate acquaintances was that of Judge Van D—, a distinguished member of the Jersey Bar. Descending from the Dutch on the one side, and the Yankee on the other, he inherited not only the name but sufficient of the Dutch element to make his person somewhat plethoric, and render him easy and pleasing in his address, while he possessed sufficient of the Yankee to endow him with that business tact and shrewdness for which they are so noted the world over.

Frequent were the calls which I made at Judge Van D—'s office; when released from the cares and perplexities of my vacation I would seek an hour's cheerful conversation with one who possessed so large a fund of wit and general information; and, moreover, one who could appreciate with me the "delightful task of rearing the tender mind, and teaching the young idea how to shoot;" for, like many other distinguished (?) men, the judge himself wielded the sceptre of the pedagogue, previous to commencing the practice of law.

Surrounded with affluence, he had won, by his talents, high honors and a proud position at the bar, and in the community where he resided. Judge Van D— belonged not to the class of people, who, having risen by force of circumstances from an humble condition to wealth and honor, seek to disguise their former indigent circumstances, afraid to make known their struggles with poverty, and the means whereby they attained wealth and position; neither did he think it as compromising the dignity of the bench to allude to his former career as teacher of youth, which allusions were generally accompanied by some anecdote, or some incident, both amusing and instructive.

I had become a constant as well as welcome visitor at the Judge's residence, and enjoyed the society of his family no less than that of his honor the Judge himself. The reason for which might be guessed, when it is known that Judge Van D— was the father of two amiable and accomplished daughters, and the "Yankee schoolmaster" was a bachelor of three-and-twenty!

It was during one of my many visits at his residence that the Judge related to me the following singular episode in his experience as a teacher, which, for its happy denouement and pleasing results proved exceedingly interesting.

"One incident occurred," said he, "which has affected since, and is likely to affect my whole life."

"Ah! what indiscretion could you possibly have committed, Judge?" I inquired, "which could thus influence your whole life—nothing very bad I hope?"

The Judge smiled.

"No," said he, "I have never regarded it as an indiscretion; but listen and you shall determine for yourself;" and giving his wife, who was seated on the opposite side of the room, a peculiar and expressive look, he commenced as follows:

"It is now nearly thirty years ago, and while teaching in the Academy at W—, that I first met

and became acquainted with a young man by the name of Eugene Mansfield, a nephew of the gentleman at whose house I resided while at W—. Young Mansfield's parents were both dead; his mother dying while he was quite young, and his remaining parent, some three years previous to the time of our acquaintance, leaving Eugene in possession of a large property; and having no home of his own, he had taken up his residence with his uncle, a wealthy old Dutchman whose whole family consisted of himself, his "goot vrouw," and one daughter, Barbara, a rosy-cheeked, comely lass of eighteen; hence it was rumored that young Mansfield had a double motive in taking up his abode with his rich uncle—viz., that of getting a wife, and uniting the two farms whose broad fields lay contiguous.

"Certain it was the old 'burgher' had revolved the idea in his mind more than once; cherishing it as a consumption devoutly to be wished, and looking forward to the time when he should witness the double wedding of Eugene and Barbara and the two farms. But, alas! for human calculations, and especially those of my worthy host, Mynheer Van Zandt!

Eugene Mansfield was possessed of a viracious temperament, a warm heart, and an ingenuous disposition; and thrown, as we were, into each other's society, the reserve which naturally exists between strangers soon wore away, and in a short time we were on terms so intimate that we possessed scarcely a secret we would not unbend to each other, or purposed a plan that we did not mutually aid each other in carrying out. Many were the jokes we would crack, as seated beside the cheerful fire in our room. We related to each other the various amours and flirtations we had carried on with the 'demoiselles' of the borough.

"Although Eugene was strictly attentive in matter of courtesy toward his fair cousin, always ready to accompany her to church, or to an evening party, or sleigh-ride, much to the gratification of 'mine host,' who always manifested his approbation by taking down his 'meemechaum' and treating himself to an extra 'smoke,'—yet I was confident in my own mind that my friend, Mansfield, had no very deep-seated regard for Barbara Van Zandt. It was a matter of policy with him. I did not like to impute to Eugene wrong motives for his marked attention to his cousin; but it seemed too evident to me that he wished to conciliate favor with his rich uncle; as the old Dutchman was now in his dotage, his sands nearly run—then there would be a rich patrimony to be divided, and might he not receive a liberal slice? At any rate, such were the ideas that took possession of my brain, and I determined, so far as propriety would admit, in justice to the girl, to probe his feelings on the subject, and if my suspicions were correct, to administer a severe reproof.

"While waiting for an opportunity to broach the subject to him, an incident occurred which brought about a full explanation of the whole matter.—"Charles," said he, bursting into my room one night, where I was entertaining myself with a copy of Shakspeare's plays, his good-natured face wreathed in smiles, denoting he had some agreeable intelligence to impart. "Charles, I have a precious missive for you!" at the same time producing from his pocket a couple of delicate and highly-perfumed *bills*, one of which he handed to me. It proved, on opening, to be an invitation from the Misses Vanderwater, to attend a social party given at their residence in the village on the following evening.

"This was certainly unexpected; for the Vanderwaters were reputed the wealthiest and most aristocratic family in the burough.

"Shall you go?" I inquired of young Mansfield?

"Certainly," said he; "and now, Charley, I am going to make you a proposition. You know how I am situated here; that upon every such occasion I have paid the gallant to my fair cousin, Barbara Van Zandt. This I found, soon after taking up my residence here, to be absolutely necessary, particularly so if I desired to make my sojourn pleasant, and be on friendly terms with my uncle. But I fear I am carrying matters too far. I would not have Barbara think my attentions are to ripen into a positive engagement, and for this reason and this alone, I would have you invite her to accompany you to the party this evening. Will you please do so?"

"Certainly," I replied, if such is your wish. I found no difficulty in carrying out my friend's proposition.

"A small but gay company, the *elite* of the village, had assembled at the palatial residence of Mynheer Vanderwater that evening; and no one seemed to enjoy himself better than my friend—Mansfield. He was in the best of spirits. Among the guests assembled on that occasion was a young lady by the name of Kate Van Cleft, who had come from the neighboring village of L—, to spend a few weeks with her cousins, Julia and Leonora Van Vanderwater; and it was on her account that the Vanderwaters had given the party. Kate Van Cleft was truly a charming girl; graceful and sylph-like in form, she seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely in the person and character of woman. Eugene was not blind to the personal attractions of my friend, Mansfield. He was overjoyed at the prospect of spending a few weeks in the society of her he so ardently loved. The meeting between Eugene and Kate was cordial in the extreme. The more so, as it was unexpected, for on such occasions the heart's deep emotions speak in words and actions. There was no studied reserve of manner, no suppression of feeling, but all is natural and sincere.

"If you have spent a season at one of those noted resorts of the *beau-monde*, you are familiar with the various sports and pastimes that make up life at a fashionable watering place. It is one continual round of excitement, and, seemingly no end to the dancing and bathing and their accompaniments, till one gets satiated, and longs to escape the *artificial* refinement, the hollow sneering, and freezing formalities that exist there. Such at least was my experience. Eugene, however, was content to remain, and, certainly, had I been like situated, I should have been as contented as he; but as it was, there seemed no further enjoyment, and I mentally resolved to return to W— the next day.

"While in this state of feeling, Eugene entered my room, and learning my intention to leave for W— the next day, said I should do no such thing; that, heretofore, he had acted in accordance with my wishes, but now for once he should assume a

but for the manner in which he had treated poor Barbara; and thereupon commenced to give him in particular, and young men in general, a sound lecture for trifling with the affections of young ladies.

"He acknowledged the injustice of his conduct towards his cousin, and promising to make a reparation, so far as consistent with his feelings, he left the room.

"Eugene called on Miss Van Cleft frequently during the few weeks she remained at her uncle's, and it soon became apparent that she had one warm admirer, that one heart worshipped at her shrine. Yes, there was no mistaking the symptoms. It was a genuine case of love—of love at first sight!

"Charley," said Eugene to me one afternoon as I returned home from the Seminary, "have you an engagement for this evening?"

"I replied in the negative.

"Well," continued he, with a slight hesitation, "we have been for sometime on terms of intimacy, and I think I can safely trust you with a secret?"

"As this was said half inquiringly, and half guessing his secret, I assured him he could with perfect safety.

"Well, then," he resumed, closing the door and seating himself beside me, "you are aware that I have a special regard for Miss Van Cleft, and—?"

"Special regard?" said I, interrupting him.

"Why don't you say you are in love with her, and done with it?"

"Well, Charles, in love then," said Eugene, laughing; "but what I want to say is, that although I have called on her several times, and have reasons to think she does not regard me with indifference, yet I have never—"

"Popped the question," I remarked, with assumed gravity, to tease him.

"No, no! what I was going to add, is, I have never ascertained how far I may press my suit, or if she is not already engaged."

"Why not go and make an honest declaration at once? I haven't a doubt as to the result—Come, I am anxious to attend a wedding," said I, in a half-serious and provoking manner.

"But she has gone home to L—! I returned yesterday."

"I advised him then to open a correspondence.

"That," said he, "is just what I have been revolving in my own mind; but there is one difficulty in the way, I am ashamed to confess it, but I am no penman. I can scarcely write my own name; and now if you will befriend me in this matter—write all the letters and arrange all to your own liking—I shall not only feel very grateful, but if successful, will reward you with a handsome present!"

"Well pleased with the idea of acting as proxy for my friend, and anticipating a little fun, I cheerfully consented to do so; and, seating myself at the table, wrote a very tender epistle to Miss Van Cleft, calling to my aid the choicest terms, and seasoning it with the strongest expressions of love I could command. And although I knew how essential it would be to what we write, yet I flattered myself that my first effort at inditing love letters was far from being a failure.

"With what anxiety did Eugene await the return of mail, and how eagerly did he seize the dainty missive from the hand of the postman, and hurrying to my apartment, break the seal and read,—not a cold negative to the dearest wish of his heart, but, couched in the sweetest language, and most beautiful diction—not only a permission to correspond, but a reciprocity of kind regards!"

Here the Judge paused a moment in his story, and exchanging another of those peculiar smiles with his wife, led me to suspect she was in some way connected with the incident he was about relating. I was about to ask a question, as the Judge resumed:

"Time passed on, and matters progressed finely. I had written several letters for Eugene, and each time made my best efforts to come up to the style and diction of the charming misses he received in reply, but I soon gave up beat. Eugene was in ecstacies; and, in fact, I could not but envy him his good fortune, and was more than half in love myself with the charming author of those sweet, tender missives I had the pleasure of perusing, so modest, and gave such evidence of a superior and well cultivated mind.

"The warm months had come, and the Seminary at W— was closed for a short vacation. My health had become somewhat impaired by the confinement of the school-room, and feeling as though I needed some recreation, I proposed to Eugene a visit to R—, then a noted resort for invalids and pleasure-seekers, who repaired thither to enjoy the invigorating sea-breeze and salt water bathing.—Young Mansfield acceded to my proposition; and, in a few days, we were numbered among the guests at the house.

"During the third day of our sojourn there, quite a sensation was produced by the arrival of Mr. Van Cleft, accompanied by his invalid wife, his daughter Kate, and a stranger, a young lady apparently of some two-and-twenty years, with whom I have since become somewhat acquainted," said Judge Van D—, casting a glance towards his wife.

"This arrival brought an unexpected pleasure to my friend, Mansfield. He was overjoyed at the prospect of spending a few weeks in the society of her he so ardently loved. The meeting between Eugene and Kate was cordial in the extreme. The more so, as it was unexpected, for on such occasions the heart's deep emotions speak in words and actions. There was no studied reserve of manner, no suppression of feeling, but all is natural and sincere.

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"He acknowledged the injustice of his conduct towards his cousin, and promising to make a reparation, so far as consistent with his feelings, he left the room.

"The deuce take your balls," I exclaimed, somewhat impatiently. "I am heartily sick of them, and as for the young ladies here, they haven't a solitary idea above dress and waltzing with the gentleman, Miss Van Cleft excepted."

"Why, Charley," said he, "you talk as if you had been jilted. I am sorry you entertain so poor an opinion of our lady guests. Thanking you for one exception, I shall venture to make still another, that of the young lady I propose to introduce to you to-morrow night. If you succeed in making her acquaintance I am satisfied you will agree with me perfectly."

Saying which, Eugene left the room, to join Kate in a walk by the sea-shore. As discretion is the better part of valor, I consented to remain. The ball came off with the *etc* usually attendant upon such occasions. I need not enter into particulars, suffice it to say, Eugene fulfilled his promise, and I received an introduction to a Miss Wilbur, a young lady from Massachusetts, of winning manners and possessing appearance. Although naturally reserved in the society of ladies, I became sufficiently acquainted with Miss Wilbur during the evening, to ascertain she was a lady of no ordinary intelligence, and as much superior to the butterflies of fashion that flitted around us as one might imagine. A few days subsequent to the ball, Eugene informed me that he had received and accepted an invitation to accompany the Van Cleft's home to L—, and they were designing to start the next morning. This was good news to me; and as the most direct route to W— passed through L—, I busied myself in making preparations to accompany them.

"As the stage drove up next morning, how was I surprised as well as pleased to find Miss Wilbur was to be one of our fellow-passengers. With permission, I seated myself beside her, and soon we were engaged in conversation. I had never before met with a young lady so well-informed upon nearly every topic brought up, and so rapidly did the time pass, that, before we were aware, we had arrived at L—.

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"As the stage drove up next morning,

**MY ELLA'S GRAVE.**  
BY that low and lonely marble,  
Over which the spring birds warble;  
'Neath that willow gently drooping,  
Like a guardian kindly stooping;  
Where my Ella's soundly sleeping,  
There have I been sadly weeping,  
Weeping for my Ella dear.

Once we dreamt of joy and gladness,  
Thinking not of the sadness;  
Thinking not that on the morrow  
We indeed might part in sorrow;  
Thinking not, ah! thinking never,  
That the hand of death should sever  
Our loving, faithful hearts.

But my dreams of bliss have perished,  
And the hopes I fondly cherished  
For her spirit, soaring from us  
To a land of holy promise,  
Left for me to journey lonely,  
From the land where I have only  
Sadly o'er her grave to weep.

'Tis in spring-time, when the roses  
Bloom in o'er where she repose,  
Shed a fragrance round her pillow  
'Neath the gently weeping willow,  
That I oft, to weep in sadness,  
While the spring birds sing in gladness,  
To my Ella's grave repair.

When the vesper bell is pealing,  
And its notes are softly stealing  
On the evening breeze, and calling  
Man to prayer when on him falling;  
Then the moonbeams bright and cheerful  
Fall upon me sad and tearful,  
Bowing at my Ella's grave.

EDMONS.

## THE ENGINEER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

IT was a day in the latter part of November.—Early, the previous night, the snow had piled with dense, vapory clouds of a dun, hulless gray. Big drops of rain still fell heavily; and the snow, which had found the earth in a winding sheet of spotless white, was rapidly becoming transmuted into an amber-colored mass of muddy water.

Anon, the rain came faster and more angrily.—The upland streams were swollen—the little rills became mad rivers, and overflowing the banks inundated the lowlands, and covered with a murky pool the broad slope of the intervals.

In the mountain regions of New Hampshire the scene baffled description; those only who have lived in the shadow of these everlasting hills can imagine it. He who has looked upon the ruins of the ill-fated "Wiley House," and drawn in his mind a vivid picture of that awful night when the "mountains moved from their places," can form a faint idea of it.

Still the rain fell; the giant trees were torn from their frail hold upon the precipices, and drawn by the resistless waters into the channels of the rivers. Horses, cattle, human habitations even, were swept away to swell the mighty avalanche. The roar of the accumulated waters was like distant thunder; and the wild hollow voice of the wind made the day still more terrible!

At the northern terminus of one of our great railway thoroughfares, the flood was absolutely frightful! Bridges were torn up and borne away; barns and hayricks became miniature arks, and the solid ground was gulfed and washed to an extent unknown in that region.

Within a pleasant cottage in the little hamlet of **A**—, around a cheerful fire, were gathered a beautiful group—beautiful in their loving faces and attitudes of perfect affection. But their happy countenances were shadowed now, as by some unwell foreboding; and the dark eyes of the wife and mother sought the troubled face of her husband with a glance of mingled trepidity and indecision.

Three children, of the respective ages of eight, six, and two years, sat between their parents; noble, intelligent boys were they; and the rosy, baby face of little Charley mirrored forth the sadness of his elders. For the space of a few minutes there was silence, then the lady spoke—

"Must you go to-night, William?"

The young man arose, and coming round to the side of his wife, drew her head down on his shoulder, and kissing the fair, upturned brow very tenderly, he replied:

"Yes, dear Lina; I must go, or lose my place which is a very profitable one, you know. But somehow, Lina, you don't know how I have dreaded this evening's work—hush! hush! darling!" he added, as the poor wife's tears burst out afresh,—"it's only an idle superstition of mine! There is no actual danger! The road is firmly graded, and all was well when we ran over the rails at eleven o'clock. We shall do bravely, I dare say."

"William!" and the white arms tightened their clasp about his neck,—"don't, don't go! Better lose everything than your life! When you get back to Cliveville, go the agent and tell him you cannot run the engine back to-night; it is not the downward trip that I fear, it will not be night then, but the return. O! Willie, through all the horrid darkness which will be sure to settle down as soon as sunset! Don't go!"

The young man was strongly agitated during his wife's appeal, but when she ceased, he drew himself up, with a powerful effort to be calm.

"Cheer up, cheer up, dear wife; it's only a little while, and then I shall be back at home again!"—He took out his watch and, glancing at the dial, continued,—"It is four o'clock now, and at nine we shall be back—only a few hours, Lina; so cheer up, and have a good fire, and a cup of hot tea ready against my return, for I shall be cold and wet!"

He arose, put on his overcoat, cast one intense, yearning look at his children, and went out, followed closely by his wife. In the entry he held out his arms to her, and for a moment he kept her close to his breast—then unloosing her, and leaving a passionate kiss upon her forehead, he tore himself away. Far off, on the hill above the village, he waved his hand in farewell, and was lost to view.

"God in heaven, protect him!" burst from the lips of Lina, as she closed the door against the

rushing blasts, and returned to the warm hearth-stone and her precious children.

William Mayfield was the head engineer on the **M**— railway, and his liberal salary enabled him to support comfortably his little family. He could not account, on this particular day, for the repugnance he felt to running his train back to the city—the sensation which pervaded him was both new and strange. He knew well that the track, which was laid through a region of hills and rivers, was in many places overflowed, and that the incessant beating of water was dangerous to the foundation of the road. He had spoken to the sub-agent of the doubtful propriety of going over the rails without previous examination, but that gentleman had laughed at his misgiving, and ordered him to start the train at the usual hour. In obedience to this command the cars were set in motion at precisely half-past four. The rain still fell heavily; and as the locomotive sped on, the engineer saw with direful foreboding the swelling and boiling of the water about the narrow stone bridges, and against the dizzy embankments on which the track was laid. At length the terminus was reached in safety. It was then six o'clock. Deep darkness had set in, and the rain drizzled mournfully from the leaden sky.

Mr. Mayfield immediately sought the head agent, and reported to him the state of the line. The man of wealth and power, seated in his velvet-cushioned easy-chair before a glowing grate, laughed at the engineer's representations.

"Nonsense, Mayfield! What has happened to you? The train must run over the road to-night, whether or no! You either keep your station this evening, or renounce it forever! As you please!"

"I will go," he said, "and on you rests the responsibility."

The Eastern train, which connects at Cliveville with the trains over the **M**— road, was detained by the bad weather a considerable time, and it was near eight o'clock when Mayfield's train started. The night was black as Erebus. No human eye could distinguish the line of the horizon—the sky was inkky as the earth! The rain had, in a measure, abated, but a thick fog enveloped everything. The great polished "reflector," on the front of the engine, cast a light but a few inches—all beyond was black chaos.

Slowly, and with great care, Mayfield drove on. "Five Roads" Station was passed; the lights of Dorset and Litchfield flew by like the torches of spirits, and the train plunged into a dense forest known as Whitehall. At the farther outskirts of this forest ran a deep and narrow river intersecting the railway, and passed beneath it through an arched stone culvert. Mayfield reduced steam, and the trusty fireman and his assistant wound up the brakes. "Little Falls" Crossing was reached, Mayfield blew the whistle; in a few moments they would be upon the bridge. With straining eyes Mayfield sought to pierce the gloom; the dim light of the great lamp flickered for a second over the boiling waters—a rumbling as if the solid earth was rent in twain—a crash—a plunge—and that of the human souls hung suspended between time and eternity!

The bridge had been swept away, and the ill-starred locomotive had plunged headlong into the yawning abyss! O! the horror of those brief moments between the plunge, and the return of realization to the terror-frozen passengers! The lights were extinguished in the fall, and the occupants of the cars, although uninjured, were in a state bordering on distraction. The conductor, who was an intrepid young fellow, seized the fragments of a broken settee, and burst open a window. No sooner had this been effected, than he sprang through an opening, and luckily struck the ground with his feet. The lower brakeman joined him with a lantern, which fortunately had been kept burning, and the word which burst simultaneously from each was,

"Mayfield?"

"I have called him, but received no answer," said the brakeman, while the cold pallor deepened, on his stern, grieved face. Mayfield was his cousin.

Snatching the lantern from the palsied hand of his companion, the brave conductor hurried forward. He passed the fearful chasm on the overturned body of a freight car, and at length reached the locomotive. Down an embankment of forty-five feet, it lay, buried in water.

There was a dwelling house near by, and the inhabitants, alarmed by the singular noise hastened to the spot with lanterns. Messengers were immediately despatched to the neighboring houses for aid, and the whole vicinity was soon alive with men, women and children, flocking to the scene of the catastrophe.

The passengers were released from their horrid confinement; and with depressed spirits, the men set to work to reduce the water about the engine. At the end of two hours of hard labor, a trench had been cut through the gravel, and the mad waters rushed in. Fifteen minutes served to reveal to the eyes of the anxious gazers the overturned engine—a mere wreck, broken and mutilated.

"Who will descend with me?" asked the conductor Mr. Selwyn, preparing to go down. Mayfield's cousin, and a young farmer, stepped forward. Slowly and cautiously, for the bank of sand and gravel so long tortured by the flood, was but a precarious foothold, they proceeded, and at last reached the bottom.

The labor of a few moments exhumed the engine house from the heaps of broken machinery and the waste rubbish of the channel. Mr. Selwyn pried open the door.

"Poor Mayfield! Wretched Lina!" he exclaimed, passing his hand over the body of the engineer, whose faithful hand still grasped the safety valve. True to his charge was William Mayfield to the last. The fireman and his assistants were literally torn in pieces.

From appearances, it seemed that Mayfield had lived for some time in this horrible charnel-house, for his flesh was still warm, and from the disarrangement of his apparel, those who saw him were led to the conclusion that he had striven hard to free himself from the jaws of Death! He had

doubtless heard the spades of his friends as they worked to reach his place of confinement—may be, he had even understood their conversation as they toiled. If so, who can imagine the agony of that soul's feelings?

The dead bodies were taken out, and laid side by side on the rough embankment; and eyes which were strangers to weeping dropped silent tears over them.

At length a by-stander broke the oppressive silence.

"Who will tell his wife?" he asked, indicating poor Mayfield with a nod of the head.

Every eye sought the face of Mr. Selwyn. The young conductor brushed the moisture from his eyes—hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Yes, it must be done. I will tell her, but it will break her heart; poor thing!"

A horse was procured from a farm-house near by, and Mr. Selwyn set out. The distance to **A**— was about fifteen miles; and through the horror of the night he spurred on.

The lights of **A**— broke on his view—Mayfield's house appeared, the bright glow of a cheerful fire beaming out through the gloom. With hesitating step Selwyn approached the door. The slight noise of his footsteps reached the listening ears within; the door flew open, and a pair of soft, warm arms fell around his neck.

"O! Willie, Willie! God be thanked! You don't know what I have suffered this dreadful night!"

"Mr. Selwyn unwound the clinging arms from his neck, and supported the half-fainting form into the house; and with every vestige of color gone from his face, he said,

"Mrs. Mayfield, compose yourself, I have much to say to you."

"Great God! it is true! Willie is dead! I felt it! Mr. Selwyn," and she clutched his arm with a gripe like iron; "tell me the truth."

"Madam, I dare not deceive you—your husband is, I trust, in heaven!"

"I will go," he said, "and on you rests the responsibility."

Shall I speak of the scene which followed? No, no! my pen would be powerless. Let the curtain fall over it.

Mr. Mayfield still lives—a pale, grief-stricken woman! The light of happiness has fled forever from her eyes, and the shadow of a life of agony has stolen the roses from her cheek. Silver mingles with the brown of her tresses, and her ringing laughter is hushed.

Day after day, to the noisy factory, goes this devoted mother, to earn, in the dust and gloom, the paupery sum which clothes and educates her fatherless children. She is striving to bring them up good men; and if the example of a woman, purified by affection, can affect their future lives, then will her object be attained.

## Original.

## TO J—C—.

I AM away from thee, my love, thy voice I do not hear,  
Thine eyes of light shine not on me, ah, no! thou art not near.  
Though other forms are round me now, and thin I do not see,  
My thoughts are still with thee, my love, my thoughts are still with thee.

Bright gleams the light on every face amid the festive strong,  
And music sounds for dancing feet that swiftly glide along;  
Although I join with them the dance my heart feels lone and drear,  
For oh! thou art not here, my love; oh, no, thou art not here.

Though many strive to win my heart, they cannot, for its thine;  
And yet, and yet I often fear thou never will be mine. Thou lovest me, I think, dear one, but still it may not be,  
I worship none but thee, my love, I worship none but thee.

They know not that I love thee thus, for silently I hide the secret buried in my breast—yes, even thou'rt denied.  
The knowledge that my lonely heart in vain for thee doth beat,  
And yet its throbs are sweet, my love, and yet its throbs are sweet.

The festive scene is over now, again I am alone; And dearer still in solitude art thou to me, mine own; I fancy I behold thee near, but no, if it cannot be—

CHARLIE.

## KEEPING A HORSE.

IT is very funny, says a writer in the Springfield Republican, to mark the almost numberless methods which the parental instinct will adopt for its satisfaction. The little girl is satisfied with a doll, provided it approach nearly enough to her own size to have one of the characteristics of a baby—provided it be something which can be hugged, and will admit of a change of attire. The boy takes to dogs and horses—something which he can drive and order about, and play with. We know some very estimable maiden ladies who lavish their waste upon stomp-tailed and red-eyed poodles. The cat is a universal recipient of tenderness, which was meant to be maternal, and intended for a legitimate object. Lambs, monkeys, canary birds, crows, parrots, goats, and rabbits have all been favored with the outpourings of the paternal instinct, so universal in human nature.

The passengers were released from their horrid confinement; and with depressed spirits, the men set to work to reduce the water about the engine. At the end of two hours of hard labor, a trench had been cut through the gravel, and the mad waters rushed in. Fifteen minutes served to reveal to the eyes of the anxious gazers the overturned engine—a mere wreck, broken and mutilated.

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then came to Chelsea, Mr. C. Poetry.

## A FAMILY PICTURE.

## BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,  
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,  
In an ancient chair whose cranky crawl  
Told a tale of long ago;  
When down by her side on the kitchen floor  
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,  
Till the light of his pipe went out;  
And unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws  
Rolled and tangled the balls about;  
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,  
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came  
In her eye of faded blue,  
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,  
Like a single drop of dew;  
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,

The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eyebeam.

Yet marvelled he more that the cheerful light  
Of her eye had weary grown,  
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—

So he said, in a gentle tone:

"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,  
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there  
Was filled to the very brim,  
And now there remained of the goodly pile,

But a single pair—for him;  
Then wonder not at the dimmed eyelight,  
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I can but think of the busy feet,  
Whose wrappings were wont to lay  
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—

Now wandered so far away;  
How the sprightly steps to a mother dear  
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

For each empty nook in the basket old,  
By the hearth there's an empty seat;  
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,

And the patter of many feet;  
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight;  
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forest wild  
And over the mountains bold,  
Was a land whose rivers and darkling caves

Were gemmed with the fairest gold;  
Then my first born turned from the oaken door,  
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Another went forth on the foaming wave  
And diminished the basket's store—

But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—  
They'll never be warm any more—

And this nook in its emptiness seemeth to me  
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

BY FERDIE BROWNE.

POOR, darling Emma, how does thy pale face come before me now as I used to see thee, so white and sad, sitting on that little seat in the corner of the schoolroom, so close to that cruel tyrant we called our teacher. I can now see those tears falling one after another down thy cheek, and thy compressed lips in vain attempt to separate and plead thy innocence. Sweet one, the morning of thy life was all sadness; there was not a single ray of joy in its whole course, and not strange would it have been if every future bliss had been made gloomy and sad by the remembrance of past sorrows.

Such are often my reflections as memory carries me back to the little brown schoolhouse where most of my childish years were spent. Not a recollection is awakened that is unconnected with the pale, sad face of Emma Grant. She was, it was said, the second daughter of Abram Grant, a man of intemperate habits, who lived in the district. There were several brothers and sisters besides Emma, all strong and healthy. She alone was pale and sickly. As a family they were very plain and coarse in features, but Emma was pretty. She was it is true pale and sad, but her eyes were large and expressive, her form graceful, and her manners refined to that degree that attends wealth and education. She did not seem like the others, and many doubted whether she was really the daughter of Abram Grant, but it was seldom disputed, and so no one in time doubted it in the least. Unlike those she called brothers and sisters, she never resented injuries, never murmured when ill treatment was exercised towards her, never pleaded her own innocence only by tears. Nor did she want for energy. No scholar recited such lessons as Emma, or stood oftener at the head of the class. No one tried to please a teacher or obey school orders like Emma; no one strove with more zeal to excel in scholarship, knowledge, and goodness than Emma; yet strange as it may appear, she was despised by both teacher and scholar. She was one of the unfortunate few in our world who stand alone; who can neither sympathize with others nor unite with them in their vanities; who look for kind, answering hearts, and spend years of earnest search, panting and longing for just one to love and pity, yet ask and look in vain. Such was Emma. She was termed odd, selfish, babyish, hotheaded when she neared the schoolroom, and shunned by all as unfit to associate with. The teacher too caught the mania. If anything wrong was done in his absence Emma was always the guilty one and always punished. He never pleaded her cause or proved her guilt. A few boisterous accusations were enough and the heavy lash fell unmercifully on the unprotected neck of the only lamb amid that drove of wolves. No one at home loved her. There she was the slave of a drunken father and a brutish mother. No wonder that she learned to wear a sad face and that it grew paler every day, while her step became more slow, until her little form lay prostrate and low on her bed of straw and refused to rise. Vainly threats and blows were freely used, she only partially rose, and fainting fell back again. Fortunately some friends of charity called and uninvited entered the sick room. A physician was recommended, but the cruel parents absolutely refused the entrance of one beneath their roof. Accordingly the police were summoned, and by force the little sufferer was conveyed to a charitable house and placed out of the reach of those monsters in human shape. For a long time she lay almost unconscious; life and death seemed striving each with all its might to gain the victory, yet death seemed most confident of success and turned aside, forgetful of the conflict, while life, doubtless yet hoping, reached forth its hand and conquered. She lived, and pale and emaciated looked up and returned a smile to the kind face above her. It was the first smile she had received for many a year, and it sank away down into her soul and cooled the fever raging there; made the pulse beat with a more natural throb, and was the first step to her recovery. It seemed all a mystery, and yet she was happy. She asked for nothing more, wanted nothing

more; it was enough; better than all the cordials in the world; it reached the springs of the broken spirit and she was, aye, more, much more than happy.

Emma was well again. Gaining confidence from the kind treatments she received, after an urgent request she told her history. Away back as far as memory could wander she told of wrongs unnumbered, of kindness on her part, unrequited by her unfeeling parents, till her listeners grew sick at the recital and begged to hear no more. And when her brutal father stood at the door and demanded his child she was too far away to hear his cruel words, and raving like a madman he gave up his fruitless search.

Settled in a home of comfort and plenty we next behold the subject of our story. An aged man and woman are seated near the fire that burns brightly upon the hearth. A servant girl, hired man and two bright eyed little ones, together with Emma, make up the group. The innocent prattle of the little boy and girl helps to drive away sadness and care from all their hearts; yet occasionally, as the aged couple turn their eyes upon those young faces, images of their own loved ones, now lost to them forever in this world, will force themselves upon their minds, and they pause to brush away the fast coming tears.

With Emma all is strange. There is a certain something connected with every object before her so familiar, so like a dream of long ago that she starts at every sound and wonders if she really lives, or has been transplanted to a fairer clime, from whence she first came to our sinful world. Yet nothing can brush away the sadness from her sweet face. It is indelibly written there and sealed with many years of suffering. Even her sweetest smile is a sad one, and her gayest laugh is checked by the remembrance of past sorrows she cannot forget.

"Is there not a striking resemblance between Emma Grant and our own child Emma as she used to look?" said Mrs. Lee one morning to her aged husband. "It cannot be that my old eyes deceive me so much. There are the same eyes, the same auburn hair, and her forehead is just the same as Emma's was. How strange that one should be sent to our roof so like her for whom we so long have mourned."

"My eyes are growing dim," answered the old man, "and I cannot see the resemblance you speak of, yet her voice sounds familiar to my ear and brings back freshly to my mind the first years of our married life. I am glad it is so, and if our imaginations can picture a resemblance let us strive to forget the past and be happy in the present, thanking God for His mercies in sending us this little wanderer to cheer our declining years."

A sigh was the only reply as they resumed their work, and the little ones came bounding in to prepare for school.

Swiftly time passed away. Emma was very happy in her new home and schoolroom. In the former she was treated as a daughter; in the latter as an equal and even superior by many. Her voice was ever kind; her lessons perfectly learned and manners refined. She caused no envious feelings, while she won the love and esteem of all. Merrily passed the years. Emma had reached her eighteenth year; Etie and Almy, who were twins, their sixteenth. As brothers and sisters they had grown up together, and as such they loved each other. They were all educated liberally, and were enjoying the pleasures of home and the autumn winds. Almy however had not yet finished his studies, and as he bade adieu to his sisters on his return to school he felt more than ever the worth of such love as they bestowed upon him, and took his leave with much sorrow. Many kind letters were received and as many returned to the absent brother.

When he came home again he was not alone. He was accompanied by a classmate whom he dearly loved. He was easy and graceful in his manners, talented and thoroughly studied, and soon won the respect and love of all. How swiftly passed the vacation. They almost forgot they lived in their round of pleasure. When they returned Emma alone was tearless. The sadness of youth brooded like a cloud upon her pale brow. Yet she wept not, nor smiled, nor whispered farewell. Like a statue of marble she stood and took each

proffered hand, returned the pressure, but spoke not, apparently breathless, not till the coach moved away and left her standing supporting the head of her weeping sister. Almy would not return again for a long time, and they counted the hours as so many years in their loneliness.

Days and weeks passed away, and how eagerly did the sisters watch for letters from the absent loved ones. They came often, long and full of expressions of brotherly affection for each, but for Etie there were others fraught with something unlike a brother's love. They spoke of a heart overflowing with esteem for one who though little known was warmly remembered. In time they became more frequent and of a more serious nature, and after many meetings and partings Etie was borne away a happy bride to a distant land, and Emma, paler and sadder than former years had known her, bade her adieu with an almost bursting heart.

In the suburbs of a distant city, occupying a room of comfort and luxury, we behold a man of thirty-five or forty years of age reclining upon a couch, above which a female form is bending and kindly administering to every want. He is very pale, and his slight form shows that consumption is fast preying upon him and he must die. Reviving at length from a death-like stupor, he said in a firm and decisive voice:

"It is too late, Emma. If I must give up the search for our lost one and also everything else of an earthly nature let us return to those we left behind, and let me die in my paternal home and be buried by the side of my kindred. I have spent my life in a vain search for the lost, perhaps the dead, and have left loved ones to mourn my absence, and it may be in our long absence they have passed away from earth or mourn us dead. Let us return. Dear as I loved our Emma I must now give up. If she is in the spirit world I shall soon see her. At most it cannot be long. Yes, I will nerve myself for the journey and go back to die in my own father's arms."

A few more weeks and a gallant vessel anchored in one of our eastern harbors, and the sick man we last spoke of, with his wife, stepped upon the wharf and took a carriage for the interior of the city. Again we see borne with the speed of lightning through city and town till they reach the quiet village of R——. As they near the pleasant dwelling of Farmer Lee, the old man and woman open the door and strain their eyes to look upon the strangers. The hope is yet dimly burning in their breasts that they shall behold their children again, and 'tis no wonder that they start at every sound and open the door to every stranger. A moment more and there is a strange mingling of sobs, kisses and stifled, half-uttered words. It is a joyful meeting; tears of joy are streaming from every eye. Almy and Etie too are there, and receive the warm embrace of their parents for whom they have long mourned as dead. Emma alone is silent, but there are wild emotions swelling her young heart as she gazes upon the group. But the eyes of Emma Lee are fastened upon her. Her feelings are such as a mother only knows, and she knows it is her child. Almost wild with excitement she listens to her history, which brings its proof with it, and at once they all are united in a family band, mid tears and praises to God.

Restored to his family and finding her he had sought for many years, Mr. Lee soon recovered his health and lived many years to bless his family and friends. His daughter Emma was his comfort and joy, and cheerfully did she watch over the declining years of her newly found parents. Yet she wore the same pale, sad face; and when the gifted and talented bowed at her feet and asked but one smile she turned away, while her face grew more sad and were a paler hue.

"Once only have I loved," would be her only answer; "I never can again. My life in childhood was all full of sorrow; my spirits were then crushed. I have no power to rise above recent trials, therefore I seek not joy. My parents are most dear to me of anything earthly, and I shall live only for them."

So all turned away in sadness, and Emma remained a maiden.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

(The following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Spiritual trance speaker, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. What may be the truth about its production, the poem is in several respects a remarkable one. Miss Doten is apparently incapable of originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is nevertheless wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and a "like" action of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling. Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his spirit. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she says it did, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that Spiritualism has produced. It does not follow necessarily in that case, that Poe himself made the poem—although we are asked to believe a great many spiritual things on less cogent evidence—but it is in any view of it that may be taken, a very singular and mysterious production. There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since, and attracted much attention, but the following poem is of a higher order, and much more like Poe than the other.—*Springfield Republican*.)

From the throne of life eternal,  
From the home of love supernal,  
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry  
floor—

Mortals, I have come to meet you,

Come with words of peace to greet you,

And to tell you of the glory that is mine, forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal  
Waiting at the heavenly portal—  
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door—

Then I seized his quickened being,

And through all his inward see—

Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery blood to pour!

Now I came more meekly human,  
And the weak lips of a woman  
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings  
as of yore;

But in holy love descending.

With her chastened being blending.

I would fill your souls with me—

With celestial song.

As one heart yearns for another,  
As a child turns to his mother,

From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth

once more,

Where I drained the cup of sadness,

Where my soul was

ing to madness,

And life's bitter, burn-ing

ows swept my burdened

being o'er.

Here the harpies he ravens,

Human vanity did craves,

Preyed upon my soul a

stance till I writhe d

in anguish so—

Life and I then seemed miskated,

For I felt accursed and fate,

Like a restless, wrastful spirit, wandering on the

Styrian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearn,

Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,

Did the purple pulsing tide through its fevered

channels pour.

Till the golden bowl Life's token—

Ints shining shards was broken,

And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out

its prison door.

But while living, striving, dyh,

Never did my soul cease cryin:

Ye who guide the fate and furies, give! oh, give

me, I implore,

From the myriad hosts of nati—

From the countless constellations,

One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too,

can adore??

Through this fervent aspiration

Found the fainting soul salvation

For, from out its blackest fire-crys, did my

quickened spirit soar;

And my beautiful ideal—

Not too saintly to be real—

Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-

formed Lore.

Mid the surging seas she found me,

With the billows breaking round me,

And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love

uphol;

Like a lone one, weak and weary,

Wandering in the midnight dreary,

On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the

heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,

Like the prayer of saints ascending

Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls

forevermore.

Earthly love and lust enslaved me,

But divinest love hath saved me,

And I know now, first and only, how to

adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers!

We are each and all another's,

And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure

hath the more.

Would you lose your life, you find it;

And in giving love, you bid it,

Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.

This afternoon  
on all  
Emma  
Eddie  
Mabel  
Maggie  
Alice  
Etie  
Almy  
Dear Friend



